FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD

oui

OCTOBER 1977 $1.50

THE LOSINGEST TEAM IN FOOTBALL

THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD

RENEE RICHARDS ON CHANGING SEX

PLUS: MEDITATION, ORGONE BOXES AND THE MEXICAN DRUG WAR

IT'S OUR FIFTH BIRTHDAY AND WE'RE HAVING A PARTY

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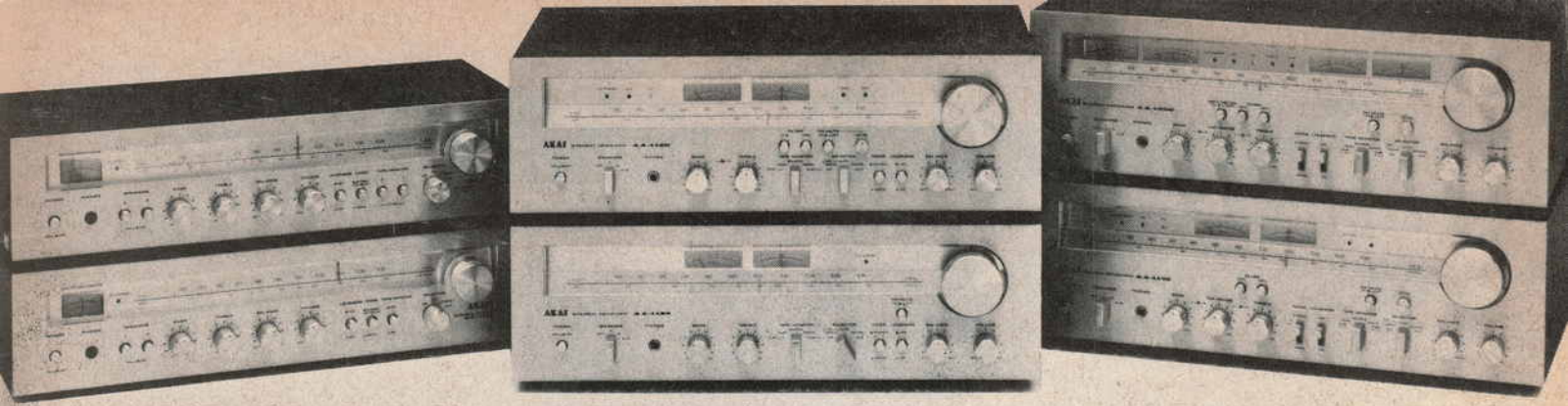

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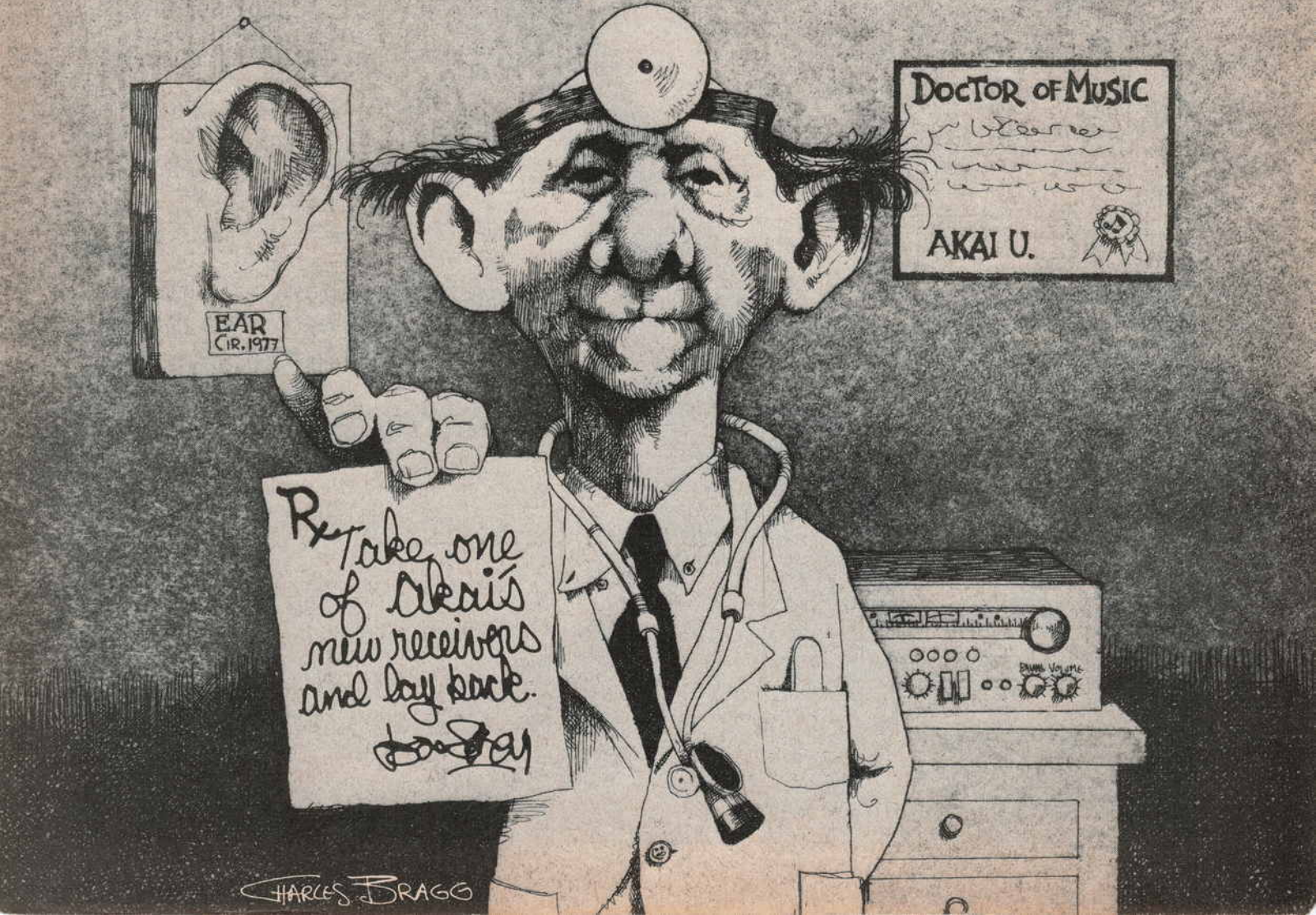

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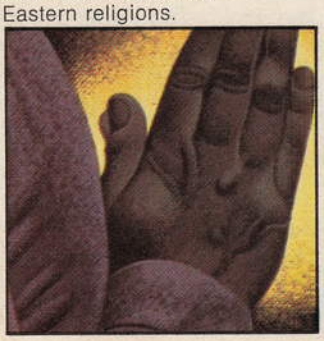

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GEORGIA
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And she's also been holding back.

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Protein 29 Hair Grooms
Liquid, gel and sprays

Do something about the next 10 years.

MAIL

Yippie yay

I don't know whose idea it was to send Abbie Hoffman (*President Jimmy: the Outside Story*, July) and Jerry Rubin (*My Hope for America*, July) to cover Carter's inauguration, but it was a terrific idea. I must have read about Carter's triumphant walk through Washington a dozen times six months ago, but the whole affair took on new meaning when seen through the eyes of Hoffman and Rubin. I think it says a lot about America when the two leading radicals of the Sixties can so joyously give their support to a President from the Bible Belt. Therein lies *my* hope for America.

PAUL CASSARINO
Hartford, Connecticut

I never thought the day would come when I would praise an article by Abbie Hoffman, but after reading Rubin's piece in the same issue I realized that Hoffman is not such a bad writer after all. Hoffman, at least, has retained some of his former suspicion of government, but to read Rubin is to become embarrassed for the leftist cause in America. Does Jerry really mean it when he says about Carter: "He is going to reverse American support of right-wing dictators abroad. He is going to reduce American pretensions to power. . . . He is going to end the Cold War"?

Are we talking about the same Carter? The man who sold us out to the Trilateral Commission? Tell us you're kidding, Jerry. Tell us you didn't really mean it when you asked Carter for a job. Rubin's article should have been titled *The Selling Out of the Left, 1977*.

HOMER DAVIS
Fort Worth, Texas

It was fun to see myself standing next to Abbie and Jerry, but I object to that can of Coors your artist stuck in my hand. I don't even drink beer, and if I did, it sure wouldn't be Coors. I'm not that beady-eyed yet.

PAUL KRASSNER
New York, New York

You may not be beady-eyed, Paul, but you're lacking in 20/20 vision. The can is quite clearly Colt 45, not Coors. Hope that makes you feel better.

Moped mistake

When my son Scotty was approached to pose for the moped article *The Mild Ones* (July), he decided to bring along his sister Janee—the girl with all the turquoise rings—so as not to hurt the feelings of the other women he knows. And then you had to go and imply that Janee is a girlfriend! I just wanted to set the record straight.

Not that I want to spoil Scotty's biker image, but he did just win a scholarship to college. And we do have a Honda 50 moped that he rides now and then. As he says, in his best biker manner: "Nobody fools with a moped rider."

NANCY NEANE
Long Beach, California

Showering praise

The picture of the transparent, spider-web shower curtain in the June *Openers* reminded me of my friend Judi and her

"*Time*: Body of the Year" shower curtain. I'd been looking for an excuse to take a sexy picture of Judi and you provided it. Thanks, OUI.

PAT KENLY
Van Nuys, California

Mother Nature, M.D.

I was quite pleased to find Robert Gover's article, *Herbs, Witch Doctors and the Rosy Future of Pagan Medicine* in the July OUI. I used to work in a hospital and I saw many cases similar to that of Gover's son, cases in which the hospital doctors did more harm than good. I'm happy to read that Gover was able to rescue his son from such a situation.

Besides my work with hypnosis, acupuncture and massage, I have also used herbs for the past ten years. I've found them to be much more useful than most

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so-called medicines, even in treating such serious diseases as cancer.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS
D. Hyp., D. Psy.
Globe, Arizona

Beating around the bush

In his list of suggestions for backpackers (*Bushwhackers versus Backpackers*, July), John Vater urges taking a dog along, adding, "If you are starving, you can always eat it." Vater and everybody else should think twice before taking a dog into grizzly country. When your dog runs to investigate a grizzly bear and the bear charges the dog, Fido is sure to beat a hasty retreat right back to your lap. This actually happened a few years ago in Banff National Park, Canada. In grizzly country, having Fido along is more likely to decrease a backpacker's chances of survival than help them. It must be the dog meat that Vater's been eating that's made him so paranoid about the woods.

RICHARD CORRELL
Pownal, Vermont

They have the power

I've always thought that the real people who run America are not the President and the Congress but a secret military/industrial cabal. Thanks to Don Novello (*Who Runs America?*, July), I realize my mistake. Yes, Don, you're right. The people who *really* run America are people like *Dear Abby*, Ray Kroc, Howard Cosell, Allen Funt and Barbara Walters. Unfortunately you neglected to mention a few others who hold the power reins in this country, namely, Guy Lombardo, Werner Erhard, Lassie and the man (woman?) who invented frozen yoghurt.

BOB LIVELY
Atlanta, Georgia

Sex and the married man

I've never read anything so disgusting as Yale Dartmouth's advice on philandering in *How to Sleep with Two Women at Once* (July), by Monica Cable. "Expose me to a woman for a certain amount of time and I will own her," Dartmouth says. Christ, it's enough to make a man embarrassed for his entire sex. Your female readers should know that not all men are like Dartmouth; I, for one, find him repulsive.

ART SCHMIDT
Cincinnati, Ohio

Although I'm not married, I've been involved for some months in a relationship similar to the one described by Dartmouth. I've been going out for several years with a girl I'll call Beth. Then I met Barbara; she's not much to look at, but she's one hell of a sexual hurricane. Since we all live in the same town, it's been difficult to keep the girls from running into each other. Last week I went to a softball game with Barbara, and she decided to give me some great head on the centerfield grass just after the lights had been turned off. Just as I was about to explode into Barbara's talented mouth, Beth walked by not three feet away. I thought I was going to shit and come at the same time. Miraculously Beth didn't see us, but I'm still shaking.

If I ever get another girl on the side, I'm going to say I'm married. It makes sense and it could save a lot of hassle.

MIKE BARBA
San Luis Obispo, California

Words of wisdom

I've been sitting here, stoned, reading the July OUI. *Tom*, *Bibi* and *Trish* really made me stand up and salute, let me tell you! But the real reason I dropped this in the toilet, uh, mailbox, is that I'm a student journalist and I think that your *Openers* section is the best thing to come along since the fragrant douche!

MIKE EMANUEL
Hawthorne, California

Address letters to:
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Chicago, Illinois 60611

IF A SINGER SOUNDS NASAL ON THESE, SHE PROBABLY HAS A COLD.

Every three-way speaker tries to give you the most accurate reproduction of sound.

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Two Fingers: Man or myth? His macho tequila may be the only clue.

The dusty, potted roads that lope across the U.S.-Mexican border have seen their share of characters.

But few have been so interesting, or perhaps so strange, as Two Fingers.

That's all. Just Two Fingers.

Oh, some say his last name was Ortega. We can't prove it, though. Everybody just called him Two Fingers because he only had the first two fingers on his right hand.

Seems all he did was drive up from Mexico in the late 30's and sell tequila. His own kind—Two Fingers Tequila.

Tequila Secret. He never cared to go into details about himself. But about his tequila, he would talk all night.

"Ten years it takes to ripen my mezcal plants. Why, with all that time I could run for el Presidente!"

Others liked to tell about his boast: "My boys and I squeeze the tequila out drop by drop. Then the real job is getting the right flavor."

How did he get that "flavor"—the thing that made his tequila so popular with depression folks hard pressed for cash?

Two Fingers never told. Neither did Honey, the woman who always made the trips north of the border with him. "None of your business," she would say. "Just drink and enjoy."

Lost Fingers. Two Fingers kept a lot of secrets. Like how he lost those fingers.

We never could pin the story down for sure and Honey was no help. She was known to wink and say she whacked them off one night "after he was out carousing."

Two Fingers wasn't too trusting. Especially when it came to sending his tequila with a shipper.

"Good tequila don't have to ride no steam train. It just has to be cared for by good folks."

Our sources say that he started making trips with his own truck twice a year. By the late 30's he was up to six a year.

People as far north as Tacoma, Wash., said they saw his truck.

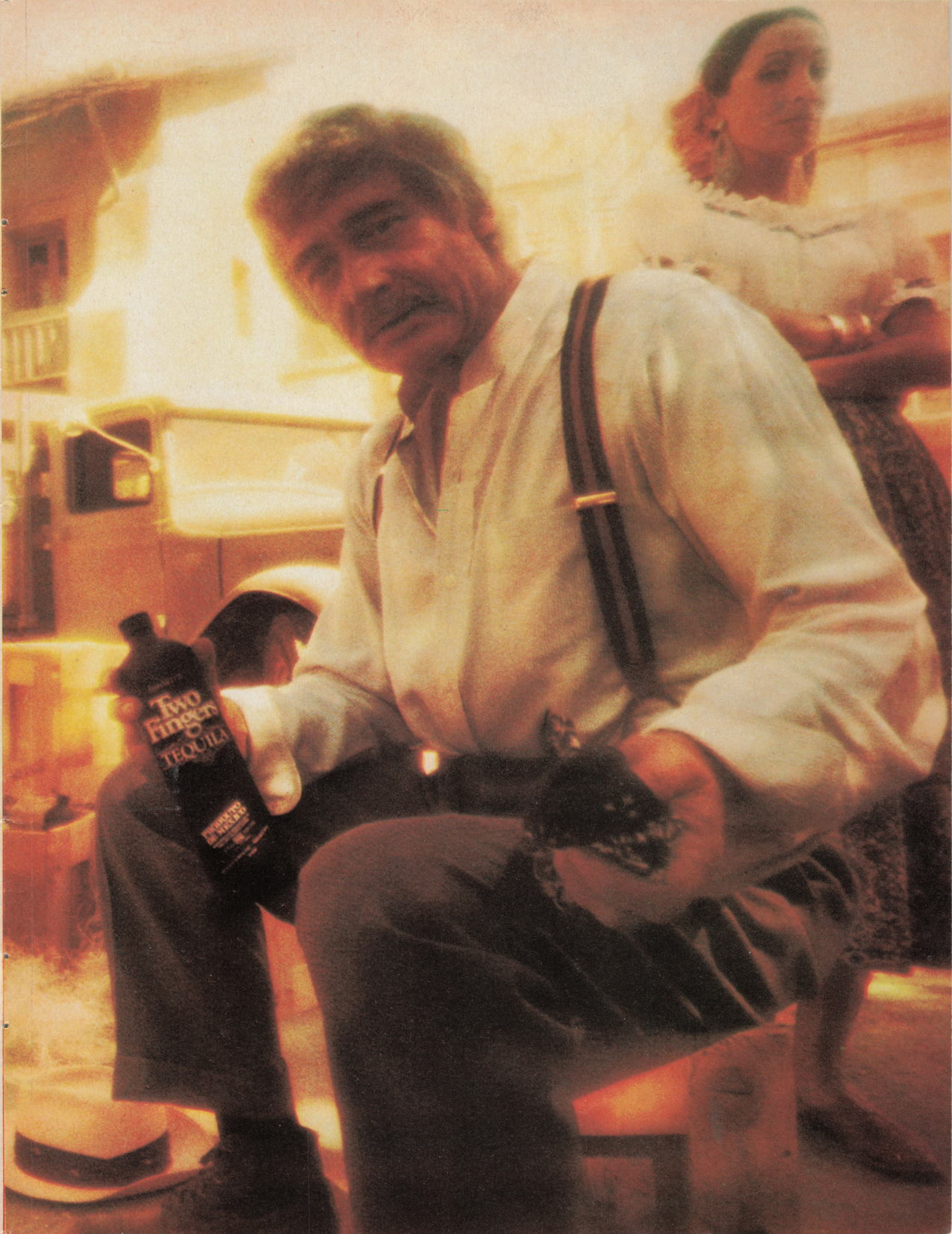
Vanished. Then right before the end of the decade he appears to have stopped. Cold.

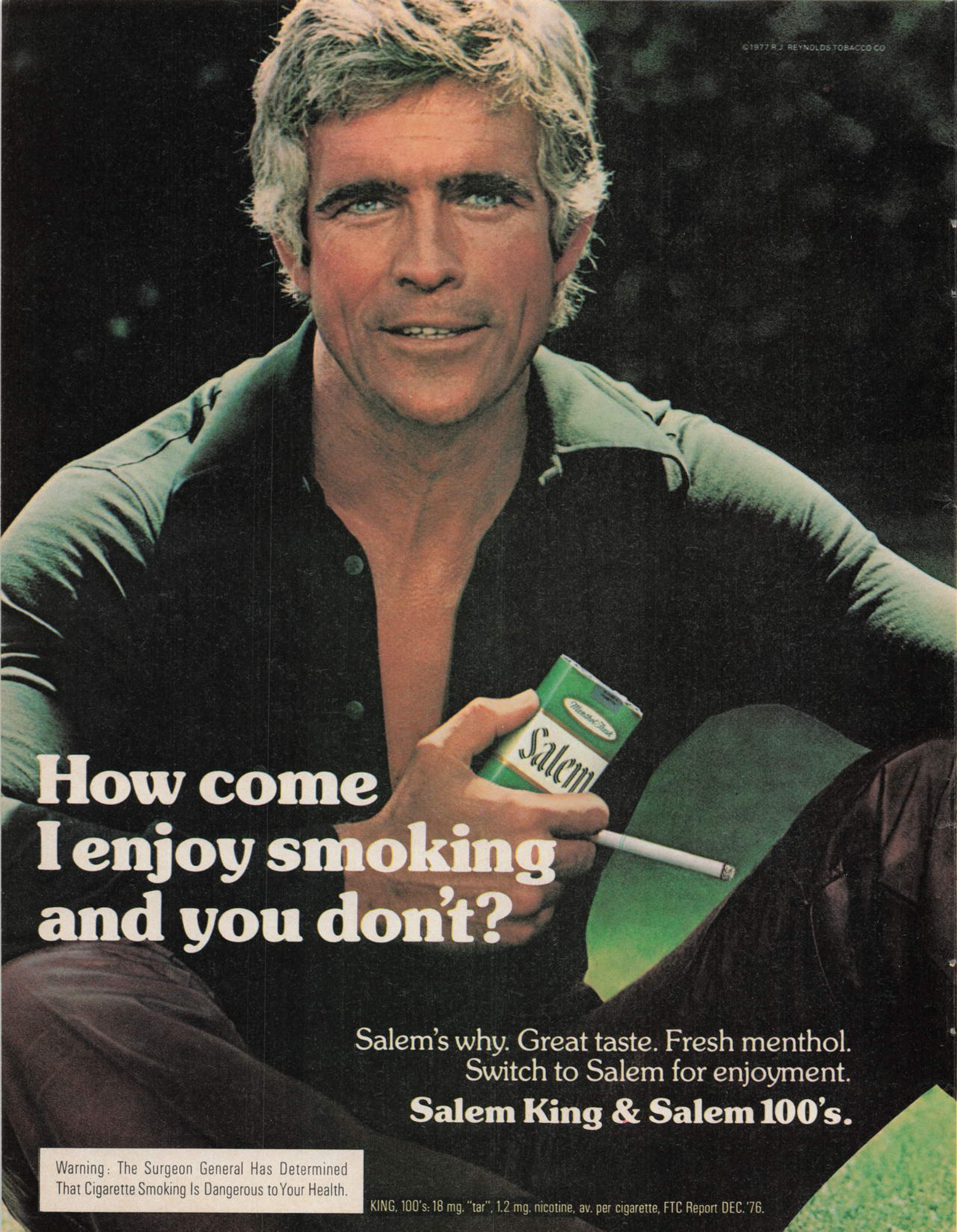
Nobody seems to be quite sure what happened to him. Maybe he retired a rich man to ranch in Jalisco. That doesn't seem too likely, though.

Whatever the case, Two Fingers left his mark. As strange as he was he got respect because he did things the only way he knew how. Right.

His legend is fading fast. But luckily, his tequila lives on.

©1976. Imported and Bottled by Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc., Peoria, Ill., San Francisco, Calif. Tequila. 80 Proof. Product of Mexico


Two Fingers
TEQUILA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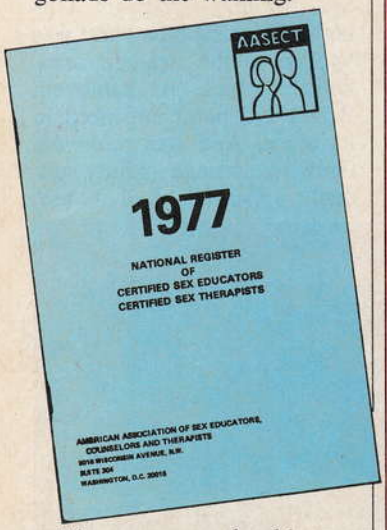
Menthol Flash
Salem
How come I enjoy smoking and you don't?
Salem's why. Great taste. Fresh menthol.
Switch to Salem for enjoyment.
Salem King & Salem 100's.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
KING, 100's: 18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76.

OPENERS

The curable shrinking man

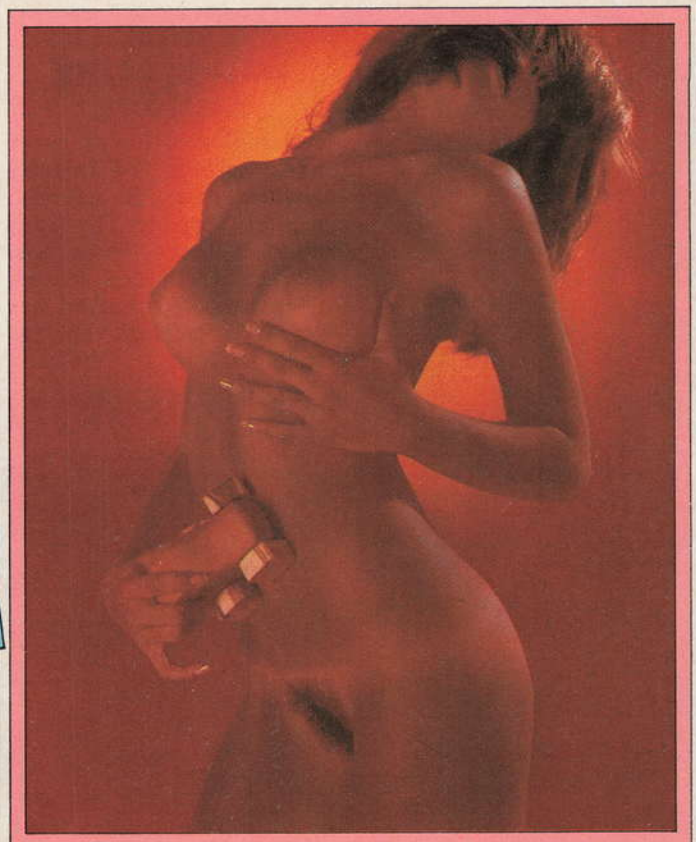
Why the long face, big fella? No lead in the old pistol? Too slow on the draw and too quick on the trigger? You say the earth stopped moving and so did your old lady? Despair not! Just get your hands on the *1977 National Register of Certified Sex Educators and Sex Therapists* and let your gonads do the walking.



The names and addresses of 761 educators and 364 therapists are listed geographically with descriptions of their specialties in cunning letter codes. A for Adults. E for Engaged. Ha for Handicapped. Ho for Homosexuals. A few therapists are even qualified for Hers (Hermaphrodites) and something called Transpositions—you know who you are! The Code of Ethics of the Certified Sex Educators specifically forbids "body contact with a patient for the purpose of either giving or receiving erotic stimulation" and even nature's own nudity is banned except "within a recognized nudist colony." These Dr. Feelgoods are limited to creating "a climate of openness and trust concerning the client's/patient's sex value system," and "verbally suggesting ways in which the couple experience various responses to sexual stimuli."

Get the register for three dollars from the American Association of Sex Educators, Counselors and Therapists, at 5010 Wisconsin Avenue, N.W., Suite 304, Washington, D.C. 20016, and before you can say premature ejaculation, you'll be running out of K-Y jelly and plying our *Sex Tape Letters* editor with graphic accounts of your lurid pranks.

—Theodore Fischer



The MassageMobile must be just the sort of car President Carter has in mind. It costs peanuts and runs on abundant domestic baby oil. According to the engineers, square tires perform their soothing magic because of the widely misunderstood phenomenon of Neo-Antispherism, which is best expressed by the formula *E*cstasy = *M*assage Car (square-wheeled). This delightful commentary on auto-eroticism carries a Limited Squarranty for five minutes or five feet, whichever occurs first, and the whimsical owner's manual warns new drivers that "Prolonged use of the MassageMobile has been known to cause uncontrollable emissions." Not to mention uncontrollable retching at some of the other jokes in the manual. Don't say you weren't warned.

Warts!

Why has the life expectancy of the English goldfish been devalued more drastically than the English pound? Because there aren't enough female toads to go around.

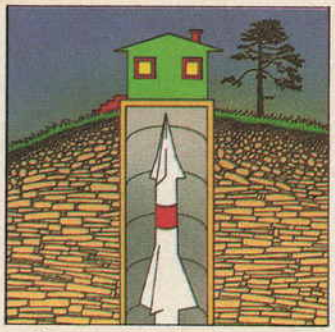
Perhaps an explanation is in order.

A mysterious shortage of female toads in English ponds has driven sex-hungry males to hump anything they can get their webbed feet around. They ravish twigs and water lilies but seem to favor the sensuous glittering goldfish. The fishy blondes get the short end of this, because after the carnal embrace of up to ten horny toads, they croak. Goldfish fanciers say it's time someone became responsible for seeing to it that the amorous amphibians toad the line. So who's going to volunteer?

O silo *mio*: getting away from it all

The Rare Earth Real Estate, Inc., of Sausalito, California, specializes in selling isolated retreats like whole islands. It's recently stumbled onto a new genre of safe, secure getaway—abandoned missile silos.

For a mere $60,000—it cost the Government some $3,500,000—Rare Earth will



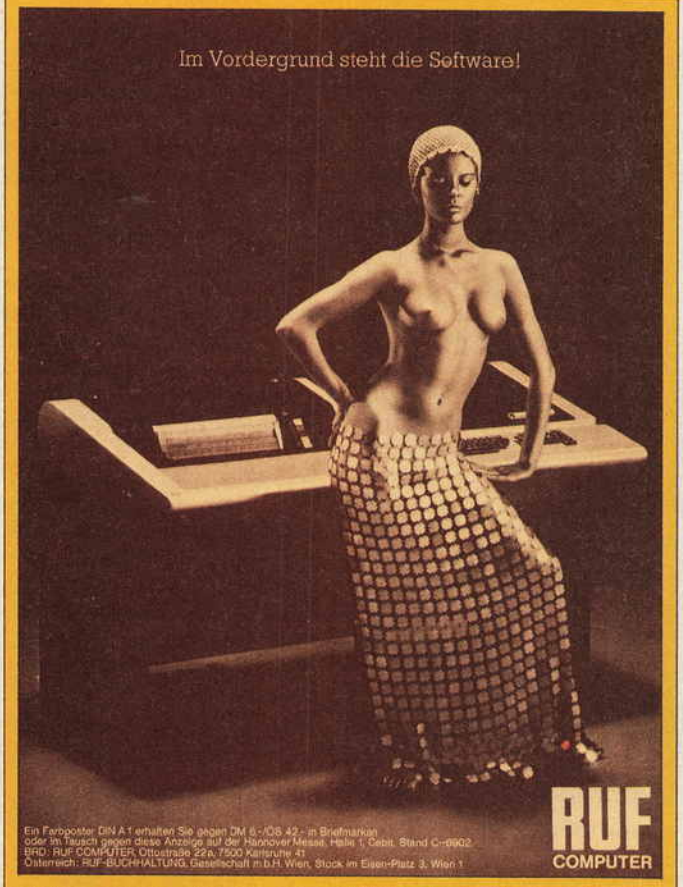
sell you a hole in the ground. But what a hole! Situated on 90 acres of gently rolling land outside Roswell, California, this snug asylum boasts a launch silo with eight access platforms at different levels, a control center, personnel quarters and connecting tunnels, all thoroughly insulated from heat or cold, snoopy neighbors and thermonuclear warfare.

Karel van Haeften, Rare Earth's president, says that the response has been tremendous—well beyond that of his usual clientele of well-to-do seclusion seekers: "There's a professor of astronomy who's thinking of putting a telescope in the silo; there's a worm farmer who thinks it might make the perfect breeding ground; there's a furniture-moving-and-storage firm that thinks the silo might be the ultimate secure warehouse—it's huge and dry and has a barbed-wire fence around the perimeter—and there's a large corporation I can't name that's considering the silo as a vault for storing secret documents on microfilm. You can get a lot in there; the silo itself is 174 feet from top to bottom, with a staircase winding around its full length.

"This may be just the beginning. We're looking at an abandoned Titan complex north of Sacramento. It's got three silos and huge living and storage galleries. An order of monks is considering moving in. They'd get total seclusion, virtually no distraction from people, weather—anything—and they'd have those enormous, open Titan silos to meditate in."

And so the great wheel of history squeaks around as, once again, Homo sapiens follows his leaders back to the caves. —Bury St. Edmund

Softcore software



Those German ad boys are certainly clever. Here, for example, is an ad for a Ruf computer with an almost naked German model. And guess what the caption for this clever ad is: You've guessed it! "In the foreground stands the software!" Get it? See, the computer is hardware and the girl is software. Har! Har! Isn't that clever? Just goes to show that if you put a naked girl in front of a computer, she'll *get with the program.* Get it? See, program is a computer word. And did you see that mammary bank? Get it? Mammary bank? Sounds like memory bank! That's another computer word. Ha, ha. Maybe she puts out. Ha, ha. That's a pun on output, another computer word. Someone should unplug those clever German ad boys.

Ball-bearing bulldog

This is Rocky. Rocky is the mascot of the 3rd Infantry Division, currently stationed in West Germany. The 3rd is proud of Rocky. These days.

When Rocky first arrived, it was rumored that he was somehow lacking. Or, as the general put it, "We can't have a mascot with no balls!"

Orders were issued; the impossible was performed; Rocky was unfixed. But too grossly for certain tastes. More orders flew. Rocky was refitted with more appropriately scaled boulders. The general was content.

The men weren't. They wanted Rocky to have that extra dimension that marked him as a true member of the 3rd Infantry Division. One night, blushing-blue paint was applied to the strategic area. Officers had it removed. Bright red paint appeared in its place. And was removed. Glowing orange paint suddenly appeared. And it, too,

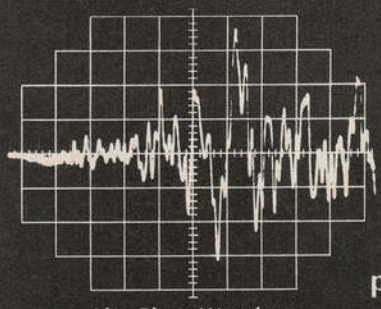
Hands across the Rio

Remember the Mexican-American War? This was the Mexican-American tug of war. Why the bother over a Land Rover? Because in this vehicle were 550 pounds of marijuana. We wanted it. The Mexicans wanted it—which was rather greedy of them. They have acres and acres of the stuff. The driver of the vehicle probably wanted it, too, but he high-tailed it out of there when he found that he was stuck in the mud of the Rio Grande with narcotics officers from two countries heading straight for him. Who scored the weed? After two hours of yanking and pulling, the Mexican's towrope broke and an American diesel wrecker pulled the vehicle out. Hey, Pancho, next time heetch two burros. They pull eet out *muy pronto.*

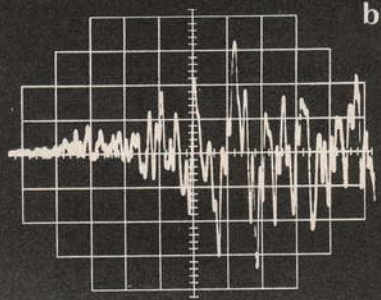
Technics wants you to see what other speakers don't let you hear.

Look at the waveforms. Technics has achieved phase linearity as well as wide frequency response. And that means we've achieved state of the art in high fidelity: virtually a mirror image of music as it was originally played. We call it waveform fidelity. Julian Hirsch, in June *Popular Electronics,* calls the Technics Linear Phase SB-6000A "...one of the better sounding speaker systems we have heard in a long time."

How did we do it? First by conducting exhaustive amplitude/phase studies in acoustically perfect chambers before designing and manufacturing each of the wide frequency/low distortion drivers. Then by developing a unique new phase-controlled crossover network that compensates for the time delays caused by the wide range of frequencies in all music. While simultaneously compensating for the different acoustics of the woofer, midrange and tweeter. And finally by aligning each driver unit in the optimum acoustic position for precise linearity.



Live Piano Waveform.



Piano Waveform reproduced by SB-7000A.

It's a lot of complicated engineering, but it all adds up to something very simple. Music as it was originally played. Nothing more, nothing less. And that's a lot.

Listen to Technics Linear Phase SB-7000A, SB-6000A and SB-5000A. They're now available for demonstration at selected audio dealers for very selective ears.

Technics *Professional Series*
by Panasonic

SB-6000A

SB-7000A

SB-5000A

was removed. And so on.

It is said that a Russian infantry division in East Germany is constructing a bear. A huge male bear.

Is sex just another fluke?

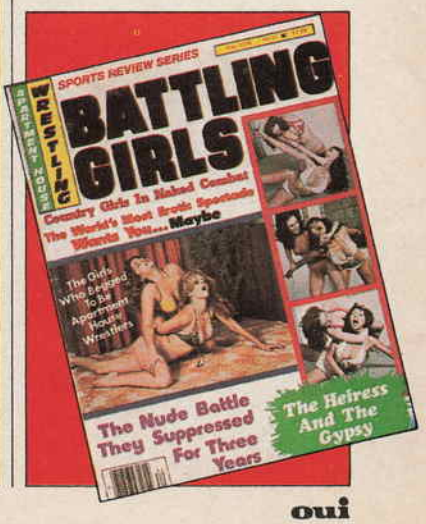
The organisms pictured above right are lying in a capillary bed and busily engaging in sexual intercourse—they live *only* for it, and they do it for up to 40 years. They are schistosomes, or blood flukes. The World Health Organization has stated that schistosome infections are second only to malaria as the primary cause of morbidity and mortality in the tropics. It is known that three species of blood flukes parasitize the blood vessels of the liver and intestines of man. But is the poor blood fluke really so evil? All he wants, like you and me, is a piece of tail.

As shown, the large male, who is about one centimeter in length and has from six to nine testicles, and the more slender female, who is sometimes half again as long as the male, lie with their anterior ends facing the capillary bed. When asked to comment on the lifestyle of the schistosomes, an overworked tropical doctor was heard to say, "They're worthless. All they do is fuck their lives away."

Requiem for a heavyweight

My favorite magazine is dead, and I'm pretty shook up about it. It was called *Battling Girls*. It was "the magazine of apartment-house wrestling." *The* magazine of apartment-house wrestling. Now there are *no* magazines of apartment-house wrestling. You might say that a sport has been wiped from the face of the earth. You might say that, but it wouldn't be true. Because apartment-house wrestling, the sport invented by the fabulous *Battling Girls*, will live on in apartment houses across America (and in a few lofts in SoHo). Still, the sport *has* suffered a mighty blow with the death of *Battling Girls*, and Olympic competition may yet be as far off as 1984. Who killed *Battling Girls*? Uptight society, that's who.

This represents yet another example of sexual discrimination against women in American athletics. Today, *Battling Girls*' brother magazine, *Wrestling*, is still going strong. It is also considered a respectable sports magazine. But somehow, the stigma of being good in gym has persisted among many otherwise liberated women today. How many supposedly right-on sisters have fallen into the trap



Collections of sexual positions were old stuff when Hammurabi was still in law school. But social evolution has introduced methods of screwing and getting screwed undreamed of by our ancestral practitioners of the carnal arts. The editors of the *Kama Sutra* could hardly have foreseen fist-fucking and the vibrator; and even if they had, they weren't about to court a spell in the Calcutta grin bin by mentioning them aloud.

Accordingly we now enjoy a broad variety of sexual practices not covered by any of the classic procedural textbooks. Anyone with the brains of an andiron knows the man-above variation by its proper name—the Missionary Position. But what do you call man-going-down-on-woman-who's-dildoing-gay-youth-who's-giving-head-to-pedigreed-collie? Human nature abhors a vacuum of nomenclature, and it's time to give much-needed labels to some late-breaking approaches to sexual activity and/or experimentation. By its name shall ye visualize it.

The Nixon Position—In different beds. If possible, in different rooms. Both parties rigid. S/M variation involves being kicked around by journalists.

The Kissinger Position—In the middle, linking otherwise incompatible partners: blacks and whites, Arabs and Jews, Ivy League scholars and Hollywood bimbos.

The Harry Reems Position—Spreadeagled, in court, from the rear.

The Ralph Nader Position—With safety belts and disclaimers.

The Gerald Ford Position—While chewing gum at the same time.

The Warren Beatty Position—Prostrate and covered with women, occasionally employing hot-air blowers or submachine guns.

The Muhammad Ali Position—Either on the ropes or dancing steadily to the left, the mouth constantly working. Often in the presence of Howard Cosell.

The Tom Snyder Position—Covered with a thin, oily film and clinging to Johnny Carson.

The Chevy Chase Position—Arms and legs akimbo, while falling down and clawing for the top simultaneously.

The Howard Hughes Position—On dry ice in a hermetically sealed chamber under Mormon supervision.

The Joe Namath Position—Backpedaling out of the pocket, bankbook clutched in teeth. Panty hose optional.

The Evel Knievel Position—Airborne; biker above, media below. Usually either in leather or traction.

The IRS Position—Every possible opening plugged, while bound and gagged in red tape.

The Super Bowl Position—Seated, under a blanket, out of boredom. S/M variation involves scalding-hot coffee.

The S. I. Hayakawa Position—Astride sound truck, wearing tam-o'-shanter, foot in mouth.

To label something, it is said, is to gain mastery over it. Here's to mastery or, at least, to an end to long-winded explanations. Goodbye to complex, detumescing instructions. Follow the bouncing ball.

Name your passion.

—ROBERT S. WIEDER

MEET THE REAL LEON REDBONE

Normally we are not in the business of revealing the secret identities of famous people, because we genuinely respect everyone's right to privacy. However, it seemed to us that Leon Redbone, a musician we listen to a lot, was using his secret identity as a public-relations gimmick. We put our staff bloodhound on the case and we offer the results of this investigation as a public service, in the hopes that all the silliness will dissipate and that we can sit back and enjoy, unencumbered by rumors and innuendoes, the music of this extremely talented young man. Rock on, Dickran!

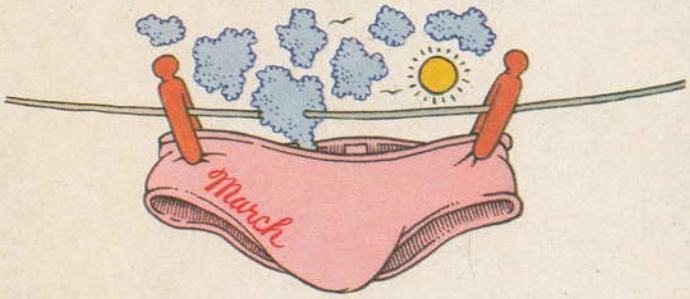
Real name: Dickran Gobalian
Born: August 26, 1949
Ancestry: Turkish-Armenian
Migration: Traveled from Cyprus to London, where he attended secondary school; emigrated to Canada in 1964 and settled in a small town in Ontario Province
First public performance: Mariposa Folk Festival, Canada, Summer 1971

Illustration by Donald Yoshida

of associating a good full nelson with so-called butch dykes? As *Battling Girls*' publisher told me, "We had too much trouble getting releases from the girls." Who, no doubt, feared losing their jobs as teachers, stewardesses, executives and riding instructors, if it were to be discovered that by night they were tough apartment-house wrestlers.

So long, *Battling Girls*, but I'll be seeing you in Century City, the Arlington House, UN Plaza, the Hancock Building and all the old familiar places. And would the guy who put the black tape on the pictures please contact me. —GLENN O'BRIEN

Soot of the loom



In the past, an often-heard complaint from American tourists fresh from a tour of Europe was that Europeans seemed to have an aversion to bathing. A 1968 survey conducted by Bonn psychologist *Herr* Professor Doctor Reinhold Bergler confirmed what the nose knew: Only five percent of the men in Germany changed their underwear every day and only one percent of those German men surveyed washed themselves daily below their belts.

Well, good news, world travelers! Dr. Bergler conducted the same survey recently and learned that today 17 percent of Germany's men change their underwear each day. And some 13 percent now claim to wash daily below the belt!

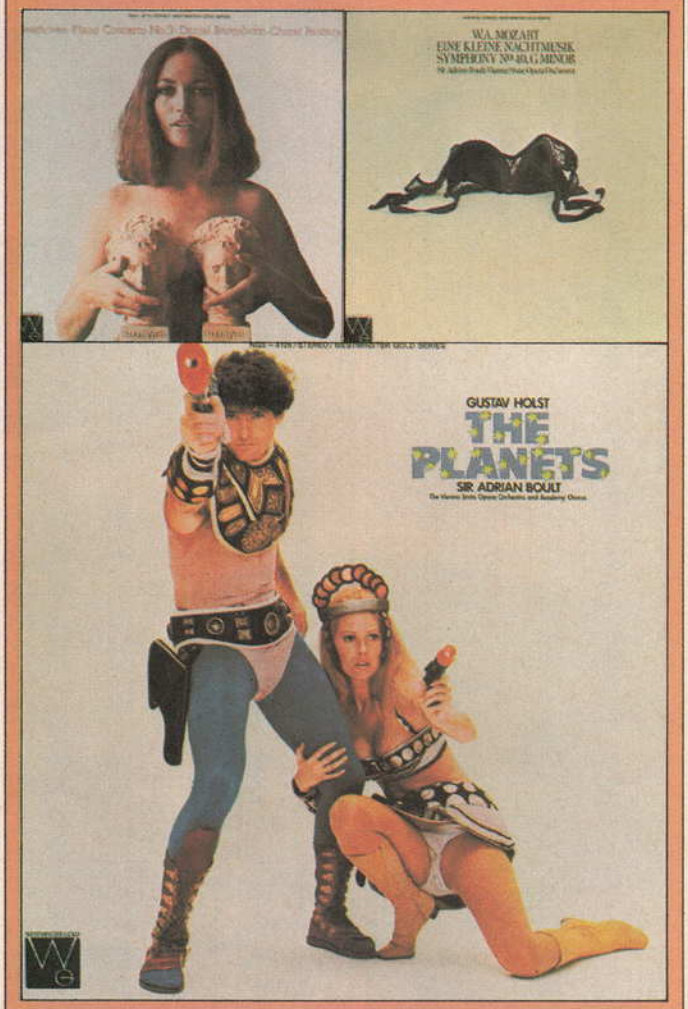
(P.S. OUI contacted Bergler to learn the statistics for the distaff side of Germany's underwear-wearing public. The news is encouraging to those men considering making it with a German *Fräulein*. You have a 60 percent chance of finding a German girl who changes her underwear every day. For the remaining 40 percent, OUI advises that you hold your nose when you make a panty raid.)

—GALE WILEY

Death that slithers and smells bad

The next time you're in the Pokaran Desert you'd best take note of who slithers into the sack with you—it just might be a peevana. The 20-inch-long serpents have recently taken to bedhopping in villages near New Delhi. What makes them such poor bedmates is a breath that can kill. At least five dozing Indians have unknowingly received one of these nightly visitors, only to have it open its mouth and breathe a fatal dose of vapor directly into the victim's nostrils. The victims then were slapped silly by the peevana's tail and left to die gradually. Such a one-night stand we're sure you can do without. It's no surprise

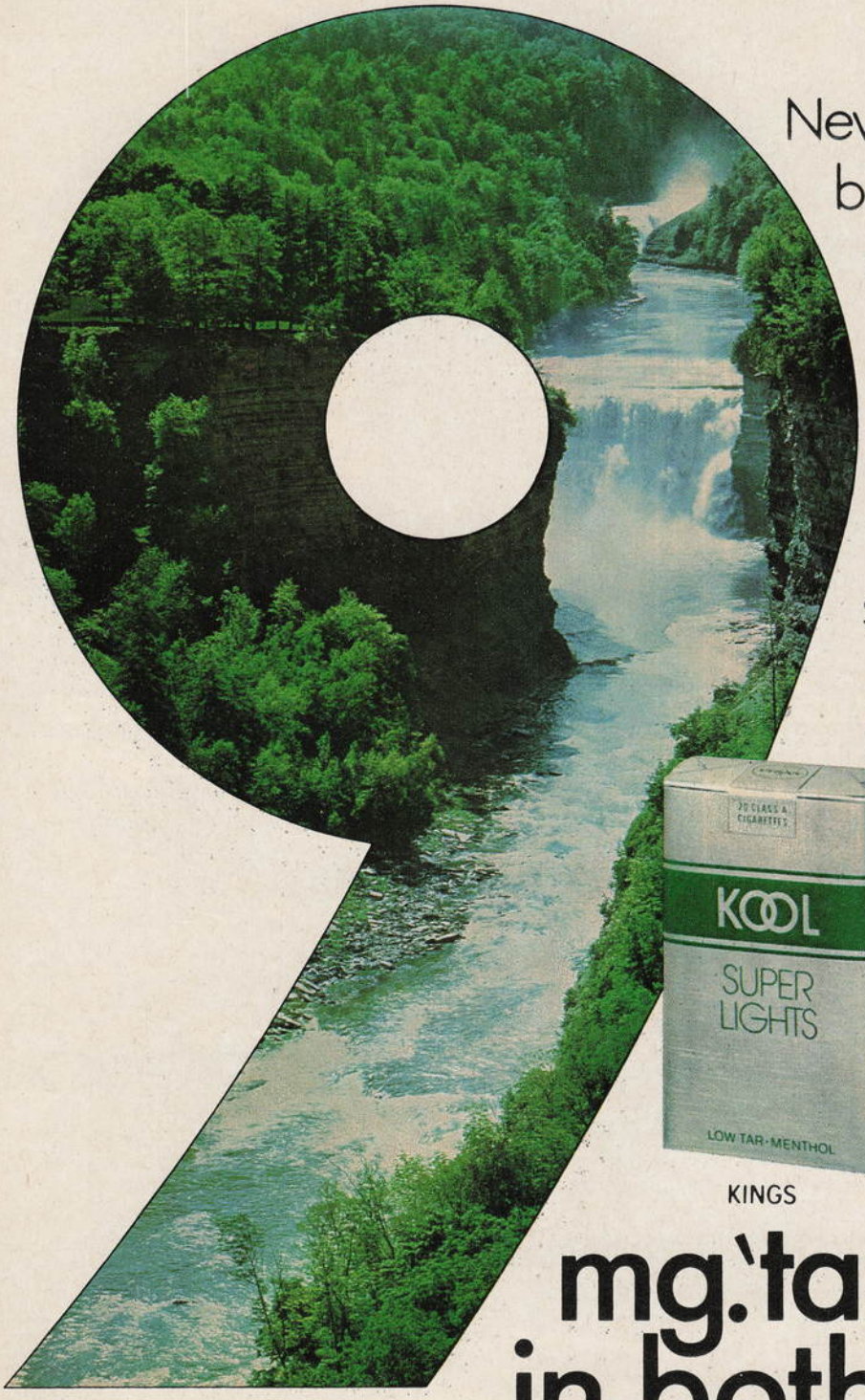
A classical gas



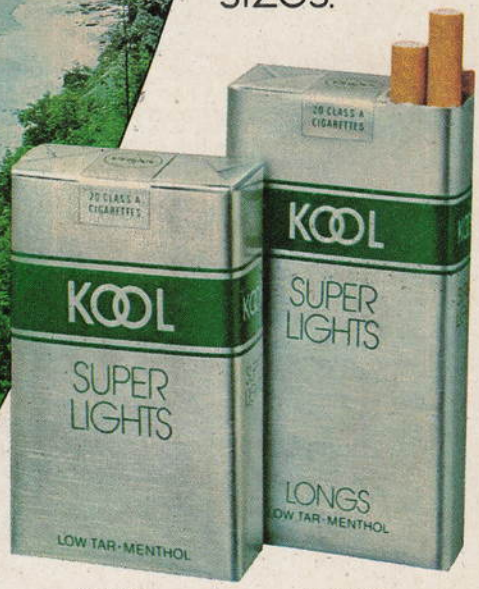
Bid farewell to these classics. Not to the music, but to album covers like the one featuring that boot-level beaver over Gustav Holst's *The Planets*. ABC/Dunhill Records, in a general upgrading of its budget classical label, Westminster Gold, says it is replacing these and other original covers. The label had hoped to snare teens and collegians with such comical irreverence, but for each young person who has paid cash, it says, a classical maven has been turned off. The mature new look of Westminster Gold features subdued, fine-art reproductions. Once more, art co-opts liberation. So, bye-bye beaver, bra and Beethoven boob masks. Nice try, ABC/Dunhill.

NEW

KOOL SUPER LIGHTS



Never before has there been a low "tar" menthol like this one. So refreshing. So satisfying. Yet so low in "tar." Only 9 mg. "tar" in both sizes.



KINGS LONGS

9 mg. 'tar' in both sizes.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

©B&W T CO.

9 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

"The ancient secret of Sidi-Bel-Abbes was within my grasp...and so was the girl."

It was well after midnight. The sleek, black limousine slid around the corner and stopped under my terrace on the second floor of Marrackech's sumptuous La Mamounia Hotel.

It was the signal I had awaited. My heart raced. Was I about to uncover the ancient secret of Sidi-Bel-Abbes? So many times before it had slipped through my fingers.

I tossed my smoldering gold-tipped Fatima cigarette into a wide brass ashtray and whisked on my trenchcoat.

Then I reached for my Superscope C-104 Deluxe cassette tape recorder with built-in mike, Vari-Speed Pitch Control, Cue and Review, three-digit tape counter, the works.

I was ready. Following my instructions, I waited in the darkness behind the hotel.

Suddenly she appeared. Silent as a stalking cat. Her dark eyes behind the veil seemed to penetrate my very soul.

"The ancient secret of Sidi-Bel-Abbes is within your grasp." Her voice was like the desert wind. "But in exchange you must give me your wondrous tape machine."

Reluctantly I handed over my Superscope C-104.

She popped in a cassette tape and punched the play button.

"Heed the Superscope tape recorder. It teaches us that frugality is wise. That endurance is honorable. And that quality above all withstands the test of time."

I stared at her. Was she lying to me? Because if that was the secret, a lot of people already knew it. After all, in the world of sound, Superscope is everywhere.

SUPERSCOPE.

Listen to us.

Free Giant Poster!

Send 50¢ for postage and handling to:
Poster Program A, Superscope, Inc.
20525 Nordhoff St., Chatsworth, CA 91311

©1977 Superscope, Inc.,
20525 Nordhoff St., Chatsworth, CA. 91311.

that the enterprising folk in Hollywood think that the peevana is a great subject for a new *Jaws*-type thriller and have already come up with a title for it: simply *A-a-a-a-h.*

If you don't know dope, know your dealer

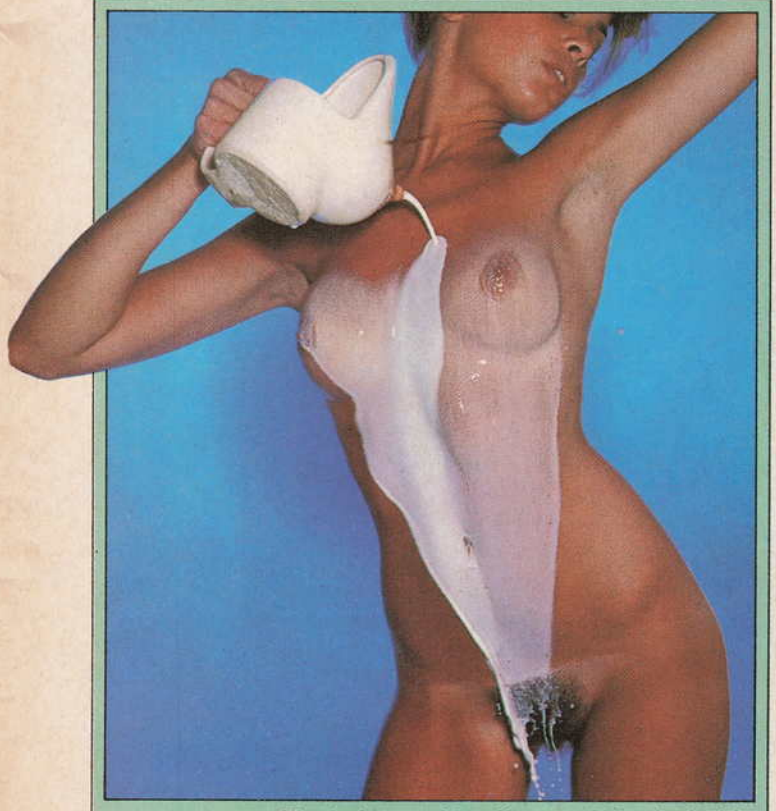
The next time your friendly neighborhood marijuana dealer offers you a rather dubious specimen of the illegal substance, telling you "It's good shit, man," do not let his enthusiasm assuage your doubts. Three dealers told Tulare County, California, deputies, who were trying to score some

arrests, that they had good shit. The deputies thought that they had cornered the wily felons, but instead they were left holding the bag—a two-pound bag of horse manure for which they had paid $200 in county funds. A sorry day in the annals of criminology: The dealers got away, the money was gone with them, and all the deputies had to show for their efforts was two pounds of pasture pies.

Some kind of nut

We can image what *you* call our Fruit of the month, but to folks on the Indian Ocean's Seychelles islands, it's *coco-de-mer* (sea coconut). This is the nut from the female of the species. The male palm grows a long stout stem that looks just like a you-know-what. Legend has it that on stormy nights, the plants pollinate each other. Nobody's really sure about that, because another legend says that anyone who watches them dies. The nuts' crevices even contain elongated seed-leaves that resemble pubic hair. Dried lady *cocos-de-mer* are popular with tourists, who buy them to use as sugar bowls, water bottles and honey pots. —NINO LO BELLO

A cup of kindness



Tired of your old coffee mug? So tired of it, in fact, that not even the coffee gets you off anymore? Have we got a cup for you! Not only does this little jobber fill the hand nicely, it can also hold ample amounts of your favorite beverage. But the fun doesn't stop there, boys and girls. For those of you who like iced drinks, this breast will kindly hold back those cubes so that you won't inadvertently gulp down some of the big pieces. Where can you get yours? From Hot Flash of America, 2351 Market Street, San Francisco, California 94114. It costs $14.98 plus postage. Will it make you a better person? Well, all we can say is, you get out of life what you put into it.

On the occasion of the fifth anniversary of *Openers*, let us contemplate the beauty of the five-pronged sex pistils and give thanks and a dizzying display of legal tender to the following editorial contributors: Jeffrey Blyth, Balazs Bodai and Thomas J. Kane III, Theodore Fischer, Gay Haubner, Nino Lo Bello, Glenn O'Brien, Sharon O'Hara, Alan ("Come over and see my stereo system sometime.") Penchansky, James ("She said I have really ugly X rays.") Petersen, Bury St. Edmund, Nancy ("I guess I forgot to pull my shades.") Sundquist, Robert S. Wieder, Gale Wiley and Zodiac News Service. Photo credits: MassageMobile, Garrick Madison; Rocky, R. J. Cullen; hands across the Rio, UPI; sex fluke, Bodai and Kane; breast mug, Garrick Madison; some kind of nut, Jimmy Bedford. Art credits: *Openers* and *Merci* boxes, Leslie Robin; o silo *mio*, Dick Daniels; Kama Sutra, Public Works Studio; soot of the loom, Rick Rogers; know your dealer, George Kenton.

STREISAND: HER FIRST LONG-PLAYING INTERVIEW.

Barbra has had it. She's sick of all those stories, rumors, anecdotes everybody else has been telling about her. This month in PLAYBOY, she answers back. In her first full-length, truly revealing interview ever. The Streisand that emerges? Complex, multidimensional and, in many ways, unlike her press image. Also this month: part two of Irwin Shaw's new blockbuster, *Beggarman, Thief.* A long-overdue update—in words and pictures—on the world's oldest profession. Also, insiders' reports on two other booming businesses: counterfeiting and selling used cars. Speaking of which, we take inspiration from the one man no one would *think* of buying a used car from, to bring you: *The Playboy Enemies List* (not only who, but why). Plus, naturally, the most gorgeous girls you'd ever want to meet. All in the October PLAYBOY. At your newsstand now.

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
PLAYBOY
THE FIRST IN-DEPTH INTERVIEW WITH BARBRA STREISAND
LADIES OF THE NIGHT: A TEN-PAGE PICTORIAL
THE BOGUS-MONEY BLITZ: A NATIONAL DISASTER
"BEGGARMAN, THIEF": IRWIN SHAW'S SEQUEL TO "RICH MAN, POOR MAN"
NUREYEV NUDE WITH MICHELLE PHILLIPS

©1977, Playboy.

SEX TAPES

COLLEGE SEX

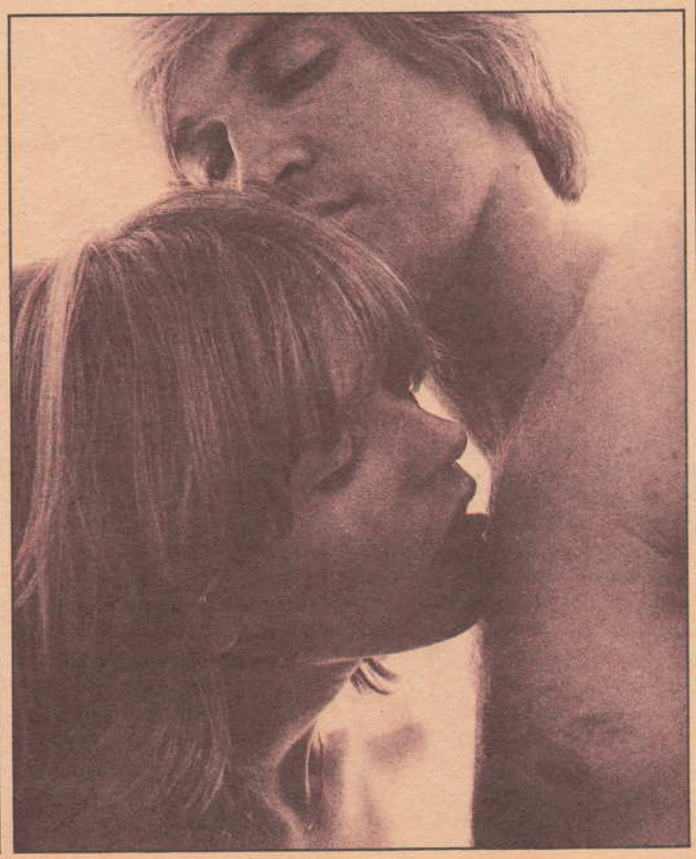
It's safe to assume that when most people send their offspring to college, they're not paying all that money just to get the kids laid. The point is to get them an education, or a degree that will guarantee some form of employment. Realistically, though, what do 18-to-22-year-olds have foremost on their minds? Not lost civilizations, obscure German philosophers or DNA chains, to be sure. Well, maybe DNA chains aren't far off. Colleges are traditional mating grounds—or, at least, traditional hunting grounds, since not everyone scores. For the successful ones, however, the university can be a fleshly paradise—partly because the time they spend there is the one time in their lives that they can, with relative impunity, indulge their most romantic fantasies.

Jerome T., 48, associate professor of art: I won't deny that I've made love with a number of my female students. But I don't think people are shocked by such things anymore. Once, when I was young, I was walking down the street and an old woman walked up to me and said, "Fucking is fun. If you start young." She kept on walking as if she hadn't spoken, and I've often wondered just why she singled me out for her words of wisdom. In any case, I've taken her at her word.

One of my colleagues, a writing instructor, always waits until his nubile young admirers are no longer in his class before giving them the thorough fuckings they always want. But, painting being a more tactile art, I find that it is almost impossible to have a lasting effect on any serious female art student without actually touching her. I hasten to add that there is never a shortage of young women who desire such touching. In short, nobody gets it who doesn't want it. I'm not that much of a dirty old man.

A perfect example of my theory is Kay, a redheaded 19-year-old who is an excellent painter. She came to the studio one morning, before anyone else had arrived, to discuss in private certain aspects of her work. While we were talking, I had her kneel and bend over a special wooden stool with a padded top. Then, moving in behind her, I slid my hands into her panties (somehow, they usually wear skirts for these sessions). She squealed and wriggled while my fingers separated the globes of her ass. I toyed with the deeply inset opening of her anus before sliding my hand down the cleft of her buttocks to the already overheated pit of her pussy. Of course, I always keep talking about the paintings before us while I'm at it, and Kay managed to stammer out a few things about chiaroscuro and texture just before I slid my cock up inside her. I instructed her to close her eyes and to concentrate on the images she was getting—the internal images. Meanwhile, *I* concentrated on the feel of her sleek, wet cunt contracting tightly around my penis until her vaginal channel seemed to open up like a flower at the farthest end and I was fucking high up into her orgasm and coming myself as well, making incredible patterns inside of her climaxing pussy, patterns I later would paint.

"While we were talking, I had her kneel and bend over a special wooden stool."



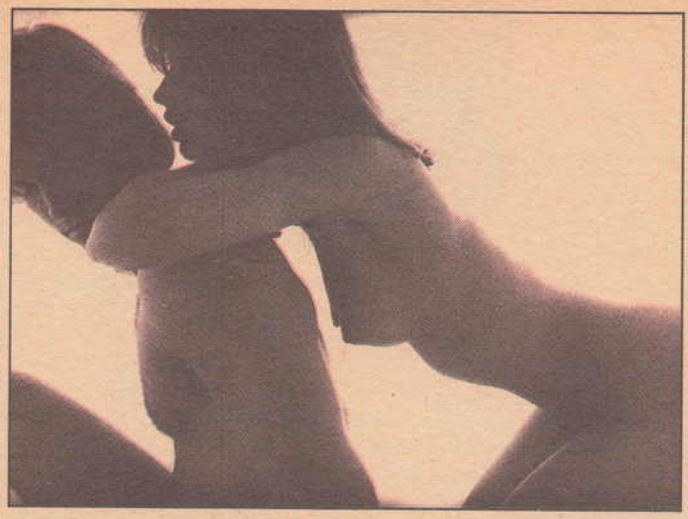
Afterward I told Kay that the closer she gets to reproducing those sensual patterns—the essence of what occurred between us—the more amazing her work will be. And if my own paintings tend to resemble the interiors of women—well, that's what's important to me.

Jessica L., 27, publicist: I went to a progressive girls' school that has always had a well-deserved reputation for free-thinking (and free-acting) females. In any case, there was a liberal visiting policy, even before other schools considered that sort of thing. Men weren't exactly allowed to stay overnight, but there wasn't any real way of keeping them from doing so. I went abroad my junior year and, thinking I was terribly sophisticated, came back with a Frenchman. Reflecting on it, I realize that he was overly horny, as well as a bit ugly, but he was authentically French, and that seemed to count for a lot with the other girls. After a short time of living offcampus, he moved in with me at the dorm, and nobody cared much. He was totally cock-oriented and

did that steady-pounding kind of screwing that I enjoyed at the time, not knowing about the nuances that were possible. Sometimes, though, he was inventive. He would, for example, slip into my cunt during the night while I was asleep, and I'd wake up in the middle of a sex dream to find myself having a violent orgasm, with my pussy filled to the bursting point with his seven hard inches. Or I'd be dreaming about swimming in the lake near the school, and having a nosy fish nibbling at my clitoris, and of course it would be him. I thought I was turning into a sex maniac, until my Frenchman's performance began to wane. Sometimes he couldn't even get it up at night. It wasn't long before I discovered that he was fucking almost every other girl in the dorm whenever I was at a class. There'd even been a couple of group things, orgies that nobody'd invited *me* to. Fortunately his visa was up soon, and I was glad to see him ship off to France. He's probably still talking about the hot college girls at this particular school, but I'm still talking about him, so I guess we're even.

Lucy K., 22, graduate student in philosophy: Sex in college wasn't so different, for me, from high school sex. I started fucking at 15, so that wasn't new. And I met pretty much the same types of boys in college that I'd met in high school. Of course, it was easier to get laid in college, because I was away from home. And, for the first time, teachers came on to me seriously. I had enough respect for authority to make me vulnerable to any sign of interest, but luckily, I knew myself and my own vulnerability, and I was able to steer clear of trouble most of the time.

But I did sleep with a teacher once. I really admired the man, and he hit on me after the course was over, so I figured it was all right. We made an afternoon date and spent several hours discussing ideas that had come up in the course. I think the conversation won me over; I felt he had sought me out because he enjoyed talking with me, not just for my young girl's body. He was in his late 30s, thin, with a long but pleasant face. He was socially awkward but could talk with great eloquence about anything. An endearing combination.



Our walk ended, naturally enough, at his apartment, where we sipped wine, watched the twilight darken and spoke of many things. As we talked, we started touching each other. Soon we were kissing and stroking. It all happened so slowly and naturally; we'd pet awhile, talk, then pet again. I liked that; the guys I'd been making it with were always so eager to start humping.

When we first got into bed it was good, too, because I knew I didn't have to worry about him and could just relax. He spent a long time getting me heated and had no trouble finding or pleasing my clitoris, which was a most welcome change from what I was used to. I remember stroking and licking his back and getting off on that.

It fell apart when we started fucking. He didn't make any wrong moves; he just couldn't stop talking. He didn't talk dirty; he talked romantically. Things like "You're an angel! I worship you!"—which would have made me feel great if he knew me well, but he didn't really know me at all, though he could have, and quickly, too, if he'd just stopped jabbering. I faked a climax to end the action, but he still wouldn't calm down. He narrated the entire story of Héloïse and Abélard as part of an attempt to convince me that love between teacher and student, love that grew out of a shared aspiration toward the truth, was the most profoundly passionate love. I told him I wasn't going to play Héloïse to his Abélard and was shocked to see tears come to his eyes. Perhaps it was the wine. At any rate, I couldn't deal with it. I put on my clothes and ran out, mumbling excuses.

"I faked a climax to end the action, but he still wouldn't calm down."

Ken D., 20, student: Sex in college? It's no big deal. Sure, the girls live on the same corridors with us now, but it's hard to work up an appetite when you see them in curlers all the time. Besides, it's not cool to come on. So there's not much action, just a few people going steady and a lot of guys prowling the town, probably the same as when you went to school.

Timothy P., 29, graduate student: The real action is offcampus, and the secret is to get yourself a nice offcampus pad—or even a ratty offcampus pad. I have mine fixed up nicely, and the chicks come around on their own, practically begging to get laid. I would have one waiting in the foyer while the other was showering. Now, if two show up on the same night, I just invite them to share me. Sometimes they just come by for a place to stay—you know, the chicks who are living in the dorms and don't dig it. They're always welcome at my crib, and you'd be surprised at how many will trade some pussy for a place to stay overnight and a little fatherly cuddling.

Grace N., 21, student: Sex happens to be my major. I've had at least a dozen boys here this semester, and I really get off on the variety—the shapes of their dicks, the different ways they move inside me. You can call me promiscuous, but I haven't gotten sick and we haven't had any panty raids at this school in a hell of a long time.

Marvin A., 30, salesman: College was a good time for me. I had lots of broads. Beautiful ones. Rich ones. A couple of married ones. A few nymphos. But the best fuck I ever had was with an ugly, mousy little girl I picked up one day in the coffee shop. She dug my poetry, and I invited her to my pad to hear some jazz. We drank a bottle of port together and I laid her—in the dark. I humped my brains out and she scratched the hell out of my back. When I woke, in the morning, the bed was covered with blood. She hadn't acted like a virgin. I didn't ask her about it and she didn't say anything. I didn't see her again for two weeks, when she came up to me and asked if I was busy, then virtually ordered me to take her home and fuck her. It was the first time I'd heard a broad use that word in such a way, which in itself was enough to decide me. So we did it again, and it was some great fucking. But she was so ugly, I could hardly stand to look at her. Eventually some guy knocked her up and married her.

Kara P., 24, singer: My school was very big on wrestling, and we had a championship team that I used to watch practice every day. It really

turned me on to see their muscular bodies straining against each other, and I often fantasized about being out there on the mat with some of them. I didn't have a steady boyfriend at the time, and the team began to think of me as its mascot, since I was always there. One day, when there were just two guys in the gym, I challenged the smaller one to a match and we went at it. It took only a few minutes for my libido to spill over—and for him to pin me. I could feel his cock pressing against my behind like a piece of granite, and I've never wanted something so badly in my life. I begged him to do it to me right then and there. I didn't have to ask twice. He ground me into the mat with long, hard strokes that made me want to scream with delight. Then his teammate did likewise. By the end of the year, I had been pinned to one mat or another by every cock on the team. And they won yet another championship. So if anyone tells you that sex is bad for athletes, don't believe it.

Alice L., 29, advertising copy writer: When I was a college freshman, I did a lot of work for the college theater: all the diddly-shit garbage—painting sets, gathering props. I was the cute little gofer for the chauvinist male upperclassmen who were the campus "stars."

One day I was setting up props in the green room—the actors' room, where they'd socialize during rehearsal and wait to go onstage during a performance—when I spotted a gorgeous senior who was doing all the romantic leads that semester. He was rehearsing a scene alone. Did I have a crush on him! I could barely say hello to him without blushing and stammering and getting hot flashes. That bad. All of a sudden he turned to me and asked me to hold the book and stand in for the absentee actress. It happened to be one of Tennessee Williams' more torrid love scenes, all intense conflict and frenzied passions—love and hate commingled—ending in a furious fuck. Wow! I held the book and prompted, a bit drymouthed, as he went through the motions of the scene. My face must have been an open book, because within minutes his big hands were all over me, pushing and groping and taking liberties. I was both horrified and thrilled, but I kept cuing him as if nothing unusual were happening. Then I lost my place in the script. So I improvised my part—and that really set him off.

It was a moment about which I'd been fantasizing a long time: my seduction of this beautiful young man who wrote poetry in the cafeteria and always seemed to look past me when I walked in, as if I were being followed by Venus incarnate. Whenever *he* walked in, I'd lose my appetite and get the shakes. There would be lots of spilled coffee and lit filters. And if he brushed against me accidentally, my temperature would rise five degrees. I'd start to sweat. My nipples would harden and I'd get the strangest feeling of emptiness between my legs. My anxiety level was running high.

Now we're in the green room and suddenly I'll do anything with or for this boy. But he says, "I think we'd better stop," and his body goes limp. Not me. Not then. I'm possessed. I *am* a Williams heroine. My fingers and mouth and tongue are all over his body. He lies on his back, letting me turn him on. I got down around his hips and began to suck on the lean white flesh. Apparently that was a sensitive area, because he groaned and thrashed upward wildly. My God! I thought, feeling my sexual oats.

I pulled my body back toward his hips, spread my legs, and slowly lowered my burning crotch to the tip of his erection. I'll never forget the feeling of that first moment of contact. It was like a kiss—wet and warm and slick. I must have let out a sob, because the door of the green room slammed shut, as if someone standing there had suddenly decided to flee. Probably Jeanette. For a moment I hesitated. What was I doing? Jeanette would blab. What would people think of me? And would I be just a sacrifice to his ego? As far as he was concerned, I was just some raving little freshman nympho. Which, at the moment, was close enough to the truth, because the pressure of his hard penis against my vaginal folds felt so good, it was impossible for me to pull up and walk away. I was trembling and moaning and hating myself and loving every minute of it. I lowered myself down the thick, rigid stalk. His hands were reaching out to me now, pinching my nipples lightly and teasingly, then sliding over my breasts and down my ribs. The heated, moist folds of my vulva parted willingly and I sank down to the base of the shaft. Warm rockets of pleasure enveloped me. Holding my body against his in a protective attitude, he began moving his hips, thrusting so deep inside me that I thought my membranes would tear. I could hear my juices gurgle as I began coming. When I thought I was through, he pulled me closer and started probing more deeply, with short, steady strokes. I came again, more completely. And again. It felt as if he were opening successive doors inside me and making me come in deeper and deeper areas of my vagina. Finally he arched upward so that I was completely off the floor, hanging on his penis. He held still for a moment as he gathered his forces. Then he came, pumping his fluids right into the neck of my womb. I cried out something obscene, I'm not sure what. Then I relaxed. I felt like melted butter. And I must say that, despite the comic aspects of the situation and the fact that I keep trying, I don't think I've ever had a better sexual experience. ▣

"I lowered myself down the thick, rigid stalk. Rockets of pleasure enveloped me."

SEX TAPE LETTERS

"Sex Tape Letters" is a column devoted to you, the reader. This is your opportunity to comment on any of the preceding "Sex Tapes" or to share similar experiences with us. All writers in this column will remain anonymous. Write to OUI *Sex Tapes, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.*

Kinky sex

The report, in your July *Sex Tapes*, of the girl who pissed on the guy in the tub—at his request—is not so weird and freaky as she made it out to be. Granted, it's not for everyone, but I happen to think it's a super turn-on. Just the thought of someone urinating on me is terrifically exciting. A couple of years ago, I was going with a great-looking girl. We were at her place one night, having dinner and getting drunk. After dinner, we were watching TV in the nude and fooling around. I said I had to go to the bathroom. She said, "Wait, I want to come with you." I said OK. When we got into the bathroom, she sat in the tub and said, "Do it on me!" I said, "What?" And she replied, "I want you to pee on me!" I was shocked, but, being drunk, I thought, What the hell—why not? I stepped into the tub, stood over her and started to pee on her stomach. She rubbed it over her stomach and tits. Then she opened her mouth and I urinated on her mouth and all over her face. It sent her into a state of ecstasy, and she moaned and smeared the acidic liquid all over her face and body.

When I had finished, she said, "Now jack off onto my face," which I promptly began to do (I was in a very obedient mood). I had never masturbated in front of a girl before, and I found it exciting. I shot my come onto her face and she rubbed it everywhere, mixing it with my urine. Then we showered together and went to sleep. Nothing more was said about our bathtub scene until a couple of weeks later, when I decided I'd like to try it from the receiving end. When the next occasion arose, I asked her to pee on *me*. She liked the idea and we were soon in the bathtub, with her leaning over me. Her cunt was in my face. I had to coax her a bit, but finally she was able to let it go. Her urine ran strongly into my mouth and my face. I must say I really enjoyed it. Since then, I have urinated on myself many times—in private, of course—and I think it's an absolutely marvelous turn-on.

ALVIN G.
Vancouver, British Columbia

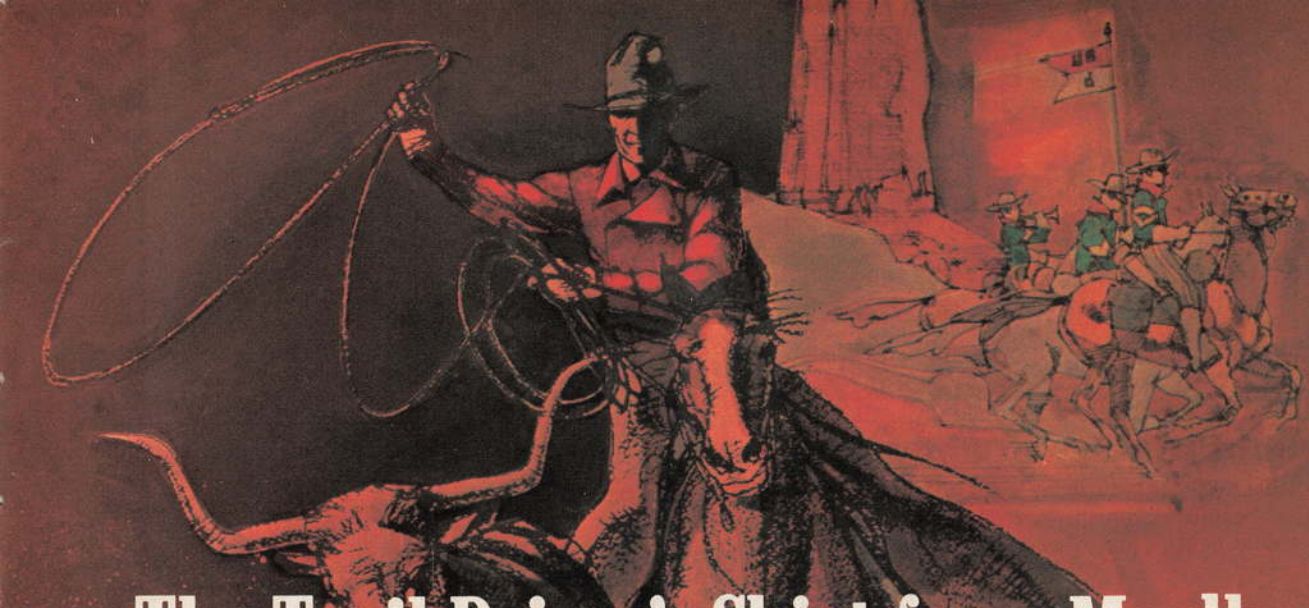
Your July *Sex Tapes* account of bondage and tickling hit home with me, because I once had a great experience of this kind. When I was 16, we had an exchange student living in our family. She was a Finnish girl, a strawberry blonde with long legs and blue eyes. A two-year gap is a big one at that age and she treated me as a boy from the beginning, even though I didn't feel like one when I looked at her. The problem was that the standard approach was bound to fail. Also, we were almost never left alone. One day my sister and parents drove to a college-placement interview, where they would be for several hours. Eila and I were watching *The Brothers Karamazov* on TV. The film has a bondage and tickling scene in which a girl is shown tied to a bed, with the evil Karamazov father tickling her feet. When the scene came on, I asked Eila if she could stand being tickled. She took it as a challenge, and I don't think she knew what she was getting into by accepting it. I ordered her to strip first, which she did—almost completely. Then I got a clothesline and led her to my bed, where I ordered her to lie on her back while I tied her up. I did a thorough job, tying her wrists and ankles together at opposite ends of the bed, with the cords going around the vertical bars holding up the metal frame. I also tied the cords firmly to the horizontal bars beneath, so that she couldn't move her shoulders or knees.

The sight of Eila strung out helpless was something I'll never forget. What made it so exciting was her attitude, because she took it all as fun and games and joked about it, asking if I had learned this in the boy scouts. She claimed she wasn't ticklish, which was a lie. What I remember best about tickling her is that she laughed in different tones, with the deepest laugh coming when I tickled her lower ribs. I was too innocent to know why she fell silent when I tickled her breasts, and I couldn't understand why she did not demand to be let loose. It was she who eventually suggested that I tickle her feet for a change. I did so very effectively with the teeth of a pocket comb. That was the only time that she begged for mercy. I don't know how long I kept her tied, but it was a long time, and a hot time, too. When I finally released her, she made no motion to get up, and within minutes I was engaged in losing my virginity. I didn't realize until much later that she had enjoyed the bondage and tickling as much as I had.

KELLY P.
Phoenix, Arizona

I'm not sure how kinky this is, but I get off on the huge hunk of meat hanging between my boyfriend's legs. I've had sex with men of normal proportions, but nothing comes close to the sex Jim and I have. I worked with him awhile before we dated, *(Continued on page 132)*

Photography by Ron Seymour



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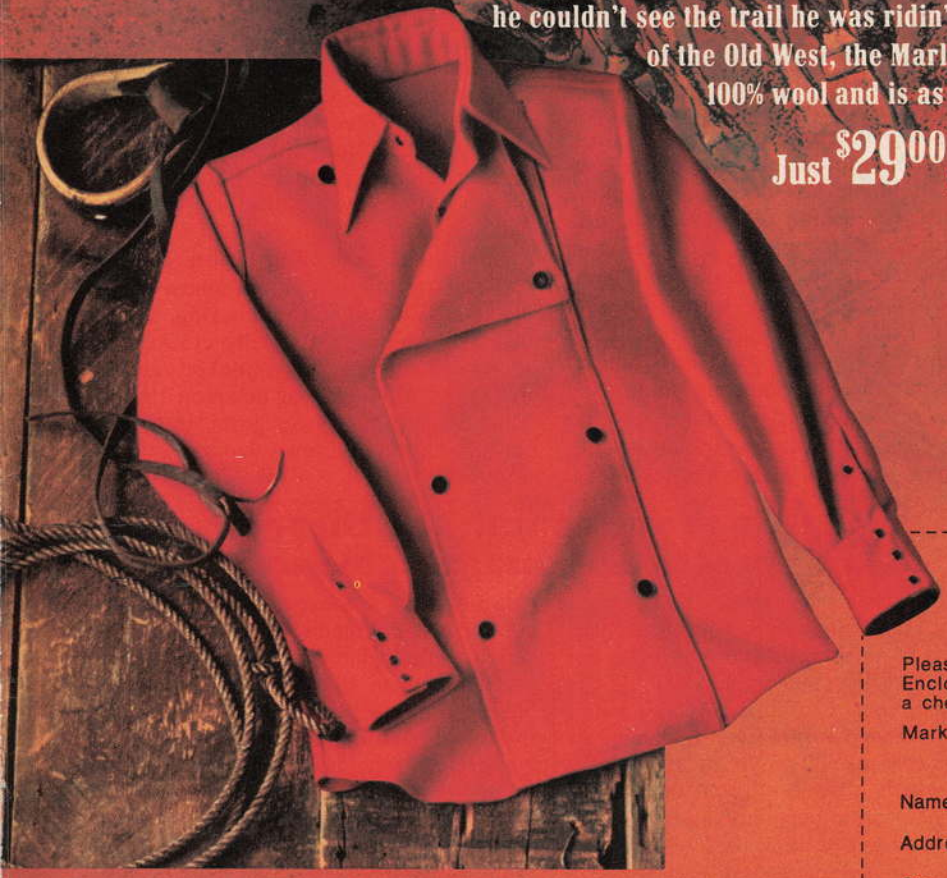

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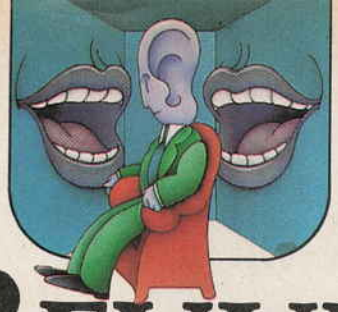


REVUE

Mano in the city of one-night stands

Dateline Los Angeles. I'll tell you what L.A. is. L.A. is a beautiful woman. A beautiful woman who coughs just when you're coming.

Stubbb-ungggh.

"Was it good for you, dear?"

"It was. But now I think it's broken."

And for fetish porn films, L.A. is Central Casting. Wanna see a pregnant triple amputee breast feed her pet iguana? L.A. will Super-8 it for you. Or see a bike boy get fist-plugged while someone tattoos ←PASSING SIDE—SUICIDE→ on his behind? No problem. It's that old Thalberg tradition: fantasy custom-fitted for America. Piercing films are our latest trend. Soon Roxbury will bring you this gross how-to-do-it flick in which the brunette has her labia (and the blonde her perineum) keypunched for slave-identity tags: I AM A MASOCHIST. IN CASE OF ACCIDENT, JUST LET ME DIE. Retcharama, friend. It's the real thing: local anesthetic, sterile procedure and ten cat-o'-nine-tails swats to inspire quick postop recuperation. Ah, Hollywood. Why d'you think the MGM lion roared? Louis B. Mayer was whacking his tail with a fraternity paddle. Hell, along Santa Monica (S.M., they call it) Boulevard, I expected to see rope burns on every third woman. But not so, not so. L.A. is wide open and uptight at the same time. You'd get more aroused seeing a lady cellist spread her legs.

Take the L.A. porn peep shows. You can buy a fetish film, but you can't watch one for 25 cents per stroke, as you can on 42nd Street. Nothing but straight sex (and some straight gay sex); no Doberman pinschers in latex, no hot crisscross buns. What L.A. will pander to the rest of America is uh-uh for its own citizenship. One store owner said, "Shit, we'd be busted right away if we put an S/M film or an enema film in our machines." The vice squads are vicious out L.A. way. In New York, you can check *Screw*, flag a cab and, ten minutes later, be at some brothel with GIRLS OF ALL NATIONS (one girl is black, they mean). L.A. has only outcall "nude modeling." Hookers mooch through Holiday Inn with a strange plastic machine sticking half out of their purse. A bondage device? A humongous I.U.D.? No, a Master Charge printer. Then, before you get L.A.ed, you have to wait while she rings up M.C. so that it can verify your credit. Anyhow, that's what the IBM salesman told me, and he had a yellow customer receipt with ONE SERVICE, $35 written on it. Tipping is allowed and runs about five dollars for each article of clothing taken off. Gloves come first.

I'll say this: The porn peep thing in L.A. is healthy. Lord, I had to *walk*. On 42nd Street, you can keep erect store after store. Making L.A.'s 40-block peep scene around Santa Monica and Western, you're lucky to reach the next place before you reach the menopause. Booths are spartan, doorless and about as classy as a freight elevator. Also seatless: S.R.O. No wonder L.A. porn-store traffic is minimal; I'd feel more at home taking a leak behind an ALTERNATE SIDE OF THE STREET sign on Fifth Avenue. (There's this great New York joint: boltable booths, each with one front seat out of Dad's 1954 Buick. Just like a drive-in, except that your arm doesn't always hit the horn button, announcing passion.) Worse, L.A. features all that damned sunlight. I had to stand tree-still, eyes shut, for six or seven minutes, otherwise it was strictly pin the quarter on the donkey.

I did some comparison shopping; it was *molto* instructive. Of 100 or so loops available for purchase in L.A., only five, maybe six, had played New York. Now if I were a Big Apple porn-store trog, I'd 747 it west and bring back several Touristers full of mint-new film raunch. Yeah, and I'd probably get both thumbs bent back to the wristbone, plus Quik-Set cement in all my quarter slots. This is your most conclusive evidence (as though such evidence were needed) of Mob control in America's porn conglomerate. Nothing will open on Broadway until California counter and mail-order sales have had their first-run stand. Showbiz, doncha know. Paramount and Universal can't have more orderly distribution. Films are released in an efficient, systematic fashion, from the big W.C. eastward, like dirty weather. Coming soon.

Sunlight doesn't mean health. L.A. is 453 square miles of pimp: mauve Cadillac, vicuña coat and pinkie ring. When that San Andreas rift finally cracks like some old matzoh, porn junkies across the nation will be falling down on 10,000 Main Streets, hand over groin. But what can you expect of a town that has a tarpit at its civic heart? —D. KEITH MANO

Plastic proves punk: the theory and practice of disagreeableness

Punk rock has a bad name. Bad enough so that many New York City print wags write it p*nk, because the word has become lavishly meaningless. Punk is definitely not a musical style—punk groups create vastly different sounds. At ultrabest, punk refers to the right attitude, which is really all you need for a great new art movement; and at infrabest, that's where punk rock is. Deborah Blondie, queen of punkdom, defines it as a time signature, and that's a pretty good one, too.

Who invented it? Nobody, really, but mainly Lou Reed and Iggy Pop, who rule today as the godfathers of punk. Others, certainly, were influential—Alice, Bowie, etc. But basically punk is a reaction against movement—getting back to rock roots and outrage—because by the mid-Seventies, rock seemed completely coopted and absorbed by conglomerate glamor, boring decadence and Hollywood Babylon. Punk is about having fun, not making millions playing to stoned stadiums. Thus punk is basic white roots, whereas other rock is artsy-fartsy consumeroid. And so punk is often confused with stupidity and amateurism. In fact, punk is quite good and quite smart, too, and if you don't understand that, you can either buy some of these records and find out or go fuck yourself.

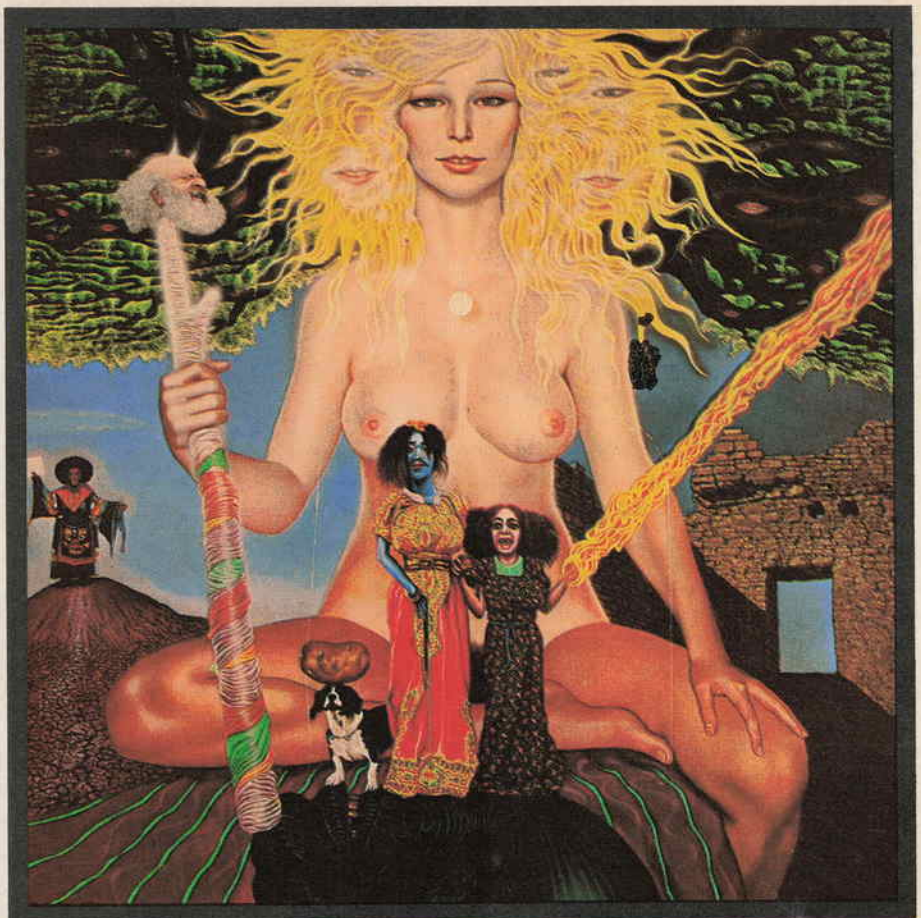
Probably the first punk band was the New York Dolls, which started to hit it big locally back in 1972 and put out two great albums—**The New York Dolls** and **Too Much Too Soon** (Mercury)—that went nowhere and are now

out of print. The Dolls' problem was that they *were* too much too soon (years ahead of their time), and many middle Americans thought that, because of the make-up job on them for their first album cover, they were a bunch of drag queens. Actually they are normal guys, but it's too late now, because their records are virtually unobtainable. Still, the Dolls live on as the Dolls (rock baron Steve Paul preping a comeback for the high-I.Q. lead singer David Johanssen), The Heartbreakers (guitarist Johnny Thunders' group, now hot stuff in England) and the Criminals (latest project of guitarist Sylvain Sylvain, now being courted by early Stones producer Andrew Loog Oldham).

Television is famous for several good reasons: The band practically invented a Bowery bar called C.B.G.B., which is now punk headquarters; leader Tom Verlaine used to date Patti Smith; and Television has a truly unique sound. Verlaine's guitar-playing is different from anybody's: spacy, cyclical, doodling, jazzy, over a tough-rock format. And he sings strangely: whiny, fey, flat, but intense and interesting, too. This is not meant to sound as though they're not great, because they are definitely originals. Their debut album, **Marquee Moon** (Elektra), should prove all this and more, and as C.B.G.B. regulars will attest, people who smoke dope will love Television—and a lot of people smoke dope.

Back when Television was really collecting a cult, it had a great bass player named Richard Hell. Hell not only looked great, but he also wrote great songs and jumped up and down about as great as possible. But you know how it goes: As Television became one of New York's most popular groups, leader Verlaine began doing less and less of Hell's popular material and even asked him to stop the great jumping. It's too bad, because Television was fun then. Now the band's just poetic. But it's really better, because now there's Richard Hell and the VoidOids, who are not only poetic but also a lot of fun.

Hell and the VoidOids sound like Television superficially, especially in their rhythmic repetition of odd guitar figures—something that comes out like modern R&B played by shock-treatment victims. But they also rock hard, too, which their new album, **Richard Hell and the VoidOids** (Sire), proves handily on such soon-to-be-classics as *Love Comes in Spurts*, *Down at the Rock & Roll Club* and the New York anthem *Blank Generation (I Belong to the)*. Hell is also one of the world's great lyricists. As an illustration, take a random line from *You Got to Lose*: "I hope I don't seem immodest when I tell you my mother was a pinhead and my father was a fly."



You may already be a collector of the art of Abdul Mati Klarwein. If you own Santana's *Abraxas*, Gregg Allman's *Laid Back*, Miles Davis' *Bitches' Brew* or *Miles Davis Live*, you are well on your way to compiling a Mati collection: He painted the covers. If you have spent as much time admiring the jackets as you have listening to the records; if you have surreptitiously slipped Miles or Gregg into an old *Chubby Checkers Does the Twist* jacket and hung Mati on the wall, help is on the way. *God Jokes: The Art of Abdul Mati Klarwein* (Harmony) contains 24 "portraits," if you stretch the concept of portrait to include paintings that seem to be pure landscape. Mati was a nice Jewish boy whose parents had the misfortune to live in wartime Germany. They escaped to Israel aided by Arabs, in whose honor Mati was named. He still venerates his family's saviors with his heavy use of Moslem imagery in his paintings. Though Mati draws upon many other sources—surrealism, African and Indian art—his paintings are quintessential psychedelic art. Don't yawn and reminisce about all the San Francisco Winterland concert posters you threw out. While there is no doubt that *God Jokes* would warm the heart of any old acid freak, there is more to Mati's paintings than just spacy-looking people, weird landscapes and beautifully intricate designs. His portraits, especially of women, are warm and luminous; his rendering of flowers and leaves is done with as much care as Dürer's botanical drawings. Buy *God Jokes*, put *Bitches' Brew* on, roll a joint and enjoy. —GAY HAUBNER

According to *Punk* magazine, the scene's top fanzine, there are only two true punk bands: The Dictators and the Ramones. The Dictators' first album, *The Dictators Go Girl Crazy* (Epic), was released in 1975, and despite its being something like Lenny Bruce goes heavy metal, it sold like used shit. This was not the fault of The Dictators, but of those perennial assholes, you, the public, who might've been scared by such tunes as *Teengenerate*, *Master Race Rock*, *Back to Africa* and Sonny and Cher's hit *I Got You, Babe*. It was far-out and you missed it. But fortunately you've got another chance, because The Dictators have created a brand-new platter that's sure to move, titled **Manifest Destiny** (Elektra), featuring such niceties as *Science Gone Too Far*, *Disease* and Iggy Pop's classic *Search and Destroy*.

As for the Ramones—probably the most revolutionary sound in rock since Jim Morrison twirled Tiny Tim by his hair at Steve Paul's The Scene—they've recorded two mind-shattering albums: **Ramones** and **The Ramones Leave Home** (Sire), featuring 28 of the shortest, loudest, simplest, toughest, meanest,

dumbest, smartest songs you've ever heard. The Ramones' method is monster minimalism. There are no leads, just a lot of superfast rhythm and big beat, and the right three chords—plus, of course, excellent Anglo-Queens vocals. Need I say more? OK, how about some song titles? Like *Blitzkreig Bop*, *Chain Saw*, *Beat on the Brat with a Baseball Bat*, *Now I Wanna Sniff Some Glue*, *Gimme Gimme Shock Treatment*, or, say, *Carbona Not Glue*. *Punk* magazine guarantees the Ramones to be actual punks. You don't get your money back, but you help keep the Ramones off the streets.

Then, on the other hand, we have a bunch of punk groups that are hardly punk at all, in the Ramones sense of the word. Well, maybe a little bit. Take Talking Heads. Beginning as a trio of art-school grads (Rhode Island School of Design), they hit town and began playing ultra-aesthetic, mannered rock. Led by songwriter David Byrne—who plays a mean guitar, with great early Lou Reed moves, and has one of the oddest voices in rock—the Heads are an odd bunch. For one thing, they dress neatly and anonymously. For another, they have the cutest bass player in rock—Tina Weymouth—who is not only a fine musician but also sold sexy shoes at Henri Bendel before the group began to make money. And they've got a new kid, Jerry Harrison, who played all that great Farfisa organ in Jonathan Richman's legendary *Modern Lovers*. Featuring such numbers as *I'm Painting Again*, *The Girls Want to Be with the Girls* and *Love Goes to Building on Fire*, the Talking Heads are punky enough to swat you severely with intelligence, while putting out a great beat, hot licks, etc. Look for their first album (unnamed at press time) on Sire.

Blondie may be the first New York punk group to hit it truly big, achieving national acclaim and bucks, things that they certainly deserve because they are grrrreat, to paraphrase Tony the Tiger. Why? Well, for one thing, Deborah Harry (aka Deborah Blondie, Blondie) is a real rocking cupcake. Cuter you won't find. Not only that, she's a terrific singer who can do everything, and Blondie—the band—knows how to back her up all the way. Probably the most eclectic group on the New York scene, Blondie does great bubblegum, Phil Spector girls' laments, simple teen anthems with cleverly disguised filthy lyrics (*In the Flesh*), psychedelic rockers (*Rip Her to Shreds*, *Kung Fu Girls*) and utterly insane stylistic fusions (*Attack of the Giant Ants*: Latin/swing/psychedelic/sci-fi sound track). Blondie does everything right, and, perhaps more than any other current rock group, these good, clean sex maniacs can take any kind of musical influence, add some brains and body language and come up with amazingly sophisticated yet utterly pop music. Yes, not since 1967. . . .

"My sense of humor is hardly universal," *Pink Flamingos* director John Waters deadpanned. His latest movie, *Desperate Living*, might prove that. This demented fantasy is the young moviemaker's most ambitious effort and cost $65,000. *Desperate Living* is a comedy about "mental anguish, lesbianism and political corruption" and follows Peggy Gravel, a terminally hysterical middle-class mental case, and her 400-pound black maid and lover, Grizelda, as they flee to a never-never land called Mortville after Grizelda kills Peggy's husband by sitting on his face. Mortville, a sanctuary for all manner of criminal mutants, is subject to the degrading rule of Queen Carlotta and her band of black-leather male goons. Peggy and Grizelda rent a room from a Mortville couple, Mole McHenry and Muffy St. Jacques. Mole is a super dyke and former wrestler. Muffy is a super *femme* sex kitten who likes to talk to her tits ("Hi there, big boys"). She escaped to Mortville after she drowned her irresponsible LSD-tripping baby sitter in a bowl of dog food and decapitated her husband with an electric car window. Meanwhile, Queen Carlotta is hot on the trail of her daughter, Princess Coo-Coo, who has run off with Herbert, a goofy trash collector from Mortville's nudist camp. Grizelda is killed and power-hungry Peggy joins the Queen. Her first task is to inject Princess Coo-Coo with rabies. Still with us? Mole, meantime, has won the Maryland lottery, buys guns and gets a sex change. The women of Mortville successfully stage a *coup d'état* and eat the evil Queen, and everyone lives happily ever after. Due to the mature theme of this movie, viewer discretion is advised. However, those with a discriminating sense of humor will probably get sick all over themselves from laughter. —PETER KOPER

Also not since 1967 have you heard anything like Mink De Ville. A punky name, right? And singer Willy De Ville looks ultrapunky, in leather and greasorama pompadour. But that's where the resemblance ends, because on its debut album **Mink De Ville** (Capitol), the group shows off the best white R&B style since the Stones stopped playing clubs and since Clapton quit the Yardbirds (except, of course, for Van Morrison and Dr. John, both of whom are major influences on this album). Anyway, Willy De Ville has one of the great blues throats, and his band can really cook. In addition, this debut was produced by the great Jack Nitzsche, Phil Spector's boardman and longtime Stones sessionman, so it's no wonder that Mink De Ville's sound approaches classic white-funk perfection without sounding like reheated Afro antiques.

Punk rock is not just a New York movement. There are a few great bands from other burgs. Los Angeles' Runaways, an all-teen-chick group, is not only dangerously cute but also one of the hardest-rocking groups anywhere. Discovered by the legendary Kim Fowley, the Runaways have two sockodelic albums on Mercury: **Runaways** and **Queens of Noise.** If you think girls can't play rock, don't tell the Runaways, who could physically kick the shit out of ZZ Top and Aerosmith put together without messing up their eyeliner.

Meanwhile, back in Britain, punk rock has gotten so far out of hand that it could prove more dangerous than the I.R.A. It seems to have started with the Ramones' tour of England. Not only did the Anglo-punks dig the Ramones'

musical ultraprimitivism, they also liked their style. (Parliament tried to deport them on the basis of their song *Now I Wanna Sniff Some Glue.*) And today, Britain threatens to outpunk New York, with such outrageous groups as the Sex Pistols, The Damned and The Clash performing menacing music with a strong and strange anarchistic bent. The Sex Pistols, after releasing one single, *Anarchy in the U.K.*, were dropped by their label (EMI), banned by the BBC and would have been deported, except for the fact that they are natives. They also managed to get dropped by their American label (A&M) before they could cut a single track. But chances are that won't stop the Sex Pistols, who are more interested in having a good time and achieving mass political power than in making big bucks and partying with the jet set. Meanwhile, the Sex Pistols' buddies, The Clash, who are also into sexy anarchy, will hit Stateside first with their debut album, **Clash,** on CBS. They play loud enough to hurt, and they know how to make waves, too.

More mainstream, contentwise, but as formally wacko, are Eddie and the Hot Rods, who've just debuted with **Teenage Depression** (Island). These guys are punks for sure and so is their sound, which is basically what the Ramones might sound like if they played the blues, which they don't. Eddie and the Hot Rods play something akin to the 1964 London R&B sound, but incredibly fast and incredibly tight. Lots of punk groups have volume and energy, but these guys channel it with an almost scary precision, creating good-time music for the age of techno-apocalypse.

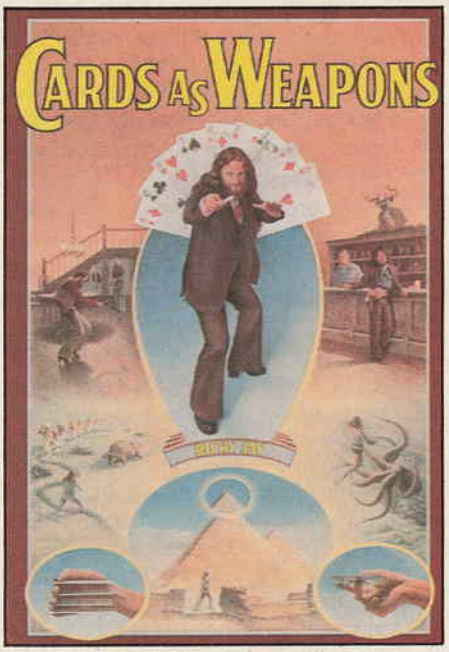
Also bluesy, yet metamechanical, is Ultravox (Island), whose debut LP, **Ultravox,** was co-produced by the great Brian Eno, who lends his clean psychedelic special effects to their basic big-chord punkodelic orientation, resulting in a sound that is artful, cool and interesting, if not as amazing or intense as such deliberately raw groups as the Sex Pistols and The Clash.

So hate it if you want, but it's too late to stop it. Punk rock is a movement on the move, so you'd better watch what you say. You could wind up on the Sex Pistols' enemies list, and you might not be the first person found dead, eardrums shattered, brutally murdered by an army of safety pins. This is just the beginning. There's more to come. They're breeding in the back alleys of New York, London, even Cleveland. Watch out, it's the Dead Boys, The Damned, the Vibrators, Tuff Darts, Pere Ubu. They're gonna want you to buy their records. Are *you* ready to say nope?

—GLENN O'BRIEN

Ricky Jay: 52-card stud

Grip the card between the thumb and index finger as you'd hold a roach. Throw it as you would a Frisbee, with a smooth backhanded motion and a downward snap for extra thrust. "This throw can produce a stinging, pinching sensation, even against the Levi's-clad posterior of an adversary, and blood may be drawn if bare flesh is struck."



Ricky Jay, *Guinness* distance-record card thrower, refuses "to compound the tragedy of my own death with death of an art I have worked a lifetime to advance." Jay reveals the secrets behind Boomerang Throws, Long-Distance Spinners, Finger-Flicks and throwing with one's feet in **Cards as Weapons** (Darien), a treatise on the discipline *cognoscenti* know as card scaling. Cards, Jay would have us believe, have served as inexpensive and handy weapons since ancient Chinese warriors began throwing primitive forms. Pasteboard power has performed surgery and has exterminated pests, but cards have usually been thrown by barroom hustlers to win bets and by magicians as promotional fliers.

Between lessons in dealing his realistic version of blackjack, Jay describes some of the historic moments in card weaponry: the morning a San Quentin inmate blew himself to smithereens with playing cards, and the time Jay discarded a rampaging waterbuck with a well-placed four of clubs. Card-carrying celebrities Jacques Cousteau, Carl Sagan, Emmylou Harris and John Dean help Jay show how, after but a few short weeks of agonizing training, you can impress your friends and make your enemies hit the deck when the deck hits them.

—THEODORE FISCHER

Beck and Morrison: thumbing through the old and the new

For a couple of years after the Beatles killed Phil Spector and stole our radios, it seemed as if any four Englishmen with three chords between them could become rock stars. Many did. But there were, in that first wave of the British invasion, some angry young talents whose musicianship was even better than their haircuts. This undeniable, ruthlessly focused sound would flare up out of your dashboard speaker and do a perfectly aimed swan dive through the ears and straight into the cortex, engraving itself on the nervous system. Despite all the placebos going out over the airwaves, there were enough real moments like that to hook a generation onto a severe addiction to rock.

Jeff Beck and Van Morrison created more than their share of those moments with the Yardbirds and Them, respectively. Neither was a major star at the time, and though both are better known today, they still have more fans who are critics (who don't pay for records) than among high schoolers (who do). Recently both careers have been neatly book-ended by the near-simultaneous release of new material and retrospective collections culled from their mid-Sixties debuts.

Jeff Beck gives good guitar. He has a fierce but clinical approach that's more concerned with technique than with emotion, combined with a determination to show off that technique as spectacularly as possible at every given moment; Beck probably tried to upstage his mother while she was giving birth to him. It was Beck who advanced the hypothesis that the lead guitarist could be the band's hero, proved it, then saw that hypothesis quickly confirmed (and commercially dwarfed) by Eric Clapton, Jimi Hendrix and others.

The Yardbirds Great Hits (Epic) contains ten sizzling tracks by the first British band that sounded as though it rehearsed a lot. Originally a gutbucket blues band, the Yardbirds gave up on trying to be black, moved into kick-ass pop-rock sweetened with tablas, sitars, Gregorian chants and other such psychedelic additives, and then, led by Beck's very electric guitar, just about invented high-energy, heavy-metal blues-rock. Two of the cuts on this album, *The Train Kept a-Rollin'* and *I'm a Man*, set a standard for heads-up arranging and excitement that Led Zep and other imitators have yet to lay a glove on. Put in the

context of the clumsy-cutesy playing that was being recorded by nearly everyone else in the mid-Sixties, this album roars like a magnificent primal beast. A must-have for rock-history and hysteria buffs.

After leaving the Yardbirds, Beck cut one classic rock album, **Truth** (Epic), which featured a smooth, brain-tickling production by Mickey Most and riveting vocal performances by an unknown named Rod Stewart. In the period that followed, Beck went through a series of auto and personality crashes, recorded a series of regrettable, heavy-metal sludge albums, and finally re-emerged a few years ago with a new style that combines a jazz rhythm section with his hard-punching sensibilities (and completely eliminates the vocalist: out-front guitar-star music).

Following two successful studio albums exploring this new vein, Beck's cut loose with **Jeff Beck with the Jan Hammer Group Live** (Epic). The primal beast is still there, but it's attacking with slick new moves—all executed at blistering speeds. Though hampered by the lack of another soloist capable of standing up to Beck and by some rotten, foul, miserable, bad chanting on a few tracks, *J.B.W.T.J.H.G.L.* may well be another landmark (soundmark?). It's a flashy, joyful, explosive party album that unself-consciously obliterates jazz/rock boundaries. Beck's quirky, exploratory phrasing has never been gutsier or funnier. As with the Yardbirds, he's proving that balls and brains aren't incompatible in hard rock.

The Story of Them (London) is a collection of tracks, previously unreleased in the States, by the Belfast R&B group that Van Morrison fronted in the Sixties. Though the group had only two hits here—*Here Comes the Night* and *Gloria*, which was recently revived and resexed by Patti Smith—they were enough to establish Morrison's passionate howl as one of rock's finest vehicles. *The Story of Them* consists mainly of gritty bar-band covers of R&B hits, with the added attraction of the seven-and-a-half-minute title cut—Morrison's defiant, beatniky poem tracing Them's roots, half spoken and half growled, with the band prowling ominously behind him. It's as fine a piece of smoldering teen anger as you could ask for—if you've got a taste for that truly lousy garbage-can sound of early cheapo British recordings.

Morrison carved out a cult for himself in the late Sixies with **Astral Weeks** (Warners), a curiously effective mating of Celtic lyricism and California hallucinogenic sensibilities, with an emotional commitment in the vocals that is every bit as spectacular as Beck's calculated guitar techniques. The albums that followed tended more and more toward pure vocalizing, striving for, and sometimes achieving, aural ecstasy. During that time, Morrison toured and built a reputation as a singer's singer, fulfilling the promise of the brash voice that leaped out of the Them singles. Then, in 1974, he toured Europe with a small band and stayed out of the recording studio. He made a surprise appearance at The Band's farewell concert last Thanksgiving and, by all accounts, was brilliant (see Emmet Grogan's article in the May 1977 issue of OUI). He then set to work on a new album, **A Period of Transition** (Warners), which he co-produced with Dr. John (Mac Rebennack).

The record is, unfortunately, aptly titled. The licks and lyrics on every track are painfully plain and tortuously repetitive, pushed far beyond the burdens Morrison tries to make them bear. There is little innovation here; on one cut, *The Eternal Kansas City*, Morrison has a heavenly choir endlessly chanting "Excuse me, do you know the way to Kansas City?" Maybe Firesign Theater could get away with it, but an Irish soul singer? The rhythm section—Ollie Brown on drums, Reggie McBride on bass, Marlo Hendersen on guitar and Dr. John on florid, whorehouse piano—is sharp, but has no place to go; Morrison has subjugated every element of the album to his vocalizing, which features his usual gymnastics but is emotionally hollow.

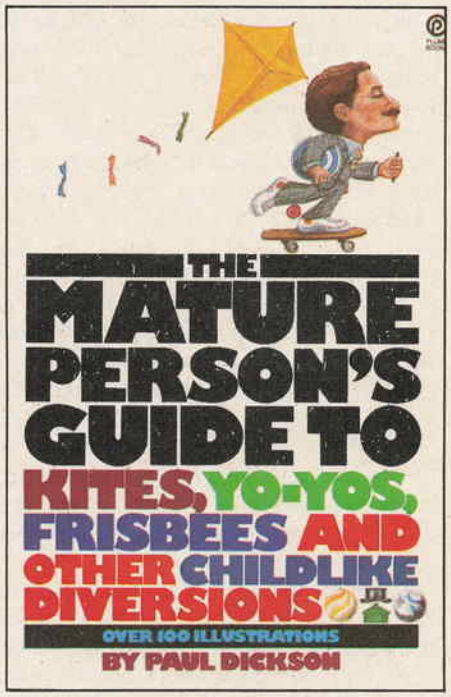
Best wait until the transition is over and Morrison's found himself a new piece of turf to call his own. Young and raw as he is on *The Story of Them*, those cuts work, because he at least knew where he was. — BURY ST. EDMUND

A la recherche des toys perdus

When I was a kid, I couldn't get a kite off the ground, my idea of competent yo-yoing was to get the thing moving up and down by raising and lowering my entire arm in slow motion, and California (much less the Frisbee) hadn't been invented. Instead I amused myself by hanging frogs by their back legs from a nail in the garage wall (the Michael O'Donoghue School of Childhood Kicks) and by digging deep holes in which to play doctor. You can therefore imagine my delight upon perusing **The Mature Person's Guide to Kites, Yo-Yos, Frisbees and Other Childlike Diversions,** by Paul Dickson (Plume).

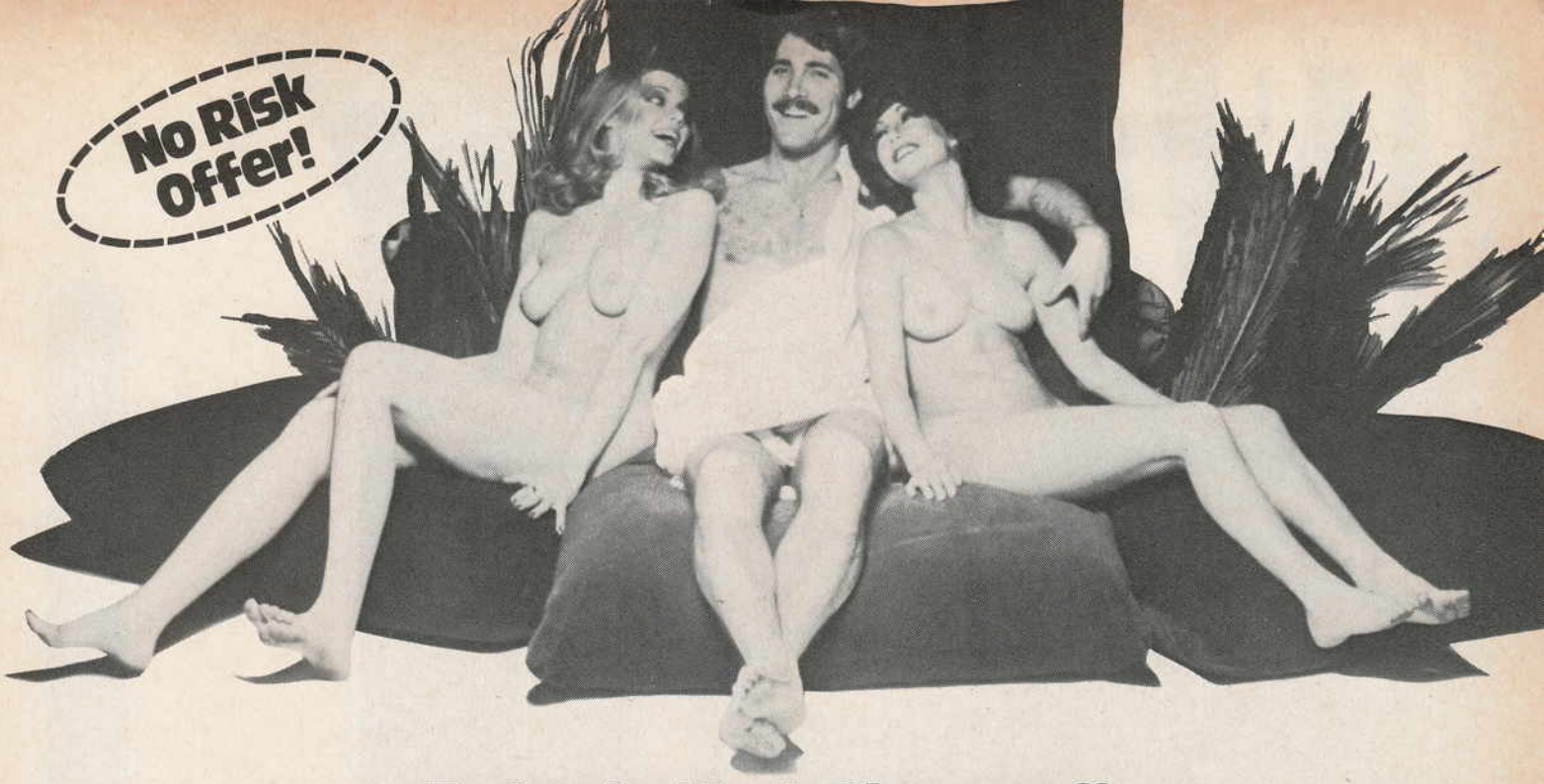
I love how-to books, so I ran right out and bought one delta-winged kite (black plastic, shaped like a bat, stick-on bloodshot eyes), a Day-Glo Duncan Imperial yo-yo and a phosphorescent "night" Frisbee. I am happy to report that, after one day at the beach, I have become such a skilled kite aviatrix that I can land the bat right through the sun roof of my mother's car. After only two weekends of irregular practice, I can perform an elegant one-fingered Frisbee catch and can toss the thing accurately for a good 25 yards. As for the yo-yo—well, I patiently tried every trick in Dickson's book, from simple "sleeping" to "rock the baby" and more obscure tricks such as "bite the dog," which involves snatching the yo-yo between the cheeks of the ass. I cannot do a one, but I can make it go up and down without moving my arm, and I have discovered that yo-yoing is a pleasant, meditative way to pass time waiting in line at the bank—probably because, at $1.29, it's such a sound investment.

The Mature Person's Guide runs the gamut from tiddlywinks to croquet, which reminds me of a friend who did a little too much nose candy and drove wickets into her parquet floor for an impromptu midnight match. Those of you blessed with a normal childhood and healthy mucous membranes will enjoy the book as much for the esoterica as for the ground rules.



If you prefer mind games, check out Italo Calvino, whose nimble descriptions of space toys (a game of marbles played with hydrogen atoms; kite flying across the curve of space, holding the tail of a newborn galaxy) are as much fun as Frisbee and as cosmic as yo-yoing. Calvino is one of Gore Vidal's favorites; several of his books—**Cosmicomics, t zero,** etc.—are now available in paperback from Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich.

—TRACY YOUNG



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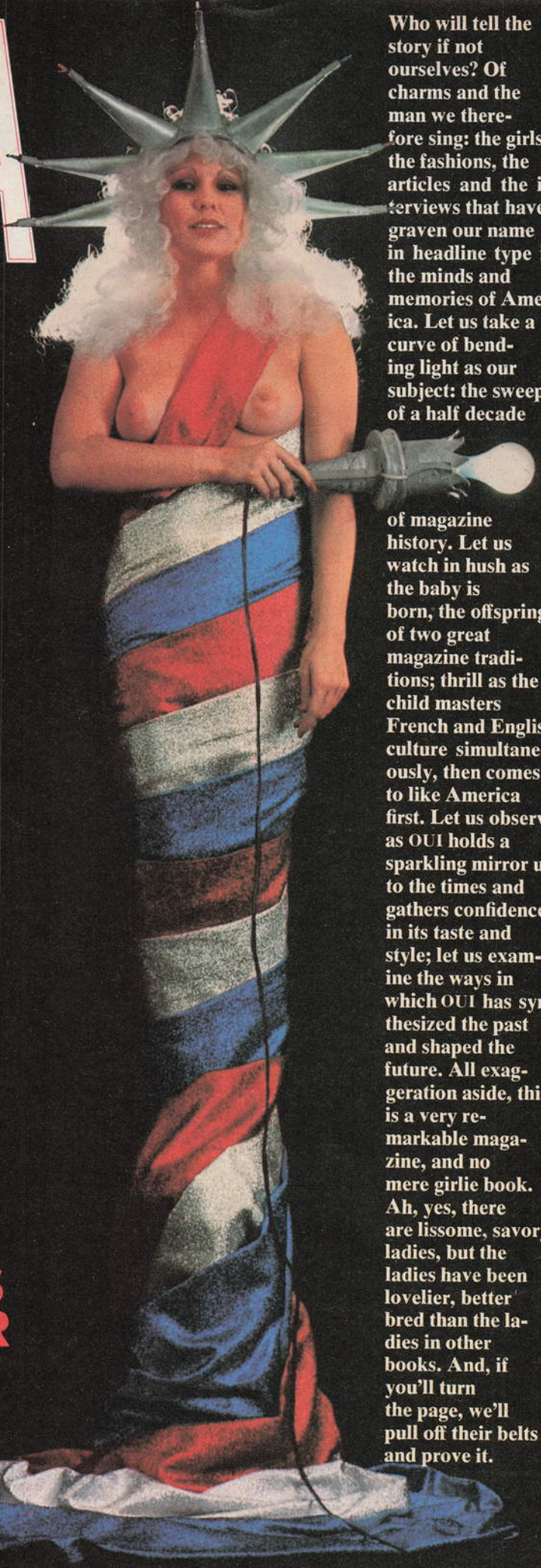
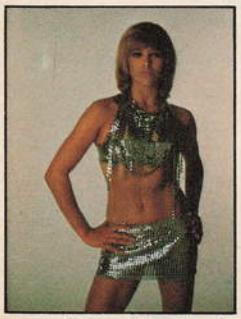
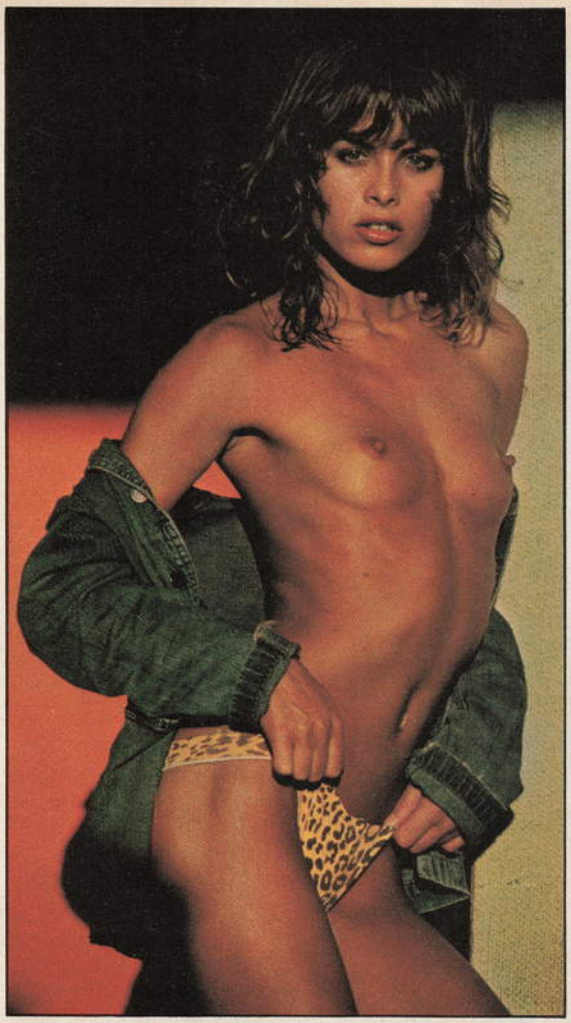


Who will tell the story if not ourselves? Of charms and the man we therefore sing: the girls, the fashions, the articles and the interviews that have graven our name in headline type in the minds and memories of America. Let us take a curve of bending light as our subject: the sweep of a half decade of magazine history. Let us watch in hush as the baby is born, the offspring of two great magazine traditions; thrill as the child masters French and English culture simultaneously, then comes to like America first. Let us observe as OUI holds a sparkling mirror up to the times and gathers confidence in its taste and style; let us examine the ways in which OUI has synthesized the past and shaped the future. All exaggeration aside, this is a very remarkable magazine, and no mere girlie book. Ah, yes, there are lissome, savory ladies, but the ladies have been lovelier, better bred than the ladies in other books. And, if you'll turn the page, we'll pull off their belts and prove it.

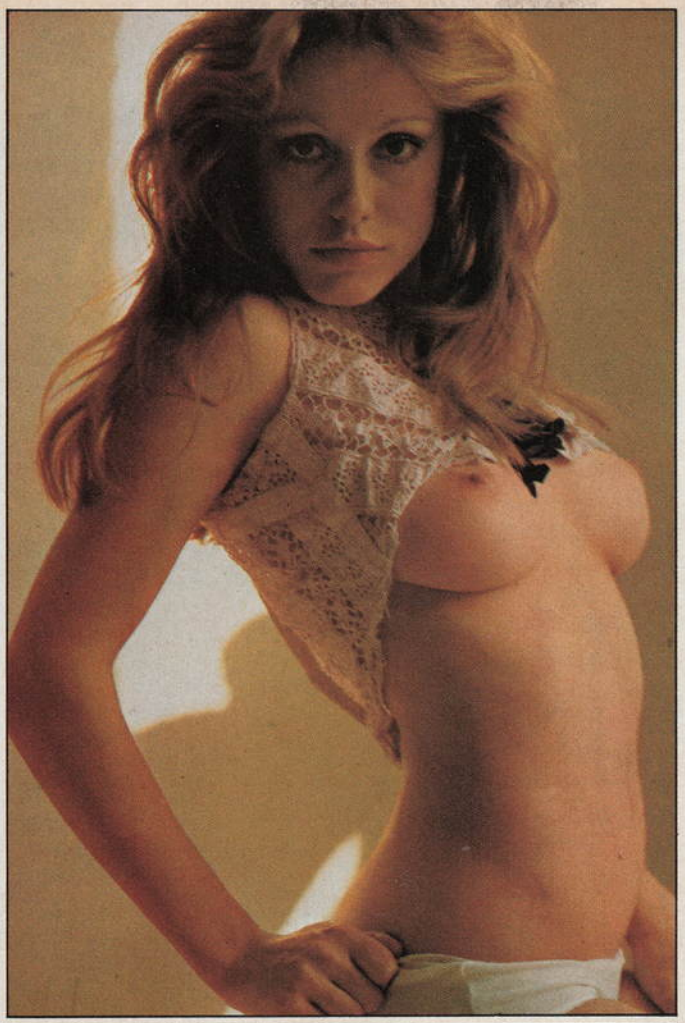
THE FABULOUS FIVE-YEAR HISTORY OF OUI

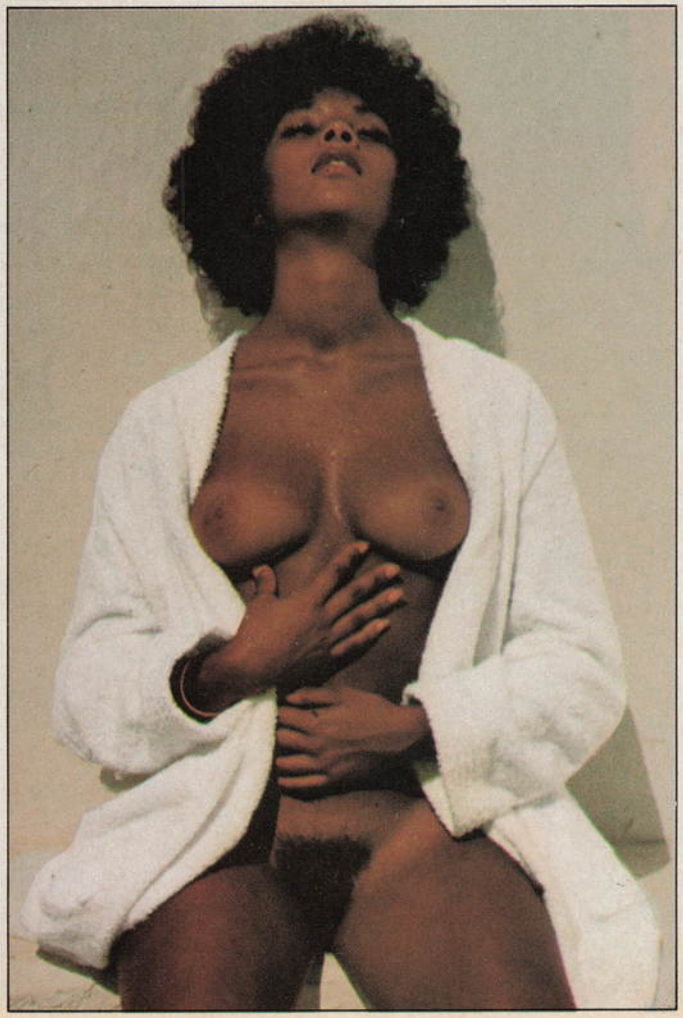
THE FIRST YEAR, fourth issue, we ran the cover reproduced below, and Wilson Brian Key said in his book *Media Sexploitation*: "The portrait was compared with male and female physiology-text descriptions in a medical-school library. Five specific anatomical details supported the hypothesis that the model was actually a man in drag." But this was cultural prejudice. The Silver Queen, as Key called her, wasn't a boy at all; she was a French girl. OUI was the joint effort of *Playboy* and a French co-publisher, *Lui*. Magazine buyers expected to see a racier *Playboy*; but the real innovation that first year was a new idea about girls and a new model for advanced relations between the sexes. The OUI girl was neither the potential mother of one's children nor a salesman's dream of the one-night stand. The OUI girl rather was the sort one was likely to run into while driving or hitchhiking on the French Riviera. She was intelligent. She looked great. But she was fiercely independent. She might share a bed with you for a week or two, but she wasn't willing to be tied down. And if her breasts were a little smaller than those of girls in other men's magazines, it was one outward sign of her acute sense of her equality with men.





Clockwise from top left: international model Uschi Obermeier; an anonymous French girl; Sue Paul; Candy, who played records; and another French girl whose name we didn't quite get, but she was lots of fun anyway.





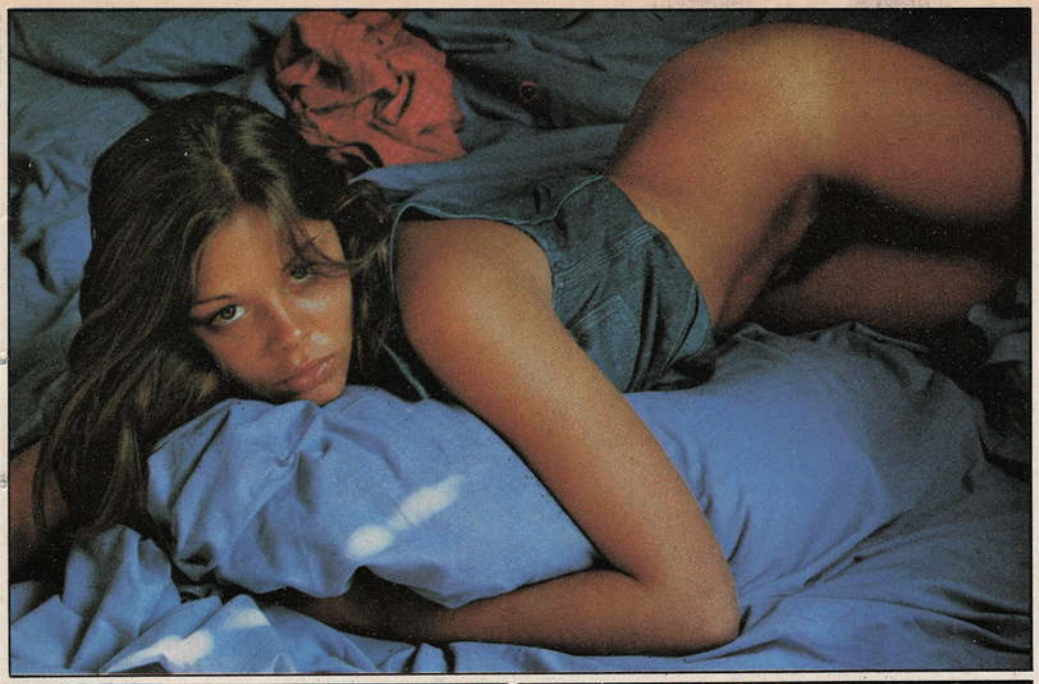
The idea of OUI fashion that first year was not so much that you should wear the clothes, even on a bet or a dare, but that you should be inspired by them. Above: the peaceful uses of leather. Below: poker fashion and the silks and satins of the very best-dressed Times Square pimps.

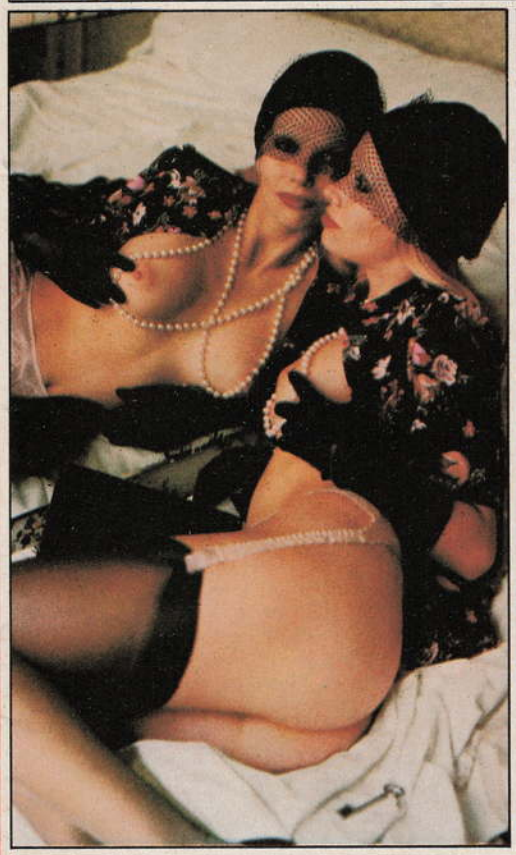
Golden "Goldie" Pelt met the Mighty Moloch in what was billed as the match of the century. Goldie predicted she was going to stay on top all the way. Moloch promised to mat her. Goldie and Moloch dished it out and took it in equal measure. But in the end, they both won.

THE SECOND YEAR, we were pretty single-minded about how we wanted our sex: We wanted it mixed up with foreignness, kinkiness, class. This meant that the ideal OUI pictorial would involve a lineal descendant of Catherine the Great dressed in nothing but a garter belt, silk stockings and Charles Jourdan shoes and chained to a brass bed in a suite of the Hotel George V in Paris. Of course, we still visited with fresh country girls full of the eagerness of their first seasons in London or Rome and with spoiled city girls from private schools spending their summers writing poetry on their parents' properties in the Camargue. We invented and photographed an erotic circus in which Glinda the Good, below, rode not a high wire but a low rod; the circus, in fact, was the best metaphor we came up with that year for our abiding sense of the explosive, joyful, celebratory nature of sex. The second year was also our celebrity couples year—which meant an occasional male nude. The idea was to open up the magazine to women readers. The OUI we imagined was a united-front OUI: If men and women were more or less equal, why

shouldn't there be a bright, sexy magazine whose umbrella was big enough to accommodate them both?

Clockwise from left: Carole Augustine; Violente, who worried about her eyes; Dutch porn star Sylvia Kristel; Laure Berg. Center: Helmut Newton's lady in a glass brightly.





The second year, we cultivated naked celebrities. Clockwise from top left: Warhol star Joe Dallesandro (he turned out to be shorter than he looked in films) and girlfriend Stefania Casini; Russ Meyer ex, Edy Williams; Geoffrey Holder and his friends; Michael J. Pollard and Uschi.

Above: the girls of Hamburg's famous Reeperbahn sex-show district. Below: another kinky Teuton, who was to be a recurrent figure of fun in this Francophile, anti-neo-Nazi publication.

THE THIRD YEAR, our bread-and-butter photography, as well as some extravaganzas such as the girls of the Crazy Horse and an occasional celebrity shooting like Jane Birkin, below, was being done by a balding Frenchman about 40 years of age. His name was Francis Giacobetti, and he had a glint in his eye and an instantaneous rapport with women and a taste for the chiaroscuro effects of a shaft of bright sunlight on an indoor body. It was said that Giacobetti was the best girl photographer in the world; he was also an inspiration to a whole generation of younger men, such as the erratic but always brilliant James Baes, who spoke French with an accent that wasn't exactly American and English with an accent that wasn't exactly French and who, among other things, shot the *Brothels of the World* for us. There was also Helmut Newton, the creator of *White Women*, whose images of sex and violence in plush hotel suites were to be one of the sources of the international style of fashion photography. The idea was to put out a magazine for a fresh

generation of magazine readers; not just to interpret styles but to create them. We had already contributed the *Openers* section to the world; and if publications as far away as Japan were borrowing the format, the *Chicago Tribune* took not just the format but also the name.

Clockwise from left: Clancy; Sandra Grimaldi; Viola Nielson; and Brigitte Streubel, who wrote poems.

Above: Helmut Newton followed two identically clad ladies into a Paris loo and photographed them as the fur flew. Cécile, the French woman, was determined to teach her Italian countess friend a lesson, and she succeeded.

Above: This was how Roman prostitutes worked—in the middle of 1975. Below: the girls of Paris' Crazy Horse Saloon. They had names like Viola Vibrato and Ulla Starlight and Polly Underground and behaved that way, too.

THE FOURTH YEAR, inflation got America by the throat; and to the extent that the magazine had been premised on the idea of discretionary income, at least a part of which readers were likely to use on foreign vacation travel, the premise didn't hold. Americans turned inward again, cared less about the outside world. We decided to repatriate the magazine. Of course, even in that fourth year, we were willing to follow James Baes to the rooftops of Rome; but there were also new strains in the magazine. One, we latched onto the lesbianism toward which the American women's movement, in its most extreme manifestations, was pushing

women and harnessed it to our own voyeuristic purposes. Lesbianism became a leitmotiv of the magazine that year—and then spread to the other men's magazines. Two, we developed a taste for American imagery. We hired Reid Miles, the brilliant advertising photographer who approximates *Saturday Evening Post* covers with his camera, and had him shoot *Sergeant Presto of the Mounted Morals Squad*. It was also the year in which we brought in Candy Barr (above) to be photographed by Dick Fegley and interviewed by Gay Talese. Candy was a legendary Texas stripper, a friend of the late Jack Ruby and, as the reluctant star of *Smart Aleck*, virtually the mother of the American stag film.

Left: Tish Hampton-Smith; right: Mona, who lived by the sea.

In the background of our *Rooftops of Rome* feature, there were churches and famous monuments. It was a kind of final farewell to Europe.

The magazine has had a weakness for imaginative pairings and groupings. Above: Aunt Nancy made it over the years with various male and female members of her family. Below: Rita and companion Suki could take men or leave them.

Sergeant Presto of the Mounted Morals Squad, below, was a Reid Miles extravaganza involving lots of fully clothed extras and a couple of women with oversized breasts. The fully clothed extras appeared to be angry. Hello, America.

THE FIFTH YEAR, we had an elaborate strategy: We had developed a taste for the cosmic upbeat, the kind of thing that Robert Anton Wilson wrote about in his *Ten Good Reasons to Get Out of Bed in the Morning*—cryogenics, outer-space habitats, the indefinite extension of human life span. In fact, we were interested in pinning down the cosmic coordinates of most everything that attracted us; hence, if we sent a writer off to Tennessee, it was to talk with people who claimed to have gone riding in the spaceships of extraterrestrials; we interviewed J. Allen Hynek, the most scholarly of the UFO researchers; we looked into reports of unexplained cattle mutilations in the Western states; and we investigated life and death. All this we coupled to our continuing, sometimes obsessive curiosity about what's happening in the social order and our detailed chronicle of trends—especially erogenous trends. With the maga-

zine finally committed to American subject matter, we hired away *Penthouse*'s top photographer. It was Jeff Dunas, still only in his 20s. Dunas had a pile of curly, wild hair on top of his head and jewelry around his neck, and he wore his shirt open to his sternum and drove around Los Angeles in a red Cadillac with a mobile phone in it. Dunas had an eye for photogenic girls, and he knew how to make them feel

Right: Debra Tate, Sharon's little sister. Far right: Mira Fonseca, the Bahia girl.

Helmut Newton shot naked women for us in improbably public situations. Below: Jean-Paul Goude's crisp and clean dance-class fashion. It was a triumph of art-directorial manipulation.

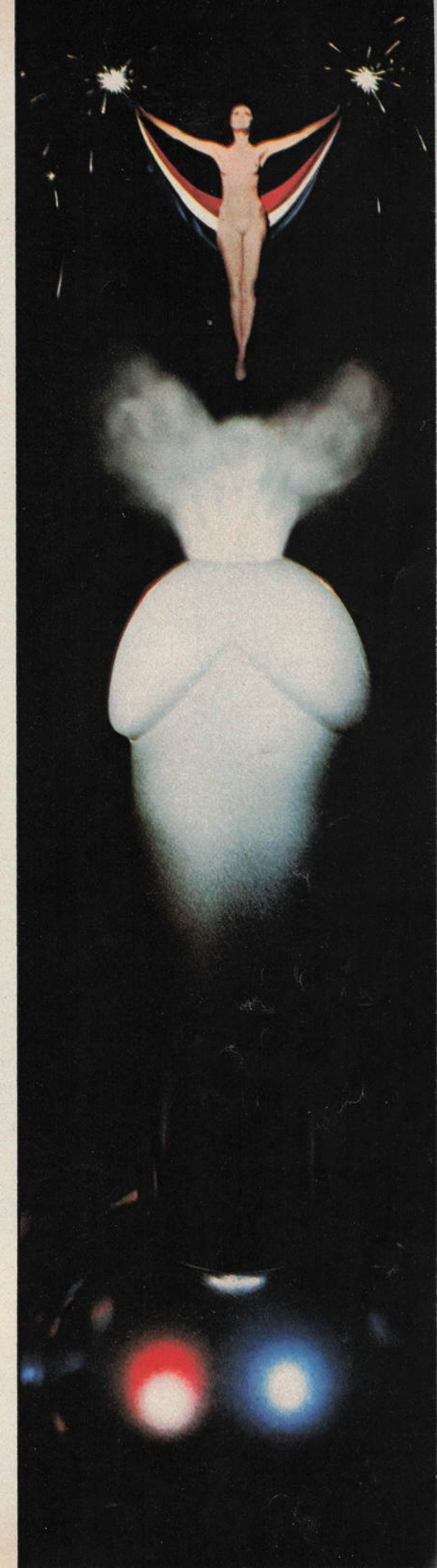
Below: Ann Marie. We took her press release seriously and gave her measurements as 67-25-36. Later, she said, "Think about it. That's five and a half feet." She had suspended our disbelief.

In late 1976, we ran a series of photos of baliet dancers by Leslie Turtle. The colors were pastel sexy and the girls looked so soft you could sleep on them, but in the eight pages there was hardly a pubis in sight. Nevertheless, we ran afoul of the Louisiana courts, and OUI executives traveled back and forth to Louisiana defending them.

Below: Jane, the Chelsea Hotel switchboard girl after Antonio Lopez had made her over. She wore a satin corset, and the hair between her legs was shaped to look like a valentine.

easy and move without a protective layer of clothing; he shot them in lush and humid interiors with flowers and romance and erotic warmth. We also developed a relationship with an Englishwoman, Suze Randall, a former nurse now turned photographer, an outrageous character, a scandalizer—but who knew how to use her own womanliness to gain the confidence of other women and get them out of their clothes. We cultivated a Frenchman, Jean-Paûl Goude, who had a remarkable technique for painting on photographs in such a way as to make the impossible seem credible. Goude had lived in New York for a long time and was more American than the Americans. He knew the slang better than the street people did; and the hallmark of his work was Negroes and Puerto Ricans. So it was Goude who inevitably introduced us to that prince of Puerto Ricans, Antonio Lopez, the fashion illustrator, who, using the art of makeover, transformed one real cabdriver and one real telephone operator into erotic fantasies. As the fifth year drew to a close, competition was something fierce. Out there on the newsstand, there were enough men's magazines to persuade your average vigilant editorial writer that the nation was in an irreversible state of decadence. Not that OUI was decadent. Quite the contrary. OUI was *about* decadence sometimes, without ever being *of* it. Our articles and our girls were in a class by themselves—uplifting. We gave a choice, not an echo. The future looked bright. For ourselves. For America. We kissed ourselves on both cheeks. We gave ourselves a terrific birthday party.

Clockwise from left: Valerie, who wanted to set records; Lisa Mei-Lee; and Sam, who trusted destiny.



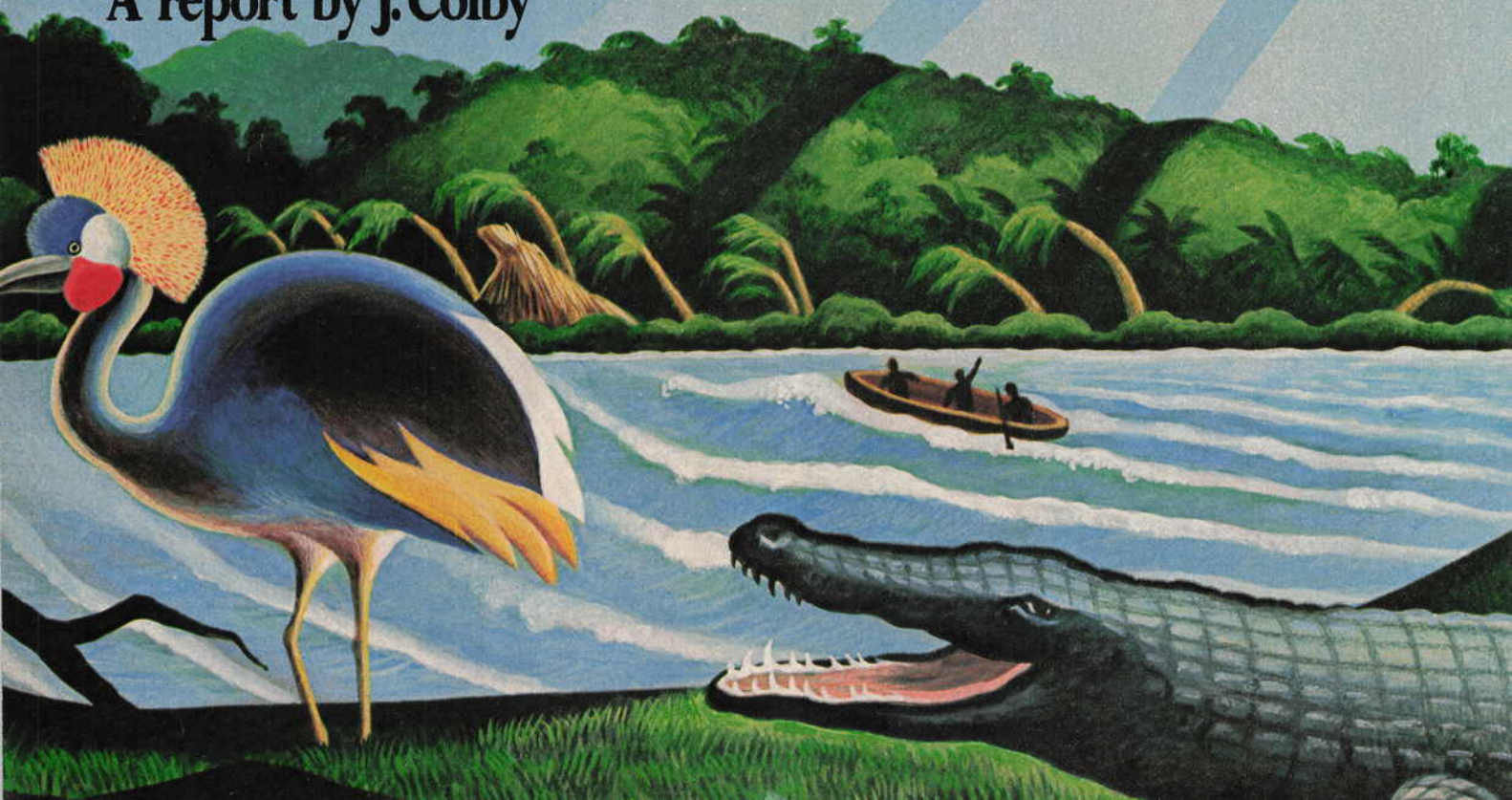
Daniel Keith Ludwig is the richest man in the world. Some say he is also the most dangerous man in the world. Among many other things, he owns a large chunk of the Amazon basin, and what he is doing there will take your breath away.

A report by J. Colby

One warm morning in the spring of 1976, just before the sun rose over the vast, green canopy of the Amazon jungle, the Indians living in Brazil's Xingu Valley reservation woke to the distant sound of grinding machines and cracking trees. Looking toward the clamor, the Indians saw a long line of figures silhouetted against the sky and advancing slowly toward the village. Then, without warning, short yellow flames leaped from the line and the night was shattered by a deafening roar. The people of the village were hit by a furious storm of bullets that cut through all it encountered. After a few minutes, the screams and cries died and the village was as silent as before. Only the grinding of the mammoth earth-moving machines could be heard in the distance. The dead Indians would never know it, but the corporate invasion of the Amazon—begun nine years earlier by the American "pioneer of the Amazon," Daniel Keith Ludwig—had arrived in the Xingu.

Meanwhile, thousands of miles to the southeast, sailors off Africa's Cape of Good Hope watched as tons of crude oil were purposely flushed from a supertanker into the blue waters of the South Atlantic. The oil quickly became a broad, black slick several miles long, killing phytoplankton—the so-called grass of the sea that both feeds the lower animal life of the ocean and produces oxygen. The supertanker was beyond South Africa's territorial waters, leaving local marine authorities and ecologists helpless to prevent its ecological destruction; any formal legal proceedings would have to be filed in the ship's registered home port in Liberia, which, like most tankers flying a "flag of convenience," it seldom actually visits. As a result of the frequent mammoth oil spills, supertankers such as this one do more damage in one day—every day—than all other regular tankers in a whole year. And as the acknowledged "father of the supertanker," Daniel Keith Ludwig has left his mark in this part of the world as well.

Ludwig's activities on both land and sea threaten to leave their mark on all of us: His pioneering effort to cut down the Amazon rain forest—which



DKL
HARUO

DANIEL KEITH LUDWIG *He is worth, conservatively, between three and five billion dollars. With a few exceptions, he owns every cent of the companies he runs. He has no heir and few friends.*

produces about 20 percent of the world's oxygen supply—has unleashed a destructive process that some experts believe will, if continued unabated, denude the entire Amazon basin within 30 years; the supertanker boom, which he precipitated, is causing the widespread destruction of phytoplankton, which produces at least one third of the world's oxygen. Between the Amazon and the Atlantic, in other words, the sources for more than 50 percent of the world's oxygen are now endangered by business practices pioneered and pursued by D. K. Ludwig.

This alone would put Ludwig in the running for the title of the world's most dangerous man. But there is more, involving the world-wide arms race, profiting from three American wars, links to Mafia gangsters, financial support for military dictatorships and a menacing influence over the Federal Government in Washington. All this has made Daniel Keith Ludwig very, very rich—in fact, the richest man in the world.

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Ludwig is worth, conservatively, between three and five billion dollars. With a few exceptions, he owns every cent of the companies he runs. He does not believe in equity financing, and generally he refuses to share power with anyone. He has no son, no heir, no trusted business partners and few friends.

Such wealth ordinarily makes a man stand out in any crowd. Ludwig, however, enjoys a luxury that his friend Howard Hughes always wanted but never could achieve: anonymity. Since Ludwig owns most of his major enterprises outright, he is spared the spotlight of annual meetings with stockholders. In fact, he is seldom seen by the public at all. When he lunches in New York's Warwick Hotel or 21 Club, he is usually alone. There are only two known photographs of him and he has given no known press interviews since 1957.

What, one might ask, is Ludwig trying to hide? The answer is power: power so strong that it can frighten leaders around the world; power that penetrates into as many as 200 corporations. The base for this power is Ludwig's multibillion-dollar fortune as the undisputed American lord of the seas, a fortune he acquired largely by using other people's money and labor.

Ludwig's pattern was set with his first business venture, an old side-wheel steamer called the Idlewylde that he bought from a Detroit bank with a $5000 loan arranged by his father, a Michigan real-estate agent. Ludwig immediately sold the Idlewylde's boiler and machinery and converted her into an iron-hulled barge; next, he arranged loans to purchase tugs and additional barges, and then chartered his "fleet" to haul blackstrap molasses from the port of New York to a distiller in Canada for a man named A. I. Kaplan.

When a misunderstanding ended the partnership, Ludwig sold his barges to Kaplan and, after the war, signed up a small, unused tanker, the Anahuac, in 1921 and began hauling oil, a far more profitable cargo than molasses. Two years later, he bought the Wico, the fourth oil tanker ever built and the first in what was to become America's largest privately owned shipping fleet.

In 1936, in what Ludwig regards as the turning point of his life, Chemical Bank agreed to a loan that enabled him to buy several war-surplus cargo vessels from the U. S. Government and to convert them into his very own fleet of tankers. Thus was born Ludwig's major holding company, National Bulk Carriers.

Ludwig was now able to begin building in earnest with other people's money. His favorite technique was to find a long-term charterer for one of his ships and then to use the charter as two-name collateral for a loan that was backed by the credit of the charterer as well as shipowner Ludwig; then Ludwig would use the loan to build a new ship that would be entirely his and that could also be chartered to obtain additional collateral for loans to build additional ships. Ludwig first employed this technique in 1938; by 1957 he had pyramided collateral into an empire and had given such lending institutions as Chemical, Chase and, later, New York Trust $150,000,000 in shared business with him.

At the beginning of World War Two, the United States Government suddenly found itself in need of large tankers to fuel a world-wide war machine, and Ludwig agreed to fill that need—for a price. The price was that the tankers that Ludwig's Welding Shipyard in Virginia built and sold to the U. S. Government were to be returned to him after the war free of charge; this deal provided Ludwig with an exceptionally modern fleet of tankers and made him America's fifth largest shipowner.

Ludwig's first postwar-expansion plan was to build an even larger fleet of even larger tankers, reasoning that one 38,000-ton tanker with one crew could be run more cheaply than two 19,000-ton tankers with two crews. As his Welding Shipyard could not construct ships larger than 30,000 tons, Ludwig began looking for a larger shipyard, and in 1951, he obtained a ten-year renewable lease on the former Imperial Navy Yard, which is located at Kure, Japan.

In short order, Ludwig's shipbuilding manager Elmer Hann and 2500 Japanese workers were turning out tankers that startled the world with their bulk: By early 1954, four 38,000-ton tankers and one 44,500-tonner were launched, and within the next two years, three ore carriers capable of floating 60,000 tons were built. The key to this production rate was cheap labor. By 1957, costs at the Kure yard were only $150 for each ton of ship constructed, as opposed to a U. S. average of $300 per ton.

Ludwig's quest for cheap labor was not restricted to solid land. To man his tankers, Ludwig raided the Cayman Islands labor market in the West Indies and hired crews composed entirely of nonunion seamen. By naming Monrovia as home port, Ludwig's ships could sail the Liberian "flag of convenience," which allowed the hiring of nonunion crews and imposed few safety and health regulations. Ludwig further reduced costs by registering his National Bulk tankers under the name of Oceanic Tankships, S.A. (better known under the name of its subsidiary, Universal Tankships), in Panama, where registration fees are low and no income taxes are collected.

In 1956, the closing of the Suez Canal necessitated the shipment of most Middle East oil around the Cape of Good Hope, and the great supertanker race was on. It lasted two years. The race ended in 1958 when Ludwig launched four 100,000-tonners and became the undisputed number-one shipping magnate of the world—besting such rivals as Stavros Niarchos and Aristotle Onassis. It was the dawn of a new age, an age when the graceful silhouettes of sloping mastheads would give way to the specter of hulking behemoths whose monstrous shapes rudely bend to no earthly elements.

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Ludwig had amassed a personal fortune of about $350,000,000 by 1957, according to *Time* magazine, and was scanning the financial horizons for bluer waters beyond shipping. He needed new profit-making investments, especially as tanker capacity began to exceed cargo availability, driving down charter rates.

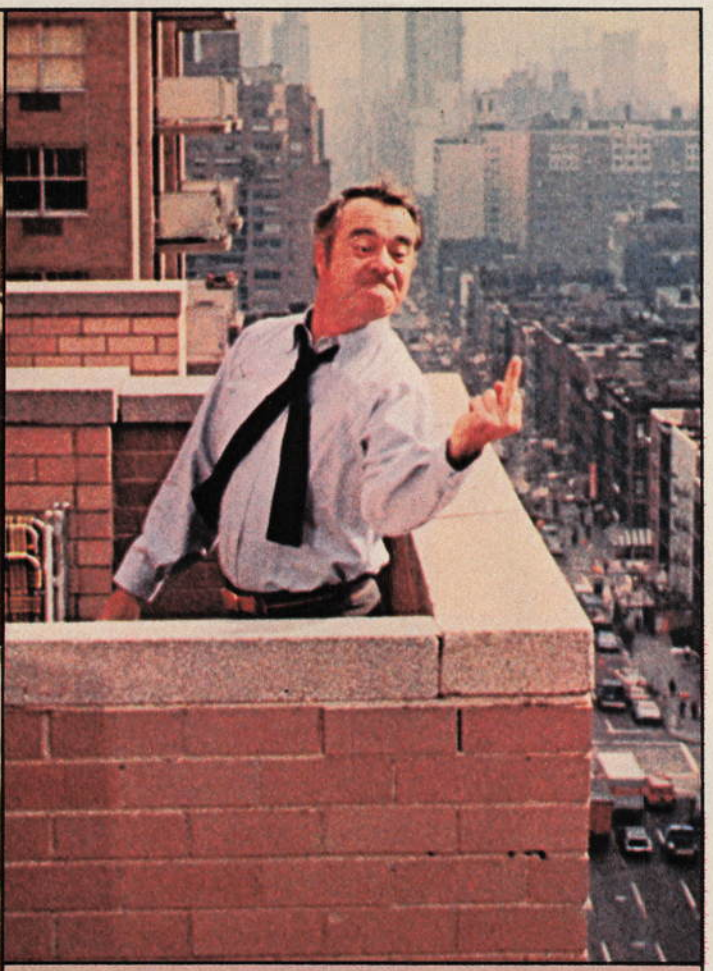
He found just such an investment in Mexico, where the government awarded him a 50-year lease for 96,000 acres in Baja California's desert country. On this vast tract of land, Ludwig created the world's largest salt mine—even though there was not a drop of salt to be found there. What Ludwig did was to pump 100,000,000 *(Continued on page 120)*

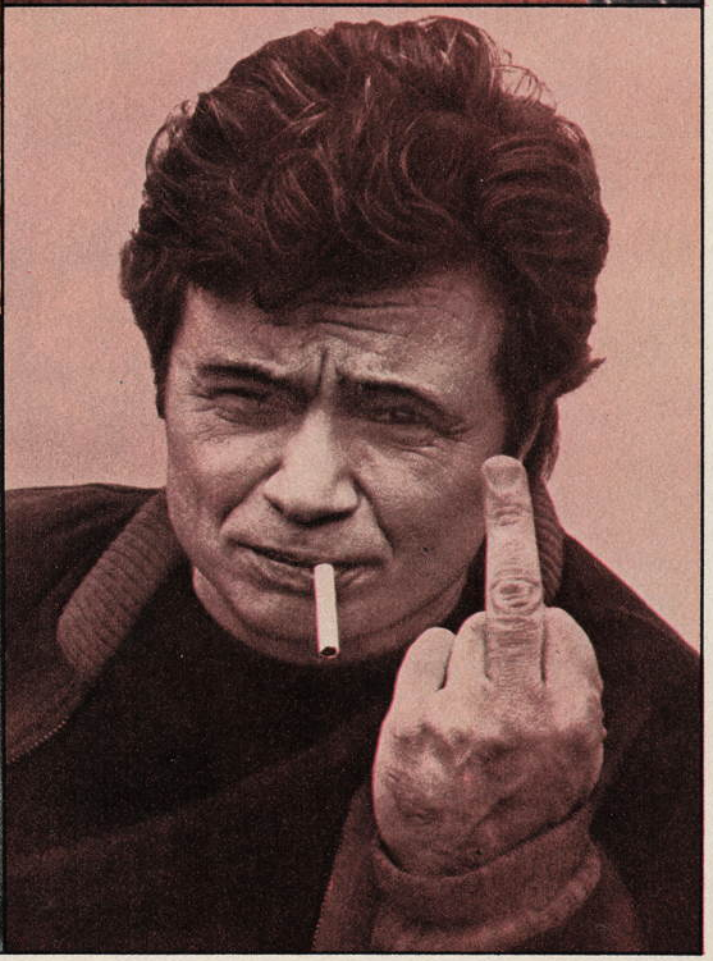
"All the way, miss?"

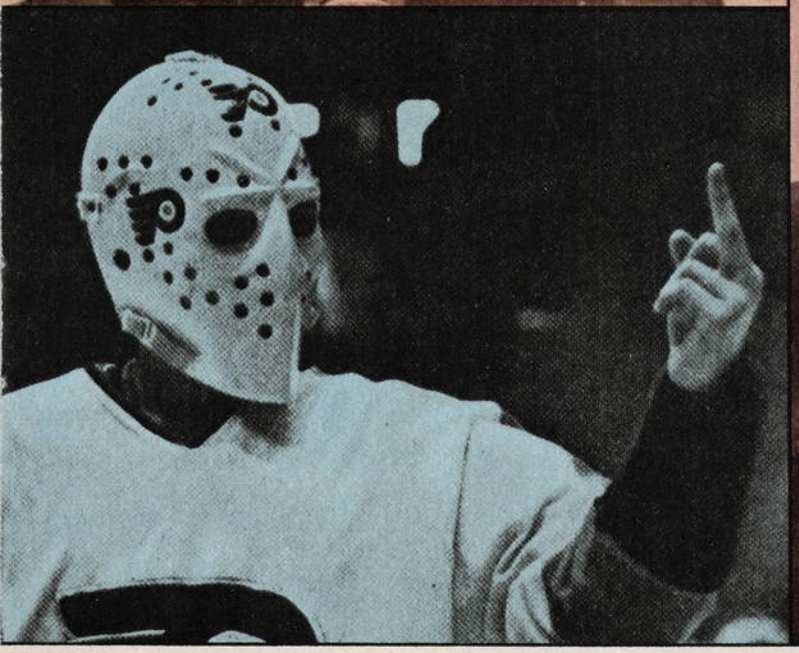
THE BIRDS OF NORTH AMERICA

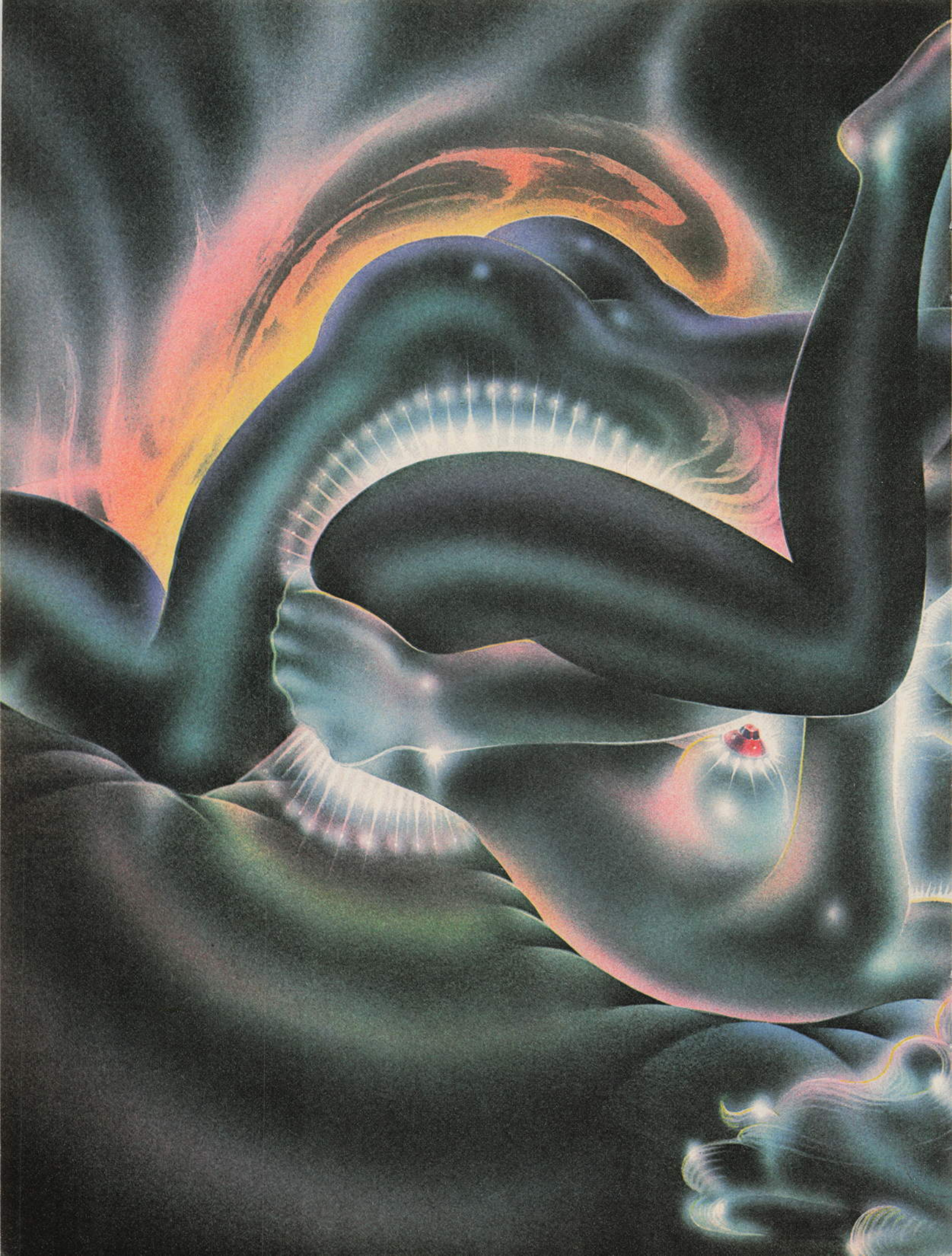
THE SIMPLE JOYS OF DIGITAL WATCHING

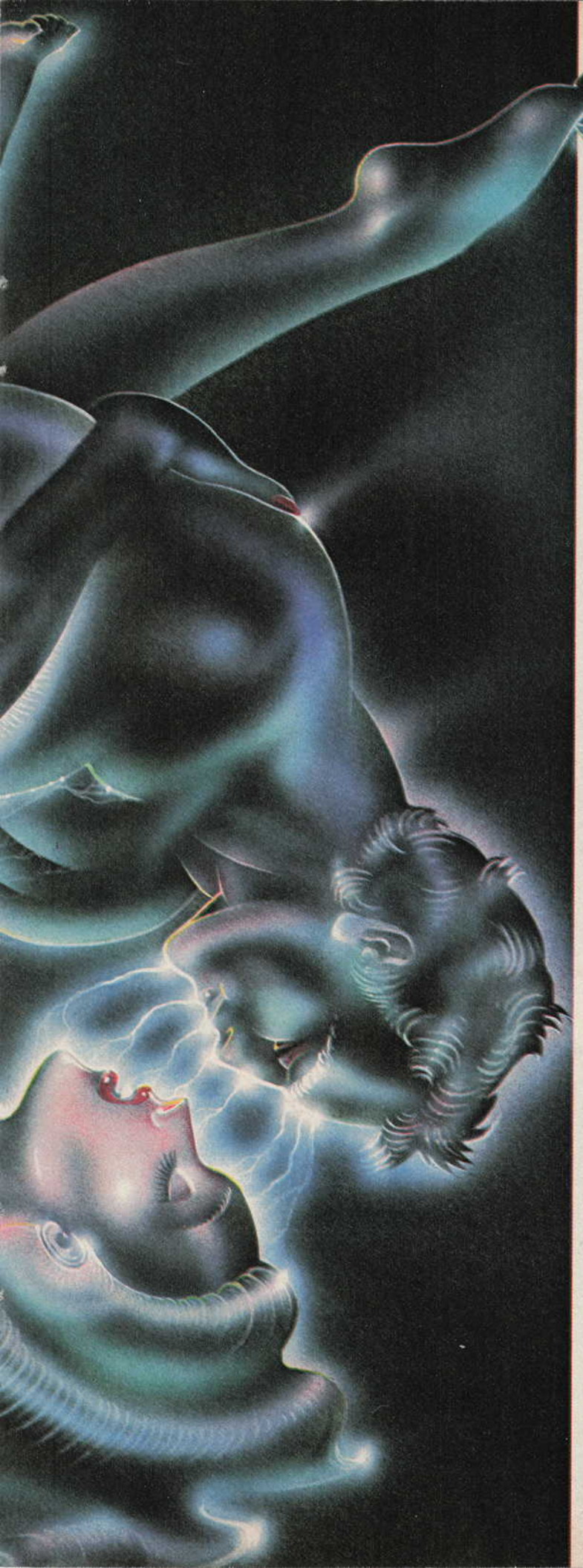
Clockwise from upper left: ***Manhattan warbler:*** New York Mayor Fiorello La Guardia, called before a Congressional committee in the Thirties, had a few sharp words and one blunt gesture for the benefit of hostile Reps; unfortunately this part was left out of the official transcripts. ***Well-heeled Eastern mockingbird:*** During last year's Presidential campaign, Veep Nelson Rockefeller engaged in this bit of meaningful dialog with some anti-Ford hecklers; Rocky's deft retort left his foes speechless and his friends worried. ***Lemmon's blue goose:*** Actor Jack Lemmon goes for a low laugh in a no-laugh film, *The April Fools*, by deploying the digit to film-villain New York City; Catherine Deneuve co-starred as Lemmon's lover, which was pretty funny. ***Baretta's flicker:*** TV-star Robert Blake shores up sagging ratings by playing the punk on talk shows and in publicity photos; in this pic, the actor indicates rating rank formerly held by his series. ***Hard-headed puck catcher:*** Philadelphia Flyers goalie Bernie Parent, bad boy of the ice, leads the league in goals scored with opponents' teeth; in this game shot, Parent prepares his favorite weapon in defensing against opponents who can still see. ***Rumanian nuthatch:*** Ilie "Nasty" Nastase, bad boy of the courts, enjoys harassing tennis officials and insulting spectators; here, he lets a linesman know that he has that many more brains than fellow bad boy Jimmy Connors. Center: ***Pueblo pigeons:*** Crewmen from the U.S.S. Pueblo, bad boys of the North Korean territorial waters, were gathered by their captors for an agit-prop shot that resulted in a whole flock of birds; the unsuspecting North Koreans sent the photo out to the world—and received back messages that, for the most part, roughly translated into "you assholes."











THE LIFE AFTER DEATH OF WILHELM REICH, SEX RESEARCHER

The discoverer of orgone energy still has a message for his followers, if only they'd shut up for a minute and listen

ARTICLE BY JOHN ROEMER

Ask around about Wilhelm Reich and you're likely to evoke fading memories of a guy and an orgone box. A Sausalito sex therapist named Dave keeps an orgone blanket on his water bed. "Put it over your lap and lie back," he advises. "Feel the warm tingle?" I feel it, but could it be the balmy night plus the blanket's unusual insulation? Faithful to Reich's formula, it's fashioned from alternate layers of organic material and metal—in this case, steel wool sandwiched between cotton flannel.

Orgone boxes, blankets, pyramids and other Reichian devices are meant to attract healthful concentrations of orgone: the "primordial, mass-free life energy" Reich thought he had isolated during his libido research in the Thirties.

Ask at the Strand Book Store in Greenwich Village about Reich and an ancient clerk named Theodore will recall that Reich himself came in a few times more than 30 years ago when he was teaching at the New School. "Sure, sure, we still got his books," Theodore says. "*The Sexual Revolution. The Function of the Orgasm.* Great guy. Claimed if you can get it up and get it off, it'll cure what ails you."

That's not a bad one-line summary of Reich's controversial theories. Reich came to envision a sexual utopia free from unhealthy inhibitions, but not many of his contemporaries saw things his way. Reich's enemies did their best to erase his provocative amalgam of psychosex, biophysics and the new discipline he called orgonomy. They ridiculed him, burned his books and finally jailed him. It's been 20 years since the embattled psychoanalyst's death in a cell at the United States Northeast Federal Penitentiary at Lewisburg. But Reich's legacy doesn't just live; it still has the power to stir up controversy. In fact, neo-Reichian researches and rivalries are, if anything, hotter today than at any time since Reich's final Faustlike investigation of orgone and the atom, followed by his humiliating prosecution as a cancer quack.

"It took many of us at least ten years after Reich's death before we stuck our necks out in public again," Lois Wyvell says. Her garden apartment on Manhattan's Upper East Side is neatly crammed with Reichiana: old photos from her years as an assistant at Reich's laboratory in Maine; several dog-eared copies of the books once ordered banned by a Federal court; a vast correspondence with Reichians around the world.

No, she doesn't have an orgone box. William Burroughs still has one in his Village loft (see the accompanying article); and I hear that certain est, Arica and other inner-bliss-biz guys keep them around. A friend of

Illustrations by Peter Lloyd

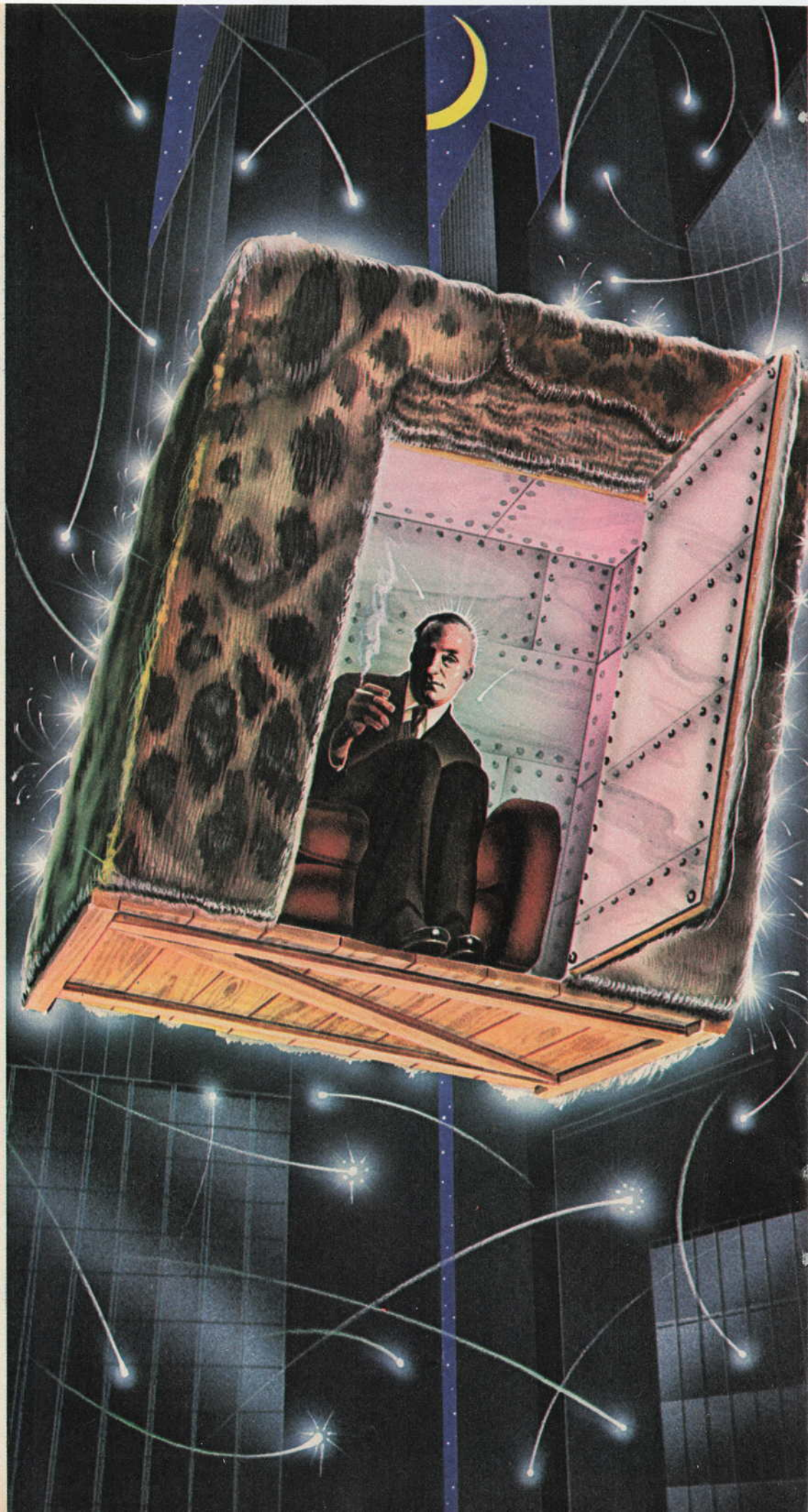
mine once said he got bad vibes from the one he had in a West Side brownstone. Wyvell smiles. For one thing, Reich called them accumulators, not boxes, although they usually are large wooden boxes lined with sheet metal. As Burroughs explains, you sit inside and absorb enriched orgone attracted to the box from the atmosphere. The trouble is, Wyvell says, the orgone around metropolitan areas tends to be heavily polluted by the incessant electromagnetic babble that keeps cities humming. Reich called poisoned orgone "oranur." His last experiments with radioisotopes proved that nuclear radiation is an especially virulent generator of it. "A full-sized accumulator in a big city quickly becomes saturated with oranur," Wyvell says. "It's very unhealthy."

She recalls Reich's room-sized accumulator at the Maine lab and some smaller ones that had dozens of alternate wood and metal layers. "That marvelous mountain air! I remember how quickly burns healed in the accumulators there—the orgone in the atmosphere was most intense."

Wyvell is not entirely bereft of orgone, however. From a closet she produces a large galvanized-metal funnel covered with cotton padding. "My *local* accumulator," she says. "It's not bad on clear days and it's easy to replace when it gets saturated. Anybody can make one."

She places the metal funnel on top of her head, only she looks slightly self-conscious about it. Reich's followers dealt in diverse fashion with the trauma of losing him. One man committed suicide after being accused of betraying the master. Reich's daughter Eva turned the voluminous archives over to a wealthy Forest Hills woman, who vows to keep much of it sealed for decades. Popularizers like Alexander Lowen, Arthur Janov and Ida Rolf evolved less-controversial versions of Reich's body therapy.

Among the few to stubbornly continue practicing authentic medical orgonomy is Elsworth Baker, M.D., one of *(Continued on page 60)*



MY LIFE IN ORGONE BOXES

The elder statesman of American letters recalls his experiments with sex-energy accumulators

BY WILLIAM BURROUGHS

I built my first orgone accumulator on a farm near Pharr, Texas, in the spring of 1949. I was living in the Rio Grande valley with my friend Kells Elvins, reading Reich, and we decided to build an accumulator out in Kells's orange grove. In a few days, we had put up a wooden box about eight feet high and lined it with galvanized iron; it was a regular town house. Inside was an old icebox that you could get into and pull on a contrivance that made a box of sheet steel descend over you, so that the effect was presumably heightened. Kells's wetbacks watched dubiously from a distance, muttering something in Spanish to the effect of "What the fuck are these guys doing—building some kinda box out there—going in there wrapped in old towels and coming out with hard-ons. . . ?"

Kerouac described my orgone box in *On the Road*—a pretty good trick, as he never set foot on the south Texas farm. He had me taking a shot of morphine and going out to "moon over [my] navel." The fact is that I was not using junk at that time, and even if I had been, I certainly would not have done so in an orgone accumulator. Kerouac even went so far as to write that "Old Bull thought his orgone accumulator would be improved if the wood he used was as organic as possible, so he tied bushy bayou leaves and twigs to his mystical outhouse." Like so much of Jack's writing, this makes a good story but is actually pure fiction. When he visited me, I was living in Algiers, across the river from New Orleans, in a little house laid out like a railroad flat and raised up above the marshy lot on concrete blocks. In Algiers, I had practically no front yard at all and was far too busy with a habit to build an accumulator.

Neal Cassady did visit me at the south Texas farm, but never used the orgone box. Since Kerouac presumably got the story of my first accumulator from Cassady, whose tendency to exaggerate rivaled Jack's, it's a wonder they didn't have me throwing orgies in the accumulator for the amusement of the wetbacks. But the orgone box does have a definite sexual effect. I also made a little one from an Army-style gas can covered with burlap and cotton wool and wrapped around with a gunny sack, and it was a potent sexual tool. The orgones would stream out of the nozzle of the gas can. One day I got into the big accumulator and held the little one over my joint and came right off. That used to be one of Cocteau's party tricks: take off all his clothes, lie down and come off no hands.

Wilhelm Reich was, so far as I know, the first investigator to apply the scientific method to sexual phenomena and actually to measure the electrical charge of an orgasm and to correlate these measurements with the subjective experience of pleasure or displeasure. There is the pleasurable orgasm, like a rising sales graph, and there is the unpleasurable orgasm, slumping ominously like the Dow-Jones in 1929. For these experiments, he was expelled from Denmark and Sweden: Traditional Scandinavian tolerance was apparently unable to cope with such experiments. Perhaps any basic experiments into the human condition are dangerous to the tissue of false pride and misconception with which the human animal compulsively covers his nakedness.

Reich also put forward a theory as to the etiology of what he termed the cancer biopathy. He said, in effect, that cancer is not something that arises inexplicably in an otherwise-healthy organism but rather the end product of a cancerous pathology in most cases antedating the actual outbreak of cancer by many years. If employed before the actual cancer occurs, orgone therapy (including the use of the orgone accumulator) should prove effective in a large number of cases. Reich advocated the use of orgone therapy both as a preventive and also as the best treatment for active cancer. He considered that cancer occurs when the electrical charge at the surface of the cells falls to a suffocation point and the cells then respond with cancerous proliferation. To offset this condition and tone up the cells, he developed orgone therapy. This therapy was rejected out of hand without trial by the medical establishment. Reich's books were burned, his machines destroyed and he died in prison.

As a matter of fact, a NASA scientist has recently put forward a very similar "electrical-cell" theory of cancer, which the press of course labeled "fundamentally new." In the *London Daily Telegraph* of Tuesday, March 31, 1970, it was reported that Mr. C. D. Cone delivered his theory to an American Cancer Society meeting in San Antonio, Texas. I quote: "Mr. Cone found that living cells divided at a slow, normal, healthy rate when the electrical charge at their surface was high, but at a rapid, abnormal or cancer rate when the electrical charge was low." Now the orgone accumulator is, if nothing else, a natural capacitor, or Leyden jar; that is to say, it stores a static electrical charge. I am not a physician, but it seems to me that if there is any validity at all to Cone's theory, the use of the accumulator in experiments to determine its effect on cancer is certainly indicated.

In any case, Reich's therapy is harmless and need not conflict with any other form of therapy. It could, in fact, be administered during the time it takes to get biopsies and arrange for an operation. It could also be used in hopeless cases and, most important, in precancerous conditions. By disallowing this form of treatment, the Federal authorities have taken a heavy responsibility on themselves, especially in view of the fact that independent researchers such as Cone are now corroborating some of Reich's findings.

Who is the FDA to deprive cancer patients of any treatment that could be efficacious? I am sure that most cancer patients would be glad to try any form of treatment that did not interfere with orthodox methods. The decision should rest, certainly, with the individual cancer patient and not with the FDA or the D.A.R. It has occurred to this investigator that orgone energy might be concentrated and directed in an effort to disperse the miasma of idiotic prurience and anxiety that blocks any scientific investigation of sexual phenomena.

When I took my present loft in lower SoHo some months ago, my friend David Prentice built furniture for me. We decided to make an orgone accumulator and assemble it in the loft. He built a plywood box big enough to put a chair inside, with a layer of cork and a galvanized-steel lining. On the outside, he draped half a dozen ratty old rabbit-fur coats to beef up the orgone charge. The rabbit coats give the box a surrealistic look—very organic, like a fur-lined bathtub. I spend 15 to 20 minutes a day in the box, meditating, with the comfortable feeling that I am at least cutting down the odds of contracting cancer. It has occurred to me that the effect could be greatly enhanced by using *magnetized* iron and building the accumulator in pyramid shape. If pyramids can prevent meat from decaying, they might do as much for you. ▣

THE LIFE AFTER DEATH OF WILHELM REICH *A limber pelvis is vital to the ultimate Reichian goal: the mutually loving, healthful pleasures of what he called the "genital embrace."*

(Continued from page 58) Reich's earliest American disciples. Reich, who was a protégé of Freud's in the Twenties, came to regard orthodox psychoanalysis as inadequate. His own therapy, as practiced by Baker and a handful of others, is part analysis and part direct physical attack on the patient's chronically tense musculature. Reich called the condition "character armoring." To break through this neurotic carapace, patients strip to their underwear and are urged to yell, sob, breathe deeply, beat and kick the couch, and submit to Baker's educated thumbs as they knead psychic kinks out of rigidified muscles.

Contrary to lewd rumor, masturbation is not part of the therapy. One old piece of laboratory film shows Reich coaching a woman in a swimsuit through a horizontal bump and grind, but that was because a limber pelvis is vital to the ultimate Reichian goal: the mutually loving, healthful pleasures of what he called the "genital embrace."

Baker broke the long silence after Reich's death by detailing the therapeutic technique in a 1967 book titled *Man in the Trap*. Later that year he and Wyvell launched *The Journal of Orgonomy*—a forum for current Reichian studies and disputes. They publish it each March and November, the months of Reich's birth and death.

Baker is the dean of Reichian orthodoxy. Chief enemies include certain hang-loose Californian Reichians, some radical leftists and a former pupil named Chester Raphael. Baker's editorials in the *Journal* echo Reich's own passionate denunciations of communism, pornography and false orgonomic prophets.

Indeed, controversy surrounds Baker, Wyvell and the *Journal* the way those ghostly emanations called Kirlian auras are seen to envelop living matter in special photos and films. Many of Reich's followers believe that the pulsating, translucent color fields revealed by the Kirlian process is orgone made visible. Some even claim that the process, developed in the early Sixties in Russia, was inspired by purloined Reichian formulas—and that's part of a complex Reich-*vs.*-Reds dispute that dates from the Twenties.

It sometimes seems that a belief in orgone energy—Reich derived the word from orgasm and organism—is the one thing otherwise-fractious club members have in common. Reichians sling verbal oranur frequently; Baker set things in perspective with an editorial in the first edition of the *Journal*: "These have been difficult years," he wrote of the decade following Reich's death, "with many losses, great misunderstandings, and malicious gossip and articles of attack labeling us as charlatans and quacks."

Things haven't changed much in the decade since. I first encountered the Reich scene via a recent dispute. My old friend Joanne had married Gary Burstein, the psychologist who helped research film-maker Dušan Makavejev's 1971 *WR—Mysteries of the Organism*. I saw the film in San Francisco. Makavejev says the initials stand both for Wilhelm Reich and World Revolution. His movie is a provocative melange of old documentary footage from the Reich archives intercut with a modern, Yugoslav, soft-core sex parable featuring obscure Eastern bloc "in" jokes that got the film banned in Belgrade. There also are clips of Reich's son Peter, of his pal A. S. Neill—the guru of Britain's permissive Summerhill school—of a Warhol transvestite on 42nd Street, of Stalin, and of Al Goldstein getting plaster-casted in his *Screw* office. I was intrigued. Later, Joanne and Gary filled me in on some of the movie's highly diverse impact. It was a good introduction to basic Reichian infighting.

WR was censored in Makavejev's native Yugoslavia on political and moral grounds. The movie won a palm at Cannes and a favorable underground reputation in Western Europe and the U. S., but it was violently repudiated by Baker, Wyvell and the other New York orgonomists who'd supplied Makavejev with interviews and old film. I found this out when I called Baker and happened to mention the movie.

"This movie is no friend of orgonomy," Baker sputtered. "Did you see the film?"

I told him it had kindled my interest in Reich. Baker was incredulous. "It is trash. It gives the wrong idea entirely."

"He took us all in," Wyvell said. "Makavejev sat right there where you are sitting and looked me in the eye and swore he revered Reich and wanted to make a tribute to his memory. Then he made pornography."

Baker's ire was also expressed in the *Journal*. His editorial denouncing Makavejev as "a card-carrying Communist and proud of it" revives for the Seventies the extreme right-wing sexual politics of Reich's last years.

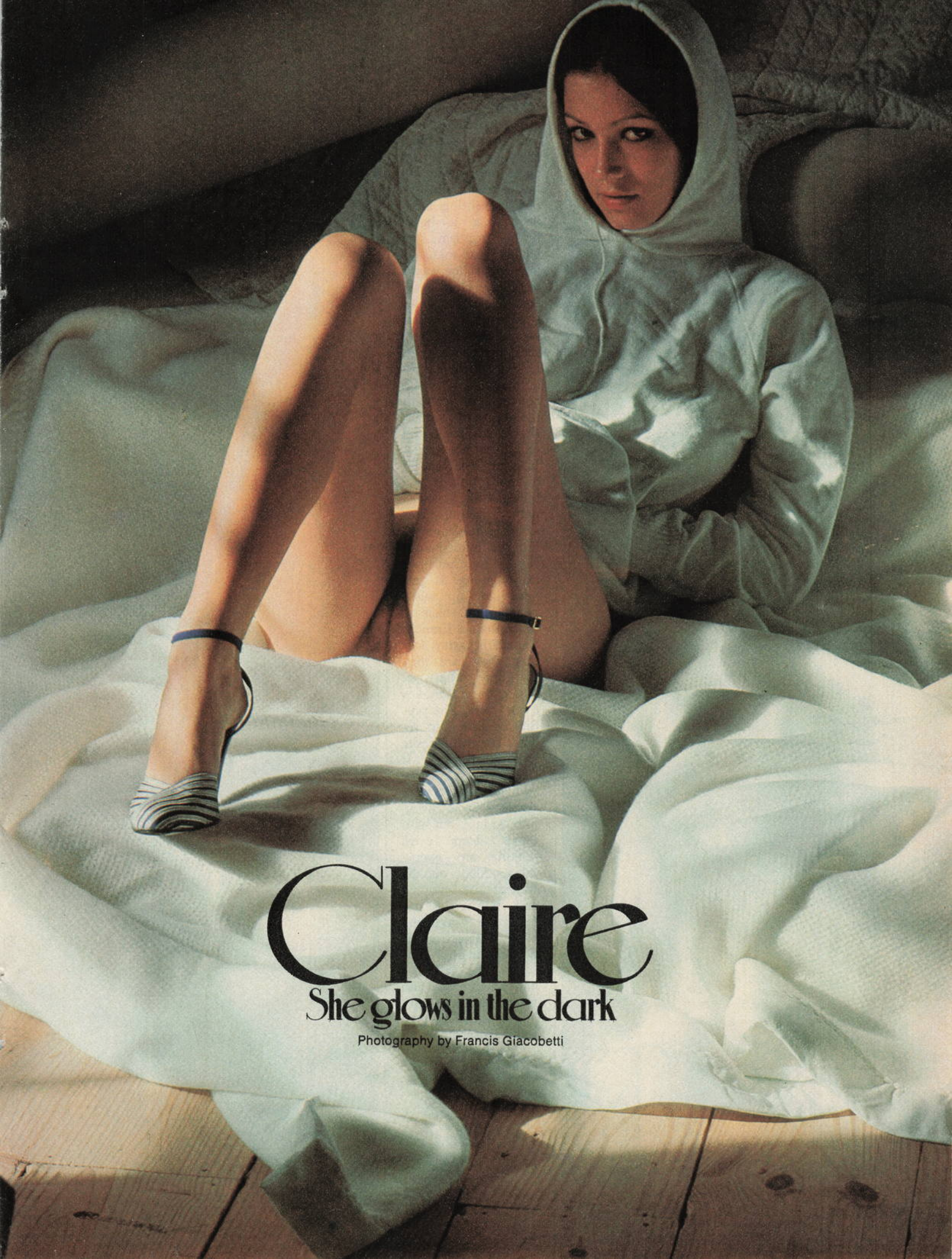
"When the film was released, it could under no stretch of the imagination be considered a documentary on Reich," Baker fumed. "With the ingenuity of the Red Fascist, Makavejev had made Reich appear to revel in lewdness and filth. . . . His film is another deliberate attempt by communism to destroy Reich's work and orgonomy."

The position of Reich's orthodox followers sounds a little like John Birchism, but Reich and the Reds go all the way back to the early days of the Russian Revolution. Reich, then a precocious Viennese analyst, wrote a paper lauding Marx and Freud as fellow revolutionaries engaged in parallel reforms of bourgeois economics and morality. The paper was brilliant, but seldom has history seen stranger bedfellows than the Commies and the shrinks. The Party expelled Reich in 1933; the German Psychoanalytic Society officially rejected him a year later. The animosity never died.

As Gary outlined some of this dim history, *WR* became clearer and so did the Reichian battle lines. A number of irate right-wing orgonomists had actually sued to block the movie's U. S. distribution. Makavejev emerged a hero to a large faction of leftist Reichians.

Somewhere beyond the left-right spectrum are the Reichian anarchists. In 1975, strange tales began to emerge from the orgone underground about renegade Reichians armed with contraptions called cloudbusters. The renegades were supposedly trying to alter the weather along the Pacific Coast. Details were vague. Then I met Louis at a party in San Francisco. He was sort of a guru type: white, knee-length tunic and sandals with socks. He mentioned that he was going to Tibet to celebrate a rare configuration of planets. Like a dummy, I asked about airline connections. "Oh no! I'll be teleporting myself in my orgone pyramid," he replied. I asked him what he knew about cloudbusting. He said "Well" like Jack Benny and added grimly, "Those guys. They're out there every weekend with those things. I think it's dangerous." Doing what? "I hear they're up in the hills behind Bolinas aiming those big, phallic orgone guns out over the ocean, trying to deflect the jet stream. Fooling with Mother Nature. Uncool."

But was it true? Hard to say. The Pacific jet stream has definitely taken an unusual northerly detour for more than a year. Cloudbusters, I discovered, look like Gatling guns designed by Dali. They consist of bundles of long, hollow pipes—aimed at the sky. The pipes are attached at the earth end to long, flexible tubes grounded in water. Cloudbusters attract streams of atmospheric orgone and thereby influence clouds and winds. Richard A. Blasband, M.D., an orgonomist who lives in Pennsylvania, reported using *(Continued on page 126)*



Claire

She glows in the dark

Photography by Francis Giacobetti

Claire—her name is beautiful to say. It glows softly, like the stars. It hides inside other words—éclair, clairvoyant—waiting, listening. Claire: Her name means light. It means bright, illustrious. It is fitting. Destiny took a hand in her baptism, for Claire has matured into what her name signifies. Her eyes, for instance, shine supernaturally when she is excited. They pick up candlelight, hold it, distill it into liquid gold. When the conversation turns to the nature of women, Claire sits back and lets the others argue. It is not that she is a snob; nor is she bored. She listens with a passion. Her mind is busy analyzing the hidden subtexts, connecting, transcending. It gets her color up when people think she is no more than a French-Canadian pastry. But then, how are they to know otherwise. Claire rarely makes a comment. She prefers to listen, to reflect. The truth is, she likes to be still. It feels erotic to know and not say, to be a power that is incognito, to look out with those deep eyes, soaking up everything. Also, on the subject of women and nature, Claire feels she wrote the book. Correction: *is* writing the book. Recently she left her native Quebec and retreated to an airy house just above Lake Huron to write

She's a light source

a sexual autobiography. Everyone she knows is in it. In fact, many of her more libidinous friends are evoked so vividly that they seem to spring from the pages like those rose bouquets that pop out of certain glitterized cards. The book's spiritual geography is that of a woman's heart, and it is landscaped with parochial schools and ice cream shops, theater stalls and race tracks. Her writing style is astringently modern. No form. No content. All viewpoint. Sample: "The pain was excruciating, and he smelt of suntan lotion. I wanted to scream, to scratch, to draw blood. 'No,' I cried. 'No more. Stop, stop, please. Well, OK.'" Claire uses words to provoke rather than to describe. After all, she writes from life, and this is one authoress who lives provocatively, even now, though she is unmanned and left to her own devices in the house high above Lake Huron. Whenever Claire encounters writer's block and no amount of coffee-perkings can

Pretty pretty

coax her back to the desk, she has a variety of colorful ways to let off steam. Sometimes this involves intimate *pas de deux* with the objects in her path. (She is partial to unevenly loaded washing machines.) But other times, she simply closes her eyes and thinks about the other world. To aid such abstract contemplations, she rids herself of extraneous material things. Clothes, for instance. And then, though Claire well knows the perimeters of a woman's heart, she goes searching for the exact location of her soul. Claire is sure it's somewhere in the rib-cage area. She surveys the region with a gentle hand, ever hoping to plumb the sacred spot for a soulburst of inspiration. (And to think that Hemingway just sharpened pencils to break his funks.) Claire thinks the soul is the heart's phantom twin, ghostly and white and existing in another dimension. Her meditations have led her to special knowledge. On two points she is emphatic: Soul—white people *do* have it; and soul—it's more than a kiss. Soon she will return to her typewriter, refreshed. " 'You filthy foreigner,' I said under my breath," she writes. "I vowed then and there that I would never again do it in a swimming pool."

She's incandescent

oui

CONVERSATION WITH

RENEE RICHARDS

The world's most famous transsexual talks about the sources of her compulsion, the unfairness of the Women's Tennis Association and the superiority of the female orgasm

Only in the past 20 years have major hospitals in the United States opened clinics to deal with the specific needs of those people who have been given the body of one sex and the soul of the other, and only some 2000 Americans have actually had sex-change surgery. The chief spokeswoman for this group, whether she likes it or not, is Dr. Renee Richards, 43, whose battles with the Women's Tennis Association have made her the most publicized transsexual since Christine Jorgensen.

Before becoming Renee Richards, she was Dr. Richard Raskind, an eminent New York ophthalmologist, a championship tennis player, a companion of some of New York's most beautiful women, the husband of an exquisite model and the father of a bright, handsome son. It was probably inevitable that Raskind would become a doctor, as his father, mother and sister have practiced medicine. Raskind took just as naturally to sports as he did to medicine. His southpaw curve made him a star pitcher at Horace Mann Prep School in Fieldston, New York, and he became an outstanding tennis player during his four years at Yale. Then came medical school at the University of Rochester, followed by a stint in the Navy, which found Raskind performing eye surgery at a naval hospital in New York City. He won the All-Navy tennis championship in 1959 and 1960.

Despite pioneering work in the field of ophthalmology and success at tennis (he twice was a finalist in the national 35-and-over clay-court championships), it is as Renee Richards that this remarkable individual has become famous. This is due largely to the refusal of women's tennis authorities to let her compete in major tournaments unless she passes a controversial chromosome test.

To interview the embattled transsexual, OUI ***sent Fred Robbins, Richards' longtime friend and fellow tennis player, to visit the subject in her current home town of Newport, California. Robbins reports: "I'll never forget watching Dick Raskind turn into a woman before my eyes! We'd both been members of New York's Seventh Regiment Tennis Club for years. It was in the locker room that I suddenly realized that Dick was growing breasts, that his face was becoming hairless and smooth and that his Adam's apple was disappearing. It was obvious that some kind of weird transformation was taking place, but no one knew the true story.***

"Then, after not seeing him for quite a while, we received word of his sex-change operation and were all stunned. Raskind/Richards' sense of humor hadn't changed, though. She told an old friend, film producer Peter Katz, 'Now you and I can win the mixed-doubles tournaments when I come out to California.'

"During our two days together I was able to appreciate Renee for the attractive woman she has become. It was raining during our first taping session, which took place at the John Wayne Tennis Club, where she is a respected and high-ranking member. She is very much part of the California scene now, and nobody there seems to make a big deal of her transsexual status.

"Our second session was at her Italian-villa-styled apartment, which overlooks the Newport Yacht Basin. Richards lives here with her legal ward, 15-year-old Toni Moss, a promising young tennis player from Texas whose parents are separated. Richards has thus acquired a sort of instant motherhood to go along with her fatherhood.

"She takes great delight in showing Polaroid pictures of her five-year-old son and calls him 'the most important thing in my life,' yet she refuses to discuss—for publication—him or their relationship. She's being guided by a psychiatrist in the matter, however, and, according to friends, she wears a wig and men's clothing whenever she visits the boy.

"Obviously it's a heavy situation, but if anyone can handle it, Renee Richards can."

OUI: What didn't you like about being male?

RICHARDS: It was just wrong for me. Ever since I can remember, I've felt myself to be truly female. I had no difficulty dealing with reality: I knew I had a boy's body; I knew I was supposed to behave like a boy, and I did. In fact, I overcompensated, both as a boy and as a man, by superachieving. But I felt uncomfortable doing so. My inner feeling was that I was meant to be a girl and to grow up to be a woman.

OUI: When was it that you first began to act as a girl?

RICHARDS: I was three years old when I began to dress up in my sister's and my mother's clothing. I tried to be like them. I identified with them, and I wanted my body—my whole self—to coincide with that identification.

OUI: Didn't you identify at all with your father?

RICHARDS: No. Please understand that I lived in a household of women, with a dominant, overwhelming, possessive, strong and unrelinquishing mother. And a maiden aunt. A maternal grandmother. A sister. A nanny. And my sister's friends. My father was a relatively neutral figure. He was off at work. It was in the post-Depression days and he was busy trying to start a medical practice. He was hardly ever in the house. But even though I grew up surrounded by women, that can't be the only reason I became a transsexual, because there are normal boys who grow up in households that are even more female-dominated.

OUI: Did your father notice your discomfort at being male?

RICHARDS: No, because it was never obvious. I covered up my feminine side because I knew it was not acceptable. I was in my late teens or early 20s before

Illustration by Jean-Paul Goude

RENEE RICHARDS *Natural-born girls don't realize how free they are. They're allowed to cry and be close to their mothers—and they don't have to fight. Boys live in a strife-filled world.*

my father found out that I had a problem. Remember, I had been an outstanding student and athlete—football, baseball, tennis.

OUI: Was your childhood a happy one?

RICHARDS: Well, I realized that something was wrong at the age of three, because I knew I had a penis, while my sister and mother didn't. The next two years was a difficult period, but once I was in school, I concentrated on sports, music and art and all the nonsexual things kids go through. I did, however, feel the frustration of not being allowed to express feelings that a little girl might express. Natural-born girls don't realize how free they are. They're allowed to cry and be close to their mothers—and they don't have to fight. Boys live in a strife-filled world. I knew I was supposed to stand up and fight back in my battles with other kids; my sister would send me back out to fight if I came home crying. Every night, when I went to bed, I used to pray that I could be a girl. But I never blurted it out to my friends or family, because I knew it was taboo. Then, at puberty, my sexual consciousness reawakened and became a source of confusion, unrest, bewilderment, surprise and agony. It was overwhelming.

OUI: Did you have wet dreams?

RICHARDS: Yes, but whenever I dreamed about sex, I was always the female.

OUI: How did you learn about sex?

RICHARDS: I had no sexual education whatever. Nothing was ever explained to me by my mother or father or sister. When I was 11 or 12, a book mysteriously showed up on a shelf in my room. It was called *The Wonder of Life*, and it wasn't so much sex education as it was biological education. I don't remember how I really learned about sex. From classmates, I guess.

OUI: Was your family really unaware of your problem?

RICHARDS: My sister realized it when I was about 16, because she caught me dressed up in her clothes and about to go out. She was surprised, but she handled it matter-of-factly. I explained to her that I really wished to be a girl, and that I'd been dressing up in her clothes and sneaking out of the house whenever I could, to lead at least a few hours of my life every day in that role. Of course, it was easy to do in those days. I put a hat on because I had short hair. I hadn't started shaving and I was slender and pretty, so I was easily a girl in the eyes of the world.

OUI: Didn't your sister tell your parents?

RICHARDS: I don't believe she did, although I do recall her once asking my mother, after she'd seen me in girls' clothes, "What do you do with boys who want to be girls?" And I remember that my mother's answer was rather casual. This was some time ago, in the Christine Jorgensen era, and what my mother said was, "You send them to Scandinavia."

OUI: How did you handle the situation in high school?

RICHARDS: In high school, I handled my inner disharmony by acting outwardly like a boy—with the sports and so on—and by being myself whenever I could. I would dress in my sister's clothes and sneak out to Greenwich Village or to a movie or a drugstore or the ice-cream parlor. I couldn't socialize with anyone I knew, so it was a lonely time. I was afraid of being found out, because I knew at the time that my behavior wasn't normal; I didn't know that anyone else in the world had the same kind of problem. Later, when I was a Yale student and playing in a freshman intercollegiate tennis match at West Point, I saw a book in a drugstore called *Man into Woman*. When I picked it up, my heart was in my mouth. It was the story of the first documented transsexual—before Christine Jorgensen. I hid the book under my pillow and turned the cover inside out, for fear that my roommate at the tournament would find out. Later, I took a course in abnormal psychology and learned about other transsexuals. I found the knowledge comforting. Prior to that, I had gone through my mother's psychiatric books at home. They were written in the late 1800s, when there was very little understanding of transsexuals; a lot of people with my psychosexual make-up were confined in the back yards of mental hospitals.

OUI: Were you able to conceal your transsexual drives at Yale?

RICHARDS: Yes, but there was an ever-increasing pressure to be heterosexual. It's one thing to play baseball and football and another to start dating girls. I had no homosexual wishes, so I couldn't take my drives and channel them in a homosexual direction. So I started dating. I must say here that my total personality had some Dick in it—Dick being my former name. He had strong feelings for the girls he became involved with.

OUI: Under what circumstances did you, as Dick, have your first sexual experience?

RICHARDS: As with many other boys of the time, it was with a prostitute. It happened when I went to England with the Harvard-Yale tennis team. My roommate was quite heterosexual and sexually aggressive, and at his urging we went to Piccadilly to meet prostitutes. It was a total failure, because the prostitute tried to arouse me by masturbating and by oral sex. I was totally impotent, because I did not like my penis, and I was not stimulated by somebody touching it. In that way, I'm very different from homosexuals, who like their organ and would be horrified at the thought of losing it. A transsexual doesn't like the original sex organ. I didn't touch mine and didn't want anything to do with it. I finally did have successful sexual intercourse later that summer when we went to Paris and I went again to a prostitute. I went because I wanted to do this thing that all the other guys were doing, and I was successful this time because I made sure there was no stimulation of the type tried by the prostitute in England.

OUI: Did you ever have sexual relations with your girlfriends in college?

RICHARDS: As time went on, yes. I had only one girlfriend at a time, but with her there was always lovemaking and closeness and mutual affection. I always tried to satisfy the girl I was involved with, even though the sexual part of it was not satisfying for me. I got physical release, of course, as men get from intercourse, but it was nothing like the feeling of satisfaction that I get from the sex act now, as a woman.

OUI: Didn't you find it confusing to be able to perform as a man?

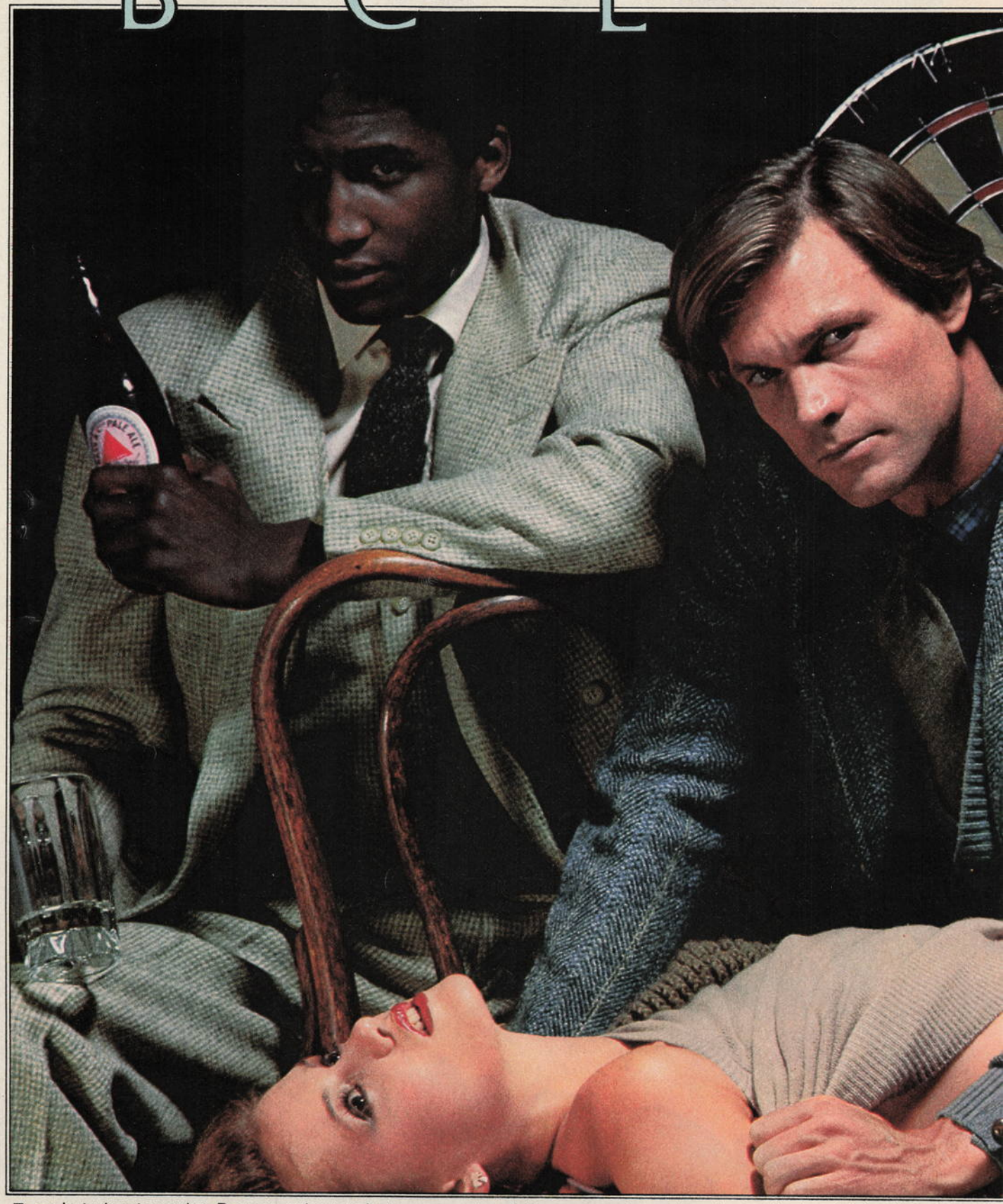
RICHARDS: Yes, of course. There are some transsexuals who have never had any intercourse as a man, but I did have a multifaceted personality development. There was always a battle between Dick's behavior and drives and Renee's. In the beginning, Dick would win out a good part of the time, but as the years went by, Renee began to assume the ascendancy until it was about even. Then, gradually, Renee took over.

OUI: With two personalities struggling within you, did you seek out any form of therapy?

RICHARDS: I had one psychiatrist after another. There was never anything psychotic about me. I knew I had a male body and I knew I wanted to be female. I knew I couldn't lead my whole life with such an absolutely unhealthy split. The psychiatrists were all of the Freudian school. They finally gave up on me, though it took them eight to ten years to do it. My last analyst, who believed that anything could be dealt with in terms of psychoanalysis, free association, unrepressing the repressed and all the rest of it, finally realized that in my case it wasn't going to happen. His answer was that I just had to live with it. He said that there were people who had worse things to live with. He gave me *(Continued on page 114)*

"Excellent! Now we must train him to bring back beautiful women."

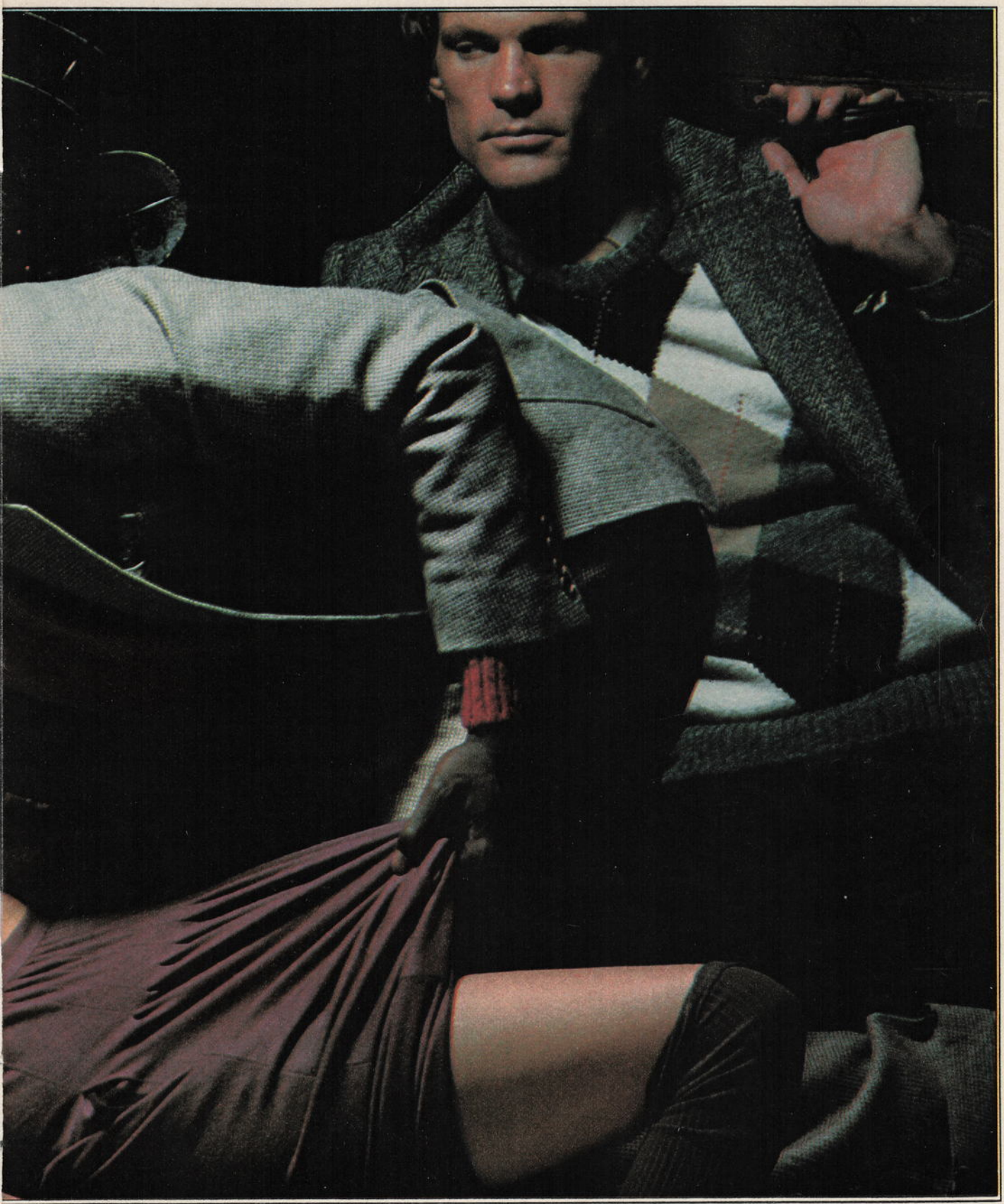
THE BRITISH COUNTRY LOOK



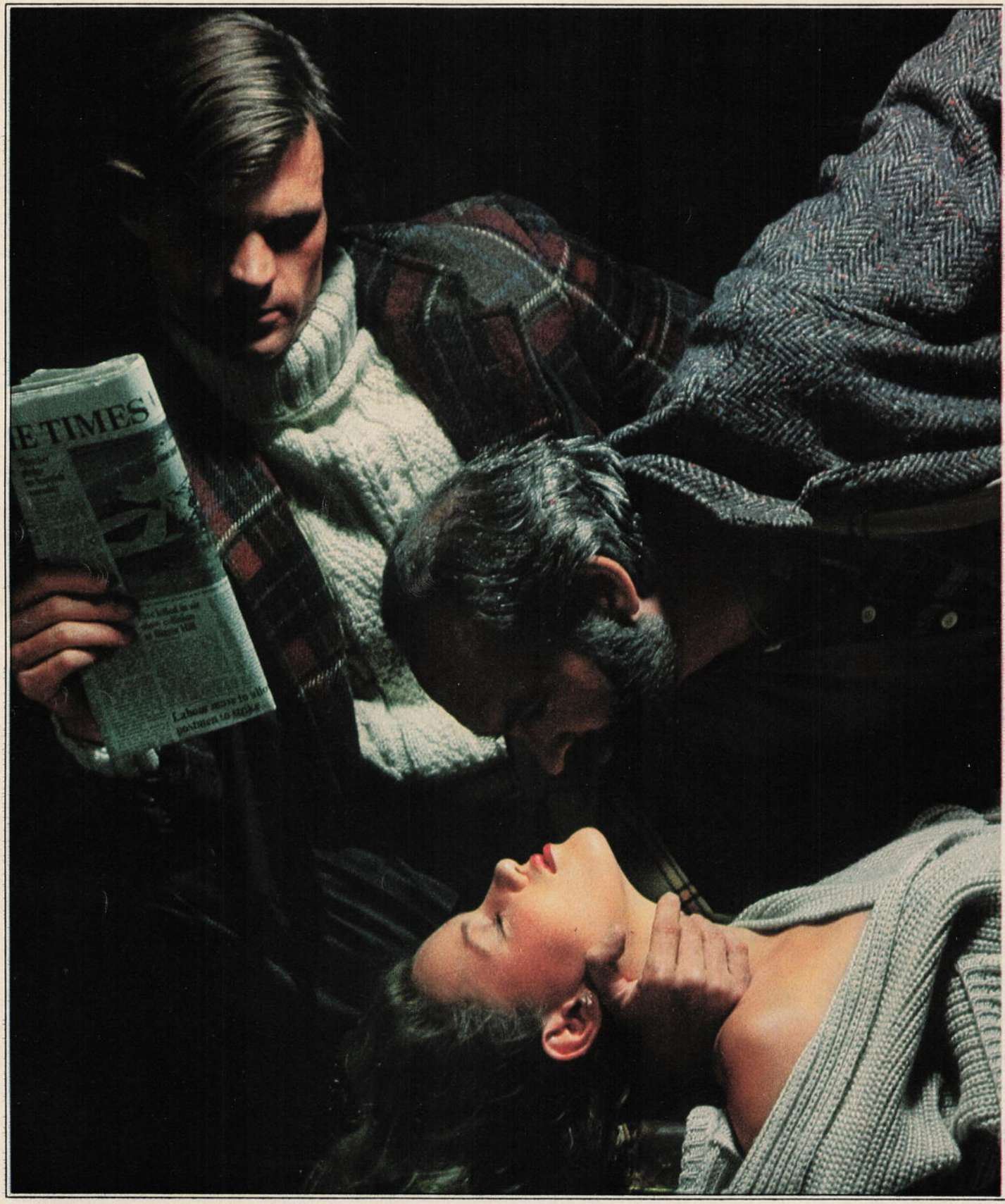
Joe is trying to revive Doreen, who tends to pass out into the arms of sturdy strangers. Joe loosens her Sonata dress by Betsy González ($470), but he would never take advantage. He is a true gentleman of the range. A cowboy by trade, he thinks it's plain impolite to go to a singles' bar in rodeo gear. He and his friends prefer the civilized manliness of the British country look. Tweeds, plaids and wools.

But send no choirs of union garment workers to their doors; these boys buy American. Joe's outfit comes from our own Alexander Julian: jacket ($185), pants ($95), sweater ($65), shirt ($35) and tie ($15). Alexander Julian also designed Chip's outfit (right): jacket ($260), pants ($95), shirt ($35) and tie ($15). Ace (left) is in a three-piece suit by Jeffrey Banks for Nik-Nik ($225) and an Eros by Tucker tie ($15).

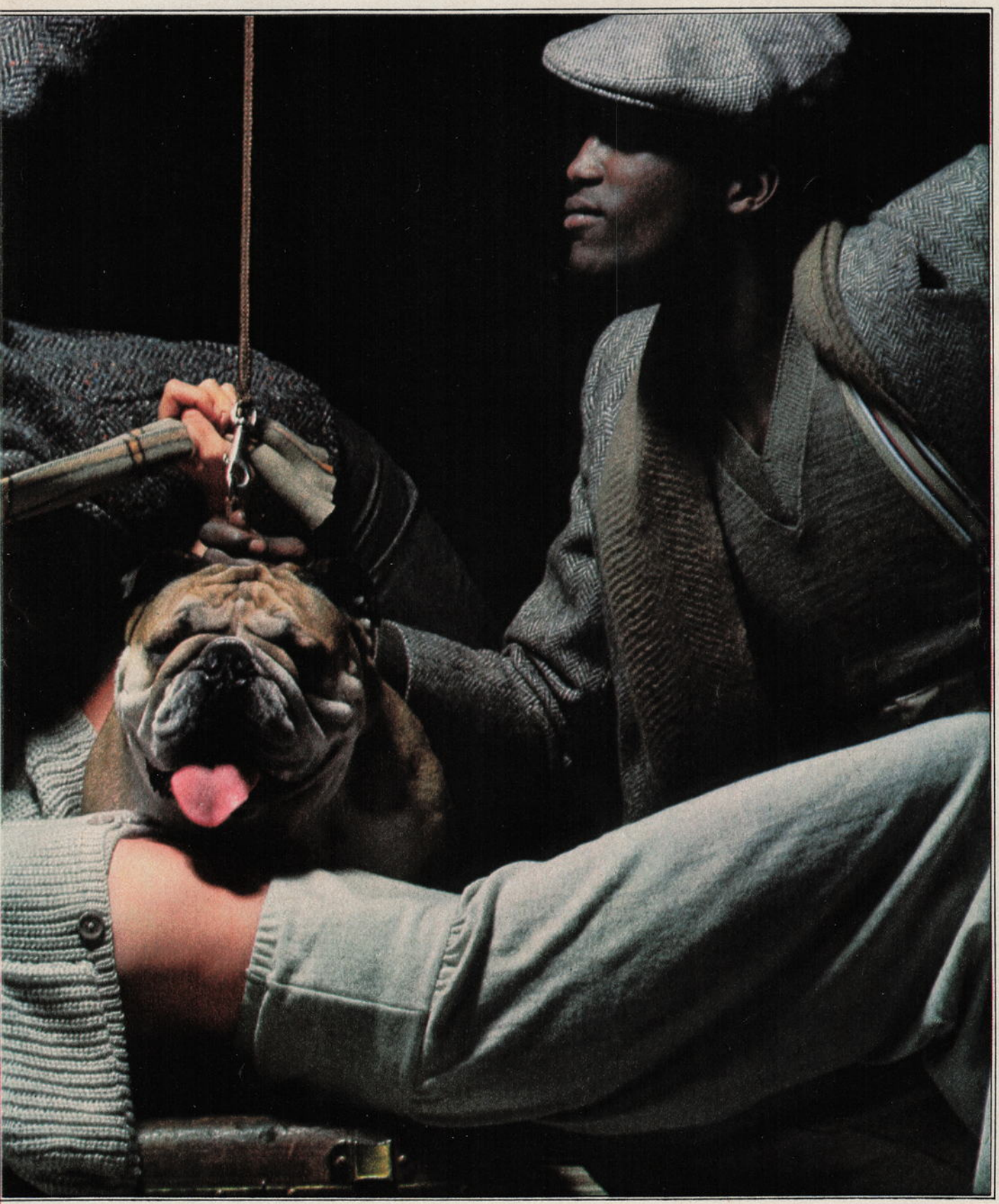
Ace takes a turn with Doreen. He used to be a medic; now he's a mechanic. He does some appropriate things to her DiMitri of Italy outfit (approximately $400). Ace thinks a lot about health, battery trouble and the British country look. In England, wrote Oscar Wilde, the popular idea of health is the country gentleman galloping after a fox—"the unspeakable in full pursuit of the uneatable." This



assessment has not kept Ace away from the foxes. He's hunting in his Van Gils tweed suit ($180), A. Kuehnert sweater ($28) and Adolfo shirt ($28). Chip wears Nik-Nik tweed pants ($55), a double-breasted Nik-Nik jacket ($145), Adolfo shirt ($22), a Peter Barton's Closet sweater ($95) and Eros for Tucker tie ($18). Joe wears a Paul Boyé for Barney Sampson two-piece composé ($200) and an Arthur Richards sweater ($33).

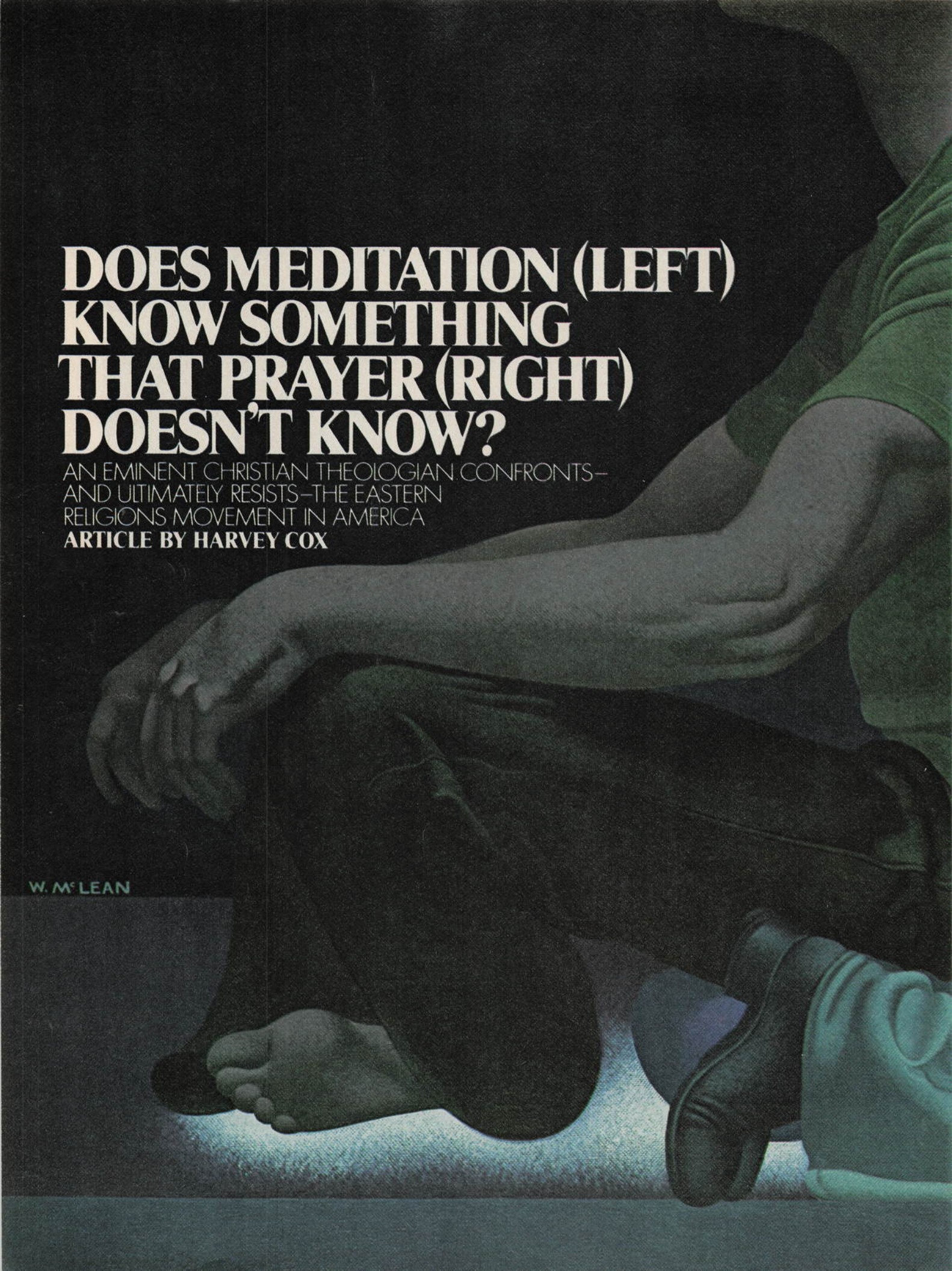


Chip is nobody's fool. He gives Doreen mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, which is what she was after all along. Soon she will revive, button up her Sonata outfit by Betsy González ($330) and say, "Gee, thanks, guys. But who invited the bulldog?" The bulldog's name is Percy, and he invited himself, thank you. He has the mug of Winston Churchill and, like an unheated coach house or a demented half brother in the attic,



Photography by Albert Watson

is a perfect accessory for the British country look. Percy just hopes Chip doesn't bite. Chip's outfit comes from Peter Barton's Closet: jacket ($190), cashmere sweater ($105) and shirt ($38). Joe's outfit comes from Polo: wool jacket ($240), wool turtleneck ($95) and cord pants ($60). Ace's outfit comes mostly from Don Robbie: jacket ($110), overalls ($29) and cap ($15); his scarf ($52), from Peter Barton's Closet.


DOES MEDITATION (LEFT) KNOW SOMETHING THAT PRAYER (RIGHT) DOESN'T KNOW?
AN EMINENT CHRISTIAN THEOLOGIAN CONFRONTS–AND ULTIMATELY RESISTS–THE EASTERN RELIGIONS MOVEMENT IN AMERICA
ARTICLE BY HARVEY COX
W. McLEAN

The red-and-orange cushion under me felt harder than it had an hour before. The room was hot, and outside the large windows of the Karma Dzong meditation hall the increasingly loud grinding of gears and bleep of horns reminded me that Boulder's late-afternoon traffic was already in the streets. Across from me and beside me sat long rows of fellow meditators, legs crossed, eyes looking straight ahead. Some of the men had removed their shirts, but most people were dressed in jeans and tank tops or T-shirts. A lazy August fly buzzed past my nose but decided not to land. Inside me a parade of images and memories marched by, but as I noticed them I kept returning to take note of my departing breath, as the instructor had told me to do. I was serene and unhurried even though I had a supper engagement and the traffic noises were telling me it was time to go.

Now the horns and engines grew more insistent. I shifted my weight on the cushion and felt the familiar, tiny abdominal quiver that, like a doctor's pocket bleeper, dependably reminds one of an impending obligation to be met. Instinctively I started to glance at my watch, to check on whether it was indeed time now to leave the meditation hall and join my friends for supper. But for some reason I did not move. I did not turn my watch toward me. I did not

MEDITATION/PRAYER *I sat still and slowly noticed a slight shift in my perspective. The shift was both tiny and tremendous, like the split second just before and just after midnight on New Year's Eve.*

move my eyes toward its dial. I sat still and slowly noticed a slight—an ever so slight—shift in my perspective. The shift was both tiny and tremendous, like the split second just before and just after midnight on New Year's Eve. At the moment when I did not look at my watch, I became aware that whether I got to supper late, or at all, was significant but not urgent. I would go when I was ready. The choice of when and whether to go was mine. To anyone else, such a realization might seem utterly commonplace. But to me, the change it signaled—not just in my attitude toward the meditation I had been trying so hard to learn, but also in my attitude toward many other things—was immeasurable. Slowly, still without looking at the watch, I slipped it off my wrist and into my pocket.

After a few minutes, I glanced around at the other meditators and felt another change. They all looked the same, but somehow they also looked completely different. What had changed now was my status. I was no longer merely a visitor, or a sympathetic observer, or a friendly outsider. Although I did not know the names of most of the people in the hall, I felt closer to them, at least at that moment, than I did to the people outside the window scurrying to their supper-hour engagements.

The feeling left as quickly as it had appeared. Then I consulted my watch, put my sandals on, puffed up my cushion for the next user and made my way out of the hall. On the street, too, surprisingly, I was also at ease. I looked forward to supper, to seeing my friends, to conversation. I did not feel that I had been interrupted. As I walked toward the bus stop, however, I knew that on this day the meditation I had been learning for the past three weeks was no longer merely an option or a luxury. I was now a practitioner of meditation, not merely an observer. Noiselessly, almost without noticing it, I had taken another step in my journey to the East. Without being converted or changing my theology or joining anything, I had become something of an East Turner myself.

This unexpected role reversal did not make me any less critical of the movement's many facets. But I could see the other side more clearly, too. I could detect the sources of the Turn East.

It all started innocently enough. I had come to Boulder from Mexico in response to what seemed a golden opportunity to gather more impressions for my book. The opportunity came in the form of an invitation to teach a course in Christianity at the Naropa Institute, a nonsectarian study center (now a college) in Boulder, which had been founded in the summer of 1974 by Chögyam Trungpa, Rinpoche, who, besides being a meditation teacher, is also a scholar of Western and Buddhist art. Trungpa (the "Rinpoche" is a traditional title applied to lamas) and thousands of other Tibetans had been forced to leave Tibet in 1959 when the Chinese invaded the country and closed its monasteries. He first stayed in India, where many of the refugee Tibetans still live, then moved to England, studied at Oxford University and later organized a Buddhist meditation center in Scotland. Trungpa came to the United States in 1970 and founded a meditation center called Karmè Chöling (formerly Tail of the Tiger) in Barnet, Vermont. Then, in 1974, he started a study institute in Boulder and named it Naropa after a revered 11th Century Buddhist teacher. In keeping with the ancient Buddhist monastic practice of welcoming visitors from the other great traditions, and also because he wanted Naropa to become a genuine East-West exchange center, Trungpa invited me to teach a summer-session course on the life and teachings of Jesus.

It is not hard to see why a refugee lama from Tibet might settle in Colorado. The foothills of the Rocky Mountains begin at Boulder and the peaks themselves can be seen from the streets. Snow-patched cliffs and cold glens alternate with carpets of sturdy grass and mountain laurel. Steep trails and narrow valley roads climb and intersect. The air is clean and clear. The scenery probably comes closer to the Tibetan Himalayas than anything else America offers.

When I arrived at Naropa to teach my course on the New Testament, nothing in the environment surprised me. Boulder is the home of the University of Colorado. It is full of bookstores, natural-food restaurants, denim cutoffs and shoulder bags. I was at home. Also, I had taught at summer institutes before, and this one seemed familiar. There were nearly 1500 students and a faculty of 80 offering almost 120 courses. There was the usual gossip about which teachers and seminars were worth taking, where to eat, what mountain roads to explore, where the action was. Yet, under the frivolity and humor and sun-bathing at the pools, I sensed a serious, at times frighteningly serious, commitment to the *practice*, the word the Naropa students invariably applied to sitting in meditation in a regular, disciplined way. Nearly all the faculty and most of the students engaged in this sitting one or two hours every day, either in their own rooms or in one of the group-meditation halls. And every other week, many of them participated in the Sunday *nyinthun*—12 hours of consecutive sitting, with breaks only for short meals and even shorter periods of "walking meditation" around the inside of the hall. I got the message. If I was going to learn anything at Naropa, I would have to "sit," and sit a lot. Furthermore, I decided I would not use a do-it-yourself approach as I had with Zen but would take advantage of the instruction in meditation that Naropa offered.

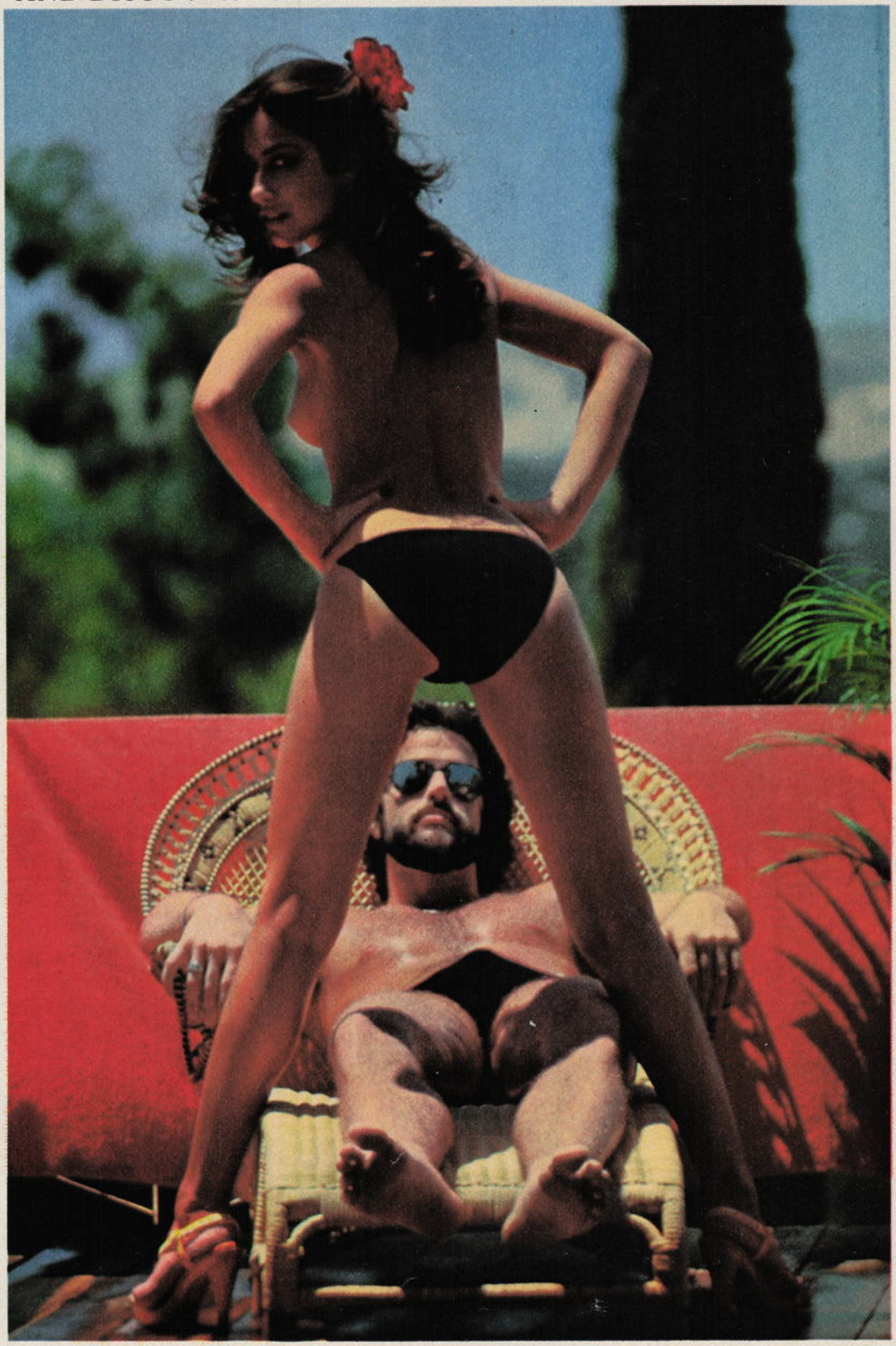
The Tibetan method of meditating is so simple that it sounds trite. There is little emphasis on correct posture or hand position. No special clothing or setting is needed (though I found it better to wear loose clothes and to meditate in the same room with other meditators). No koans or mantras are used, at least in the early stages. No master ever hits a student with a fan. What is emphasized, however, is sitting frequently, sitting regularly and sitting for long periods. Although many Zen instructors start their students out on short sittings and do not encourage daylong periods of meditation until the novice has learned the basics well, Trungpa seemed to have enormous confidence in what sitting itself can do for those who will simply plunge in, with periodic help from an instructor. He believed that no amount of reading about Buddhist teaching will make any sense at all unless the student is engaged in sitting meditation. One night, at a public lecture, he shocked some experienced sitters by inviting, even urging, all 800 people present, many of whom were visitors who had never sat for even an hour, to participate in an upcoming 12-hour *nyinthun*. "You can do it," he assured them, and many did.

In my own desultory attempt to learn meditation, I had already sparred with a form of Zen, using a koan, and had lost. Later I had evolved my own hybrid brand of meditation and practiced it sporadically, always realizing that something was missing when I neglected it. But I was always too busy and too undisciplined to sit regularly. At Naropa, however, I found myself in an atmosphere where sitting was somehow expected. So I picked out a red-and-orange cushion at the Pearl Street Karma Dzong in Boulder, the local branch of Trungpa's growing network of dharmadatus (teaching and meditation centers). There I sat an hour every day, sometimes twice a day, in a sunny room with a varnished floor where as few as eight or as many *(Continued on page 117)*

C O M I N G

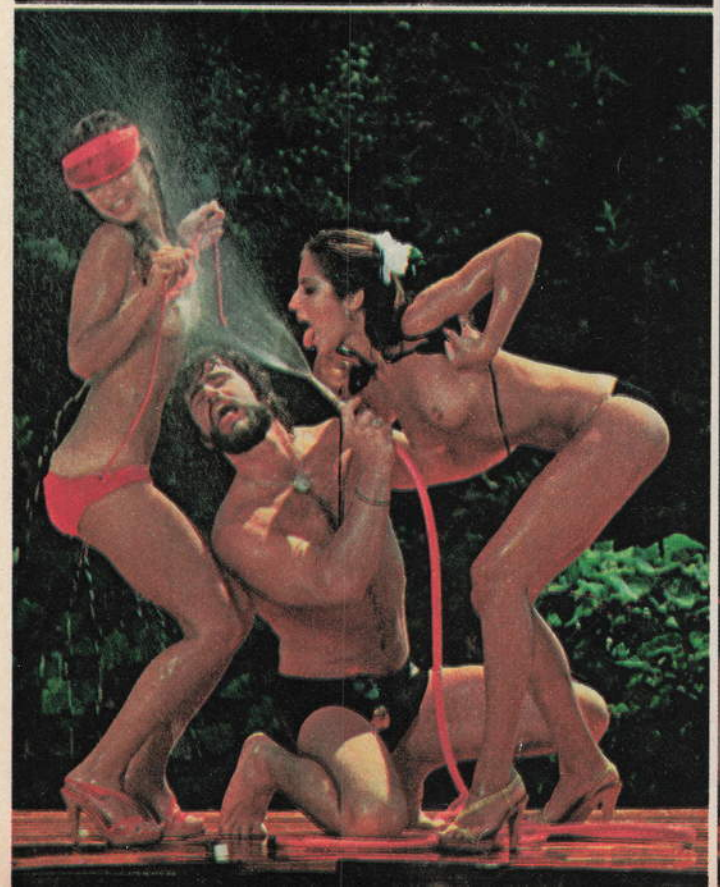
CLEAN

A FABLE IN WHICH THREE PEOPLE LEARN TO SAVE WATER
AND DISCOVER THE LAWS OF INTERPERSONAL HUMIDITY

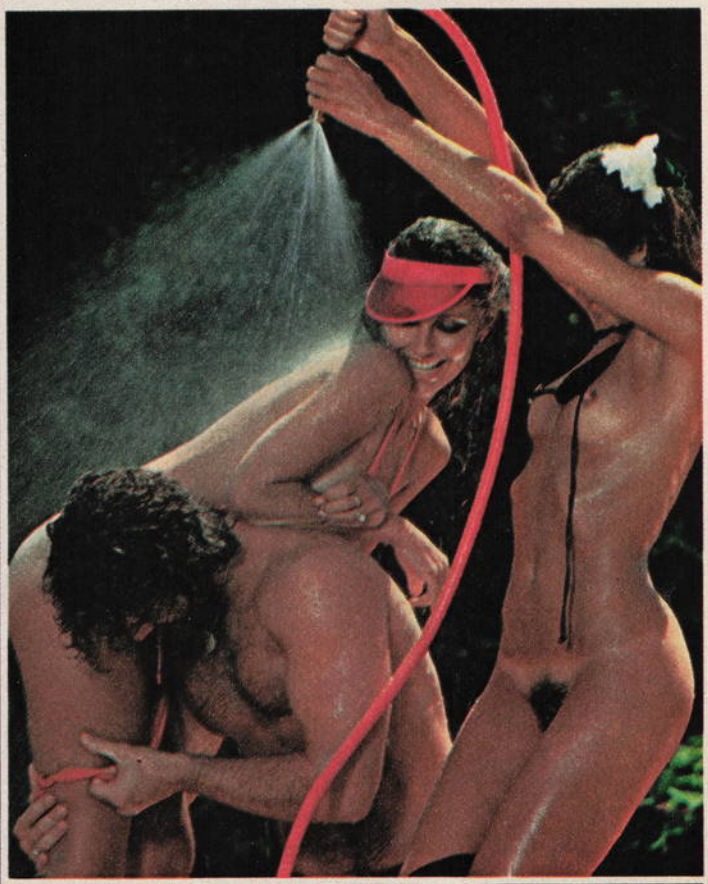


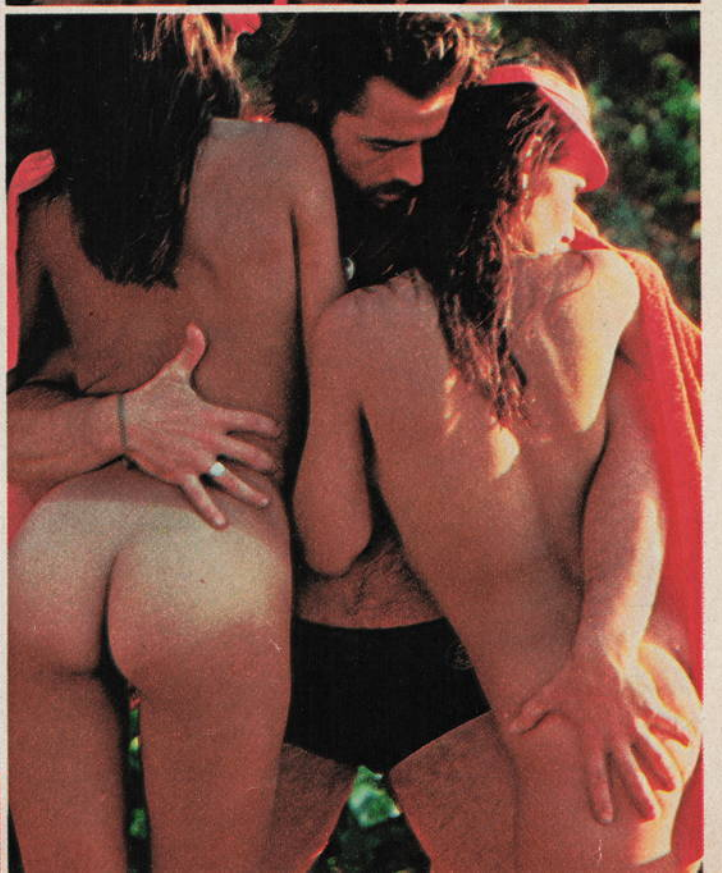
Photography by Jeff Dunas

Jack and Jill and Jane went up the sun deck to get a fetching tan. They stayed there all morning and most of the afternoon. The sun was very hot. How hot was it? Well, it was so hot you could poach most of your major internal organs if you breathed too deeply. Jack and Jill and Jane were all done in. "Whew!" they said, almost all at the same time. Jack decided to go get the hose and, using it in strict accordance with the drought guidelines, gave everybody a quick hosedown. "Pssssiisssttt!"



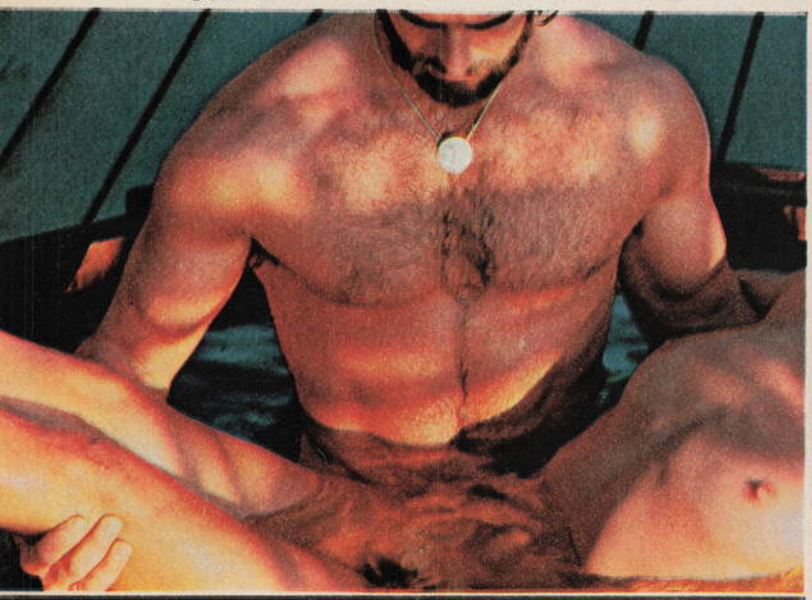
Jack and Jill and Jane's bodies said, almost all at the same time. "Aahh!" Jack and Jill and Jane's voices said contrapuntally. Jack got playful. Jill got out of her bikini. Jane had already gotten out of hers. And there they were, basking in God's own sun, snuggling up to one another, experiencing the joys of evaporation. Don't knock it, boys and girls; check it out next time you're wet in the sunshine. Focus on a droplet on a friend's navel. Now you see it, now you don't. Where'd it go? It just went away.

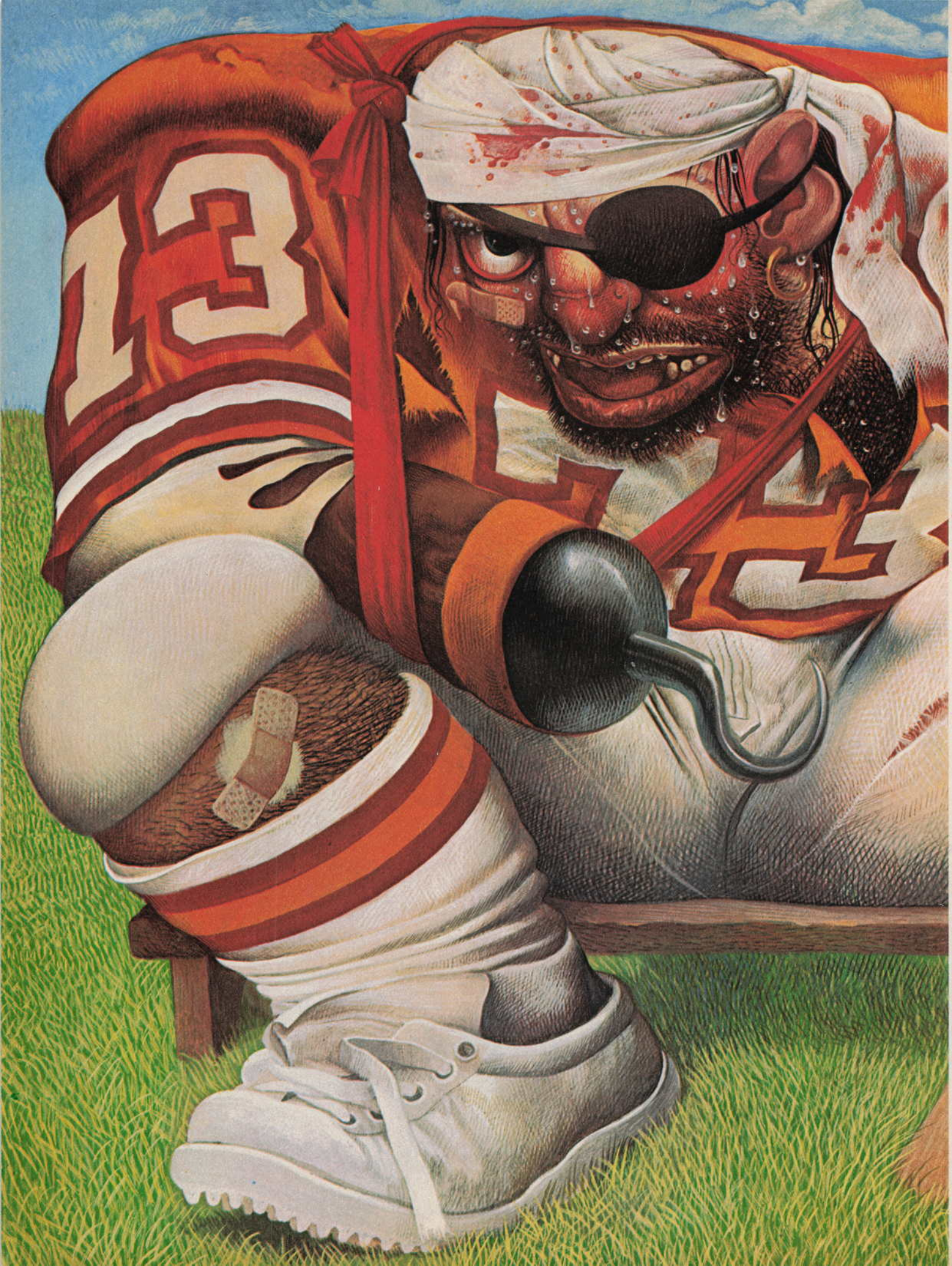




Jane and Jill are checking each other out, trying to figure just where the sun leaves a kiss and where the sun leaves teeth marks. Jill thinks Jane is peeling. Jane thinks Jill is jealous. Jack knows when to stay out of an argument. Besides, he's pooped. The sun takes a lot out of a person, and it's taken more than its share out of Jack. Best thing to do is lie back and consider inertia-as-lifestyle. Jane and Jill decide to play a game called "Last one in the tub can't play with the rubber duckie!"

Jack considers the distortions caused by water. He has a bothersome thought that Jill is broken in the middle. He investigates further. His fears are laid to rest. He checks out Jane for fissures. With his tongue. He lifts both of them out of the tub to make sure the rivulets of tubness rolling down Jane and Jill's backsides conform with the known laws of physics. They do. As the sun sets, we leave this happy threesome as the water did: without wrinkles.

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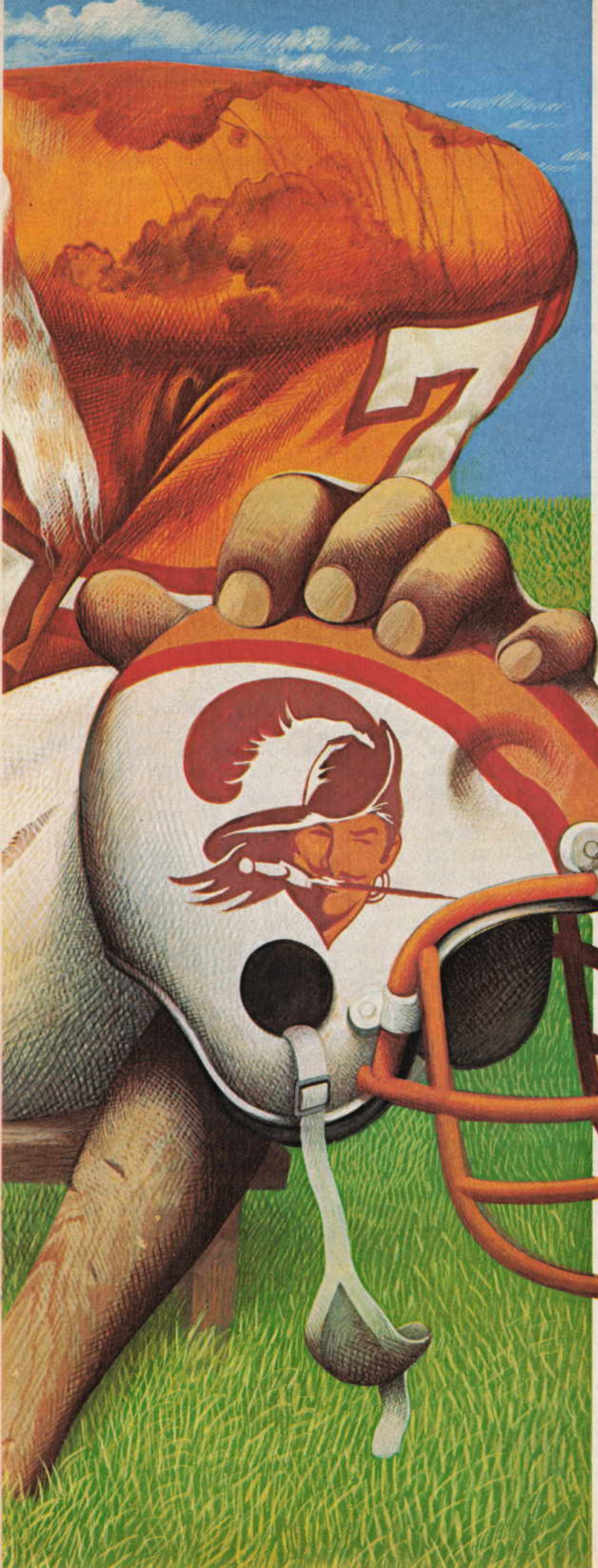

THE LOSINGEST TEAM IN FOOTBALL

A SEASON IN THE CELLAR WITH THE TAMPA BAY BUCCANEERS

ARTICLE BY JOHN CLANCY

As the legendary Vince Lombardi was fond of stating, "Winning isn't everything; it's the only thing." Thank God old Vince died before he even heard of the Tampa Bay Buccaneers, the losingest team in the history of pro football. Early in the 1976–1977 season—the team's first—the head coach said, "I don't believe in this business of winning being a matter of life and death. I think it is much more important than that." What was supposed to be tongue in cheek turned out to be foot in mouth. Wit does not replace winning.

The city of Tampa, Florida, is about as likely a place to find an N.F.L. franchise as is the planet Venus. First, the population of the town is only 301,000, not counting the adjoining town of St. Petersburg, America's senior-citizen capital. Then there is the weather. During the training and exhibition season in July and August, it is not uncommon for the playing field to bake under a 100-degree sun for days on end, and the temperature stays above 80 well into the fall.

Adding to the heat is the presence of the Mob. Because of all the surrounding bays and inlets, Tampa has become one of the most active narcotics-importation points in the United States. Every year, Tampa residents hear about major cocaine and heroin busts, and every year there seems to be at least one murder case where the defendant has been seen buttering his bread with olive oil. One of the Buccaneer players was viciously beaten in a bar last year by a bunch of hoods. Another player said that he would not be at all surprised to find Jimmy Hoffa floating in the pool at the Buccaneers' training site. One wag suggested that a better name for the team might be the Tampa Bay Cement Boots.

Tampa was chosen as a franchise site largely through the efforts of a promoter named Bill Marcum. After he convinced a public agency to float sufficient bonds to build a multimillion-dollar stadium that would seat 71,000 people, Marcum staged a number of professional exhibition games that drew an average of more

Illustration by Patrick Byrne

THE LOSINGEST TEAM IN FOOTBALL *It may be that the N.F.L. granted Tampa a franchise so that its horrible fate would serve as a warning to all other cities clamoring for a piece of the action.*

than 40,000 fans, and then sold the N.F.L. on the idea of a Tampa franchise.

The bigwigs in the N.F.L. were probably unaware that Tampa's biggest annual event is the Gasparilla Pirate Invasion, which celebrates the monstrous feats of an 18th Century pirate named José Gaspar. He was put to death. It is rumored that Gaspar's ghost has haunted the fledgling Buccaneers from the beginning—not so outrageous a thought when you consider that the team's logo shows a fellow with a dagger clenched in his teeth who is wearing a plumed hat and an earring. Of course, it may well be that the N.F.L. granted Tampa a franchise so that its horrible fate would serve as a warning to all other cities clamoring for a piece of the action.

In the beginning, it didn't look so bad. Former Raider talent scout Ron Wolf—widely regarded as a genius at selecting college talent—agreed to become vice-president of operations. It was as if Einstein had agreed to leave Princeton to manage a bowling alley in Chowchilla. Next came an even bolder move: In exchange for a five-year contract and a $250,000 house on the water, Southern Cal coach John McKay was persuaded to leave his record-breaking Trojans to coach his first pro team. In his 16 years on the USC campus, the legendary McKay had led the Trojans to four national titles and nine bowl games while coaching the likes of O. J. Simpson, Mike Garrett, Anthony Davis and many other superb players who went on to play professional football.

In a 1974 autobiography, McKay wrote that he had turned down six pro offers, including one from the Los Angeles Rams, because his heart belonged on-campus. So there was genuine shock when he announced on the eve of the Cal-USC game in 1975 that he was going to Tampa. Cal won that game—after which some students ran around the field with a banner that read: COACH FLEES TO FLORIDA AFTER CAL WHIPS HIS ASS. USC also lost its next four contests. A karmic presage of the curse of Tampa?

The Legend is a rarity among big-time coaches. For one thing, he has a sense of humor. Would Woody Hayes have indulged in witticisms when the Buckeyes screwed up? McKay once said to his last USC team: "If this team doesn't want to go to the Rose Bowl, that's all right with me. I've been there before." On another occasion, when asked how he managed to recruit his son Johnny to play for USC, the Legend replied that he did have a certain advantage, "having known the boy's mother for twenty years." Even an angry McKay, when criticized for having O. J. Simpson carry the ball too many times, had the presence of mind to snap, "The football isn't heavy and he doesn't belong to any union."

McKay could have been sent to the Tampa Bay head-coach job by Central Casting. He sits in a quiet, tastefully decorated office and puffs on a big cigar, his white hair combed neatly across his forehead and his eyes twinkling behind plain-rimmed glasses. The man has style. When interviewed, he lets you know that he has been over this ground before but that he will graciously allow you to go over it again. He likes to throw out seemingly spontaneous one-liners: "There are only two kinds of football coaches: those who have been, and those who will be, fired," or, "I was a lot smarter last year at this time." There is something in the delivery that tips you off that he has said them before.

McKay hired two top pro coaches to be his assistants: John Rauch to head the offense and Abe Gibron to head the defense. Rauch, you will remember, is the fellow who led the Oakland Raiders to their first Super Bowl in 1967 and Gibron is the former All-Pro player who coached the Chicago Bears. He was loved by both players and fans; in fact, he is probably the most popular losing coach in the history of professional football. Gibron stands about six feet ("I used to be 6'5""), weighs about 320 pounds and speaks in a roar. It is said that after one particularly bad game in Chicago he screamed in the dressing room that his team was "the worst bunch of assholes who had ever played pro football." After ranting and raving some more, he broke into a grin and shouted, "Well, you may be assholes, but you are *my* assholes; let's go get some drinks."

Next, McKay had to get some players—not an easy task under the current rules for expansion-team player selection, which favor, naturally enough, the existing teams. The way it works is this: Each existing team makes available 13 of its 43 men, and every time one is chosen, one of the remaining players can be withdrawn and protected. The result is that an expansion team usually gets its veterans from the least-wanted players on the other teams. Paul Brown, who coached such a team at Cincinnati, once said, "We wound up with the dregs. It looked like the French Foreign Legion."

Thus it was quite a surprise when Tampa ended up drafting two starters from winning teams. Bob Moore, an Oakland Raiders tight end, suddenly found himself at the opposite end of the football spectrum—from contender to stumble bum. So did Pat Toomay, a defensive end who formerly played for Dallas and Buffalo. University of Florida star quarterback Steve Spurrier was acquired in a trade with the San Francisco 49ers. This was the cream of the crop. In the college draft that followed, Tampa picked Lee Roy Selmon, a monster defensive end from Oklahoma, but the only nationally recognizable name Tampa selected after that was Selmon's brother Dewey. Of course, McKay also brought along his recently graduated son, Johnny, as a wide receiver.

The players and coaches all got together for the first time on July fifth at a newly built practice facility in Tampa. From the outset, the Legend tried to lower expectations among the fans and the press. "It would be a mistake to try and win too fast," he said. "I don't want to do everything for a victory or two when the principal idea is to build a football team." He also pointed out that, on the basis of the average age of the players, Tampa Bay had the youngest team in the N.F.L.

Daily double-practice sessions began under the broiling sun. The casualties were many; players referred to the weeding-out process as getting the hook. It meant turn in your playbook and get the hell out of town, fast. Being fired from the Buccaneers was serious business—Tampa was already at the bottom of the barrel, and where could a player go from there? It was like being 86ed from a leper colony. As the hook was more and more liberally applied, the players made bitter jokes about wearing removable numbers; they also remarked on how convenient it was that the airport bordered the practice field. One veteran commented, "Guys were cut who had played for years and McKay didn't even talk to them. When your time comes, and it will come for all of us, you should at least know how you fucked up. I guess what I'm talking about is a *(Continued on page 129)*

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The War of the Flowers

In the villages of the Mexican Sierras, the peasants have finally found a crop worth cultivating. And now the federales and the American DEA are trying to take it away from them.

A front-line report by Craig Pyes

It was the Day of the Dead, November 1975, and the orchestra had been playing for 24 hours when the old man and the boy left the *fiesta* in Santiago de los Caballeros and journeyed down to the fields to irrigate the marijuana. In another week, the plants would be ready for harvest; then the old man and the boy would sow the poppies for the dry season. In the spring, they would collect the opium gum. In the summer, they would again plant marijuana.

This would be the cycle for not only Santiago de los Caballeros but for hundreds of other villages in the Sierra Madre of northwest Mexico. The 240 inhabitants of the village had watched as nearly two thirds of the crumbling adobes had been rebuilt of brick and cement, with gardens, electricity and plumbing. This improvement of the peasants' lot had been brought about not by the Mexican Revolution but by *contrabandistas* and *pistoleros*, the mercenary soldiers of the *narcotraficantes*.

Santiago de los Caballeros is the territory of the *pistolero* "El Culiche," who has about 20 triggermen at his service. He keeps the town in business, channeling its narcotic produce into the "Mexican connection" en route to the great American market. Debts in this business are paid with bullets, and more than 100 people are said to have defaulted to El Culiche's gang. But El Culiche is a *compadre* to the village, and because of this, the military believed that he would be in Santiago for the *fiesta*.

When the 16 men of the army patrol reached the marijuana plantation, they arrested the old man and the boy. According to the military, a band of four of El Culiche's *pistoleros* happened to pass by and opened fire on the patrol. The soldiers returned the fire and the outgunned *pistoleros* raced back into the cover of the Sierra. There were no casualties.

When the army reached the village, they heard the *tambora* music. At funerals and on the Day of the Dead, the tradition is to play *tambora* in the graveyard. The *campesinos* were playing and singing *La Chiclenera*, a song about a woman who works in the chicle fields in the south of Mexico. The fields were worked originally by slaves and they still symbolize the most grinding poverty. In the Sierra, the song's words have a double meaning: Here chicle is the word for the crude opium gum that has made people rich. Thus the people were singing *La Chiclenera* with gusto in Santiago de los Caballeros—which means Santiago of the Gentlemen—when the army surrounded the *fiesta*, and its commander yelled: "Gentlemen, this is the army! You are surrounded!"

The battle lasted almost an hour. Some of the army's high-powered shells were fired into one end of the town, ripped through buildings and came out the other end, shattering candy skulls and death's-heads hung for the celebration. From inside the village, the volleys were returned from every house. Before the day had ended, the dead numbered 13: one soldier and 12 *caballeros*. El Culiche's *pistoleros* escaped in a Jeep and were never caught.

The next morning, army support units from the Military Zone IX arrived and made a thorough search of the town. In any other part of rural Mexico, such a search would have turned up little more than a few flies. But in Santiago de los Caballeros, the army discovered 176 cases of beer, 400 grams of cocaine, two kilos of pure heroin and 67,000 kilo bricks of marijuana packaged and

Illustrations by Julian Allen

waiting to be sent to the United States. Also found were four hydraulic presses that had compacted the bricks, 74 high-powered rifles (including seven AK-47s), 207 handguns and 2000 rounds of ammunition. Just outside of town the soldiers discovered a hidden airstrip and two abandoned airplanes; parked around the airstrip were 16 late-model Ford Ranger pickups worth more than $20,000 each. When the local peasants were questioned, they could not recall to whom these trucks belonged. "Many people just come here and leave pickups," one confounded *campesino* told a reporter. "One returns for his, another doesn't; so here they stay."

Santiago de los Caballeros is a typical town in the Sierra Madre, and the battle that happened there on the Day of the Dead is only the beginning of the story behind every joint you smoke.

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The Mexican government, with the support and assistance of the United States, is now involved in fighting the major opium war of the 20th Century. Mexican troop strength is estimated at around 5000, plus 250 government agents, plus American law-enforcement personnel. The majority of the forces are concentrated in Zone VI, the government's designation for a 40,000-square-mile mountainous region comprising parts of the states of Sinaloa, Chihuahua and Durango. The territory is also known as Mexico's Golden Triangle.

From this region comes more than 80 percent of America's heroin and a much smaller percentage of its marijuana; also, most of the cocaine from South America comes to this region to be processed and is then distributed north. In short, the Golden Triangle, with its capital at Culiacán, Sinaloa, supplies the juice on which the Mexican connection runs. It is a multibillion-dollar annual business. It is, in fact, an entire economy.

American involvement in this opium war remains a sensitive diplomatic problem, because we are mixed up in the internal affairs of a neighboring country in a rather blatant, paramilitary sort of way. The U. S. Government justifies its involvement through the Drug Enforcement Administration's narcotics-assistance program, an operation that many critics say is used as a cover by the CIA. A DEA agent we spoke to in Culiacán characterized his presence

there as "doing the Lord's work." He did not claim God was on his agency's side, only that "You might say that we, too, move in mysterious ways."

Part of the mystery in the movement is its Möbius-strip aspect: Even though the dope is actually in Mexico, the dope *problem* is in the United States; even though the dope war is run by Mexicans, it was conceived, designed, implemented, monitored and cofunded by the United States; and, even though the Golden Triangle is Mexico's Zone VI, it is also a part of the DEA's region 15 (a territory that runs from the American border to Costa Rica) and it is administered from a half floor of offices in the American Embassy in Mexico City; the offices have code locks on all their doors, including those to the bathroom.

Behind the locks are 35 DEA special agents who oversee 46 helicopters and 12 light planes, training pilots and two multispectral photographic systems. This setup has cost the American taxpayer $35,300,000 since 1970, or $8,200,000 a year, and has been described as "the largest nonmilitary force in Latin America."

The multispectral reconnaissance systems use a four-lens aerial camera and are considered to be the keys to success in the present operation. The camera was developed by Spectral Data Corporation of Hauppauge, New York, and is capable of photographing 1200 square kilometers a day. The photographs are developed within 24 hours and then analyzed on a spectrograph; marijuana and opium fields are identified by reflection of their spectral signs.

Individual photographs are put together to form a mosaic. The fields are then located by air and sprayed systematically with herbicides. The herbicides are delivered by Huey helicopters, supplied by the Bell Corporation of Dallas, Texas, and serviced by American mechanics. They are piloted by Mexican special agents who have been trained by American pilots, mostly Vietnam veterans contracted through Evergreen Helicopters of McMinnville, Oregon. Every day at seven in the morning the helicopters go out; every day at four in the afternoon they come back. After they have finished bathing an area, the area is invaded by the Mexican army.

At present, Mexico is the only country in the world to use aerial warfare against narcoculture, and this effort marks the first time since 1972—when the French connection from Marseilles was smashed and Mexico became the main supplier of heroin to the United States—that a massive counteroffensive has been launched. The Mexican program, in fact, is an experimental model for the rest of the world, and in January 1977, the program entered its most intensive phase: Operation Condor. Condor's designers believe that it will finally pull the plug on the Mexican connection.

Condor, from first impressions, appears to be working. "It has made things so tight in Culiacan right now," a drug dealer told us, "that the only place I could get my cocaine was from the police." The coordination of Operation Condor is carried out from a concrete bunker in Culiacán, protected by a permanent army guard, which is the Procuraduría General substation. Every night at 7:00 P.M., officers of the federal judicial police, two Mexican army generals and representatives from the DEA attend a strategy meeting in the office of lawyer Carlos Aguilar Garza, a former prosecutor and present head of the federal antidrug program in Sinaloa.

Aguilar is to the opium war what Elliot Ness was to the prohibition war—completely honorable. He is a swarthy, round-shouldered man, who keeps a cigarette cupped in his right hand and makes points with his fist. When you're in his office, he sits behind a desk covered with manila folders, unopened telegrams, photos, requisition orders and books such as *Mexico Before the Drug Challenge* and *New Opium Legislation*, pretending to be unaware of your presence. But, if you glance away, his eyes bore into you like a lizard asleep on a rock, looking for evidence of the hidden CIA agent, or the paid assassin. The *narcotraficantes* would give $1,000,000 for someone to put a bullet through his head.

"Now is the time that the poppy is beginning to reach the right height," he explained. "In 10 or 20 days more, the *campesinos* begin to score the poppy bulbs to collect the gum. But just before

they raise their knives, we will destroy their fields."

To the American agents, the Mexicans seem dedicated but undisciplined. Take Alejandro, a blue-eyed *federal* in his late 20s with a long, curving knife scar on his belly that he received in a cantina fight. Alejandro claims to be following his own uncertain road to truth. He has spent time at an institute in Cuernavaca, sun-bathing nude and studying meditation and mind control. Alejandro became a federal agent because he gets high on danger and, outside of bullfighting, this is the most dangerous job there is. "When you live your life dangerously," he said wryly, "you live twice." Most of the Mexican agents were like that. Their rules were as rugged as the terrain.

The Americans, on the other hand, are rigid and circumspect, perfect machine-culture hominoids, who are needed to bring a straight line to a country where there is no shortest distance between two points. The straight line the DEA offered—or rather boasted—was that it could photograph the Sierras in 40 days for a mere $2,000,000. The Mexicans believed the DEA, because the one thing the slick Americans really do know how to do is make things work.

Four months later, however, much of the Sierras remained as mysterious as ever. The Sierras look manageable and decorative from the air and completely controllable and open on a map; but on the ground, they are dense, obscure and massive. They are inaccessible to ordinary human approaches. A high Mexican official remarked, "The super-*machos*, the DEA, are scared to go up there. They are making too much money. They like to save their weekends to play tennis and enjoy their nice house with their wife and kids."

As the U. S. learned in Vietnam, it is the spirit of the people and not the weaponry that in large part determines the outcome of a conflict. The Sierra of the Golden Triangle is one of the most infamous regions in Mexico. It once served as the impenetrable refuge of Pancho Villa's "tigers of the north," and while they were there, they were invincible. The 30,000 to 40,000 peasants who live in this area derive their income solely from heroin and marijuana. Their culture is a Sam Peckinpah fantasy; the people refer to themselves as *broncos*, a word that can be translated as the wild bunch.

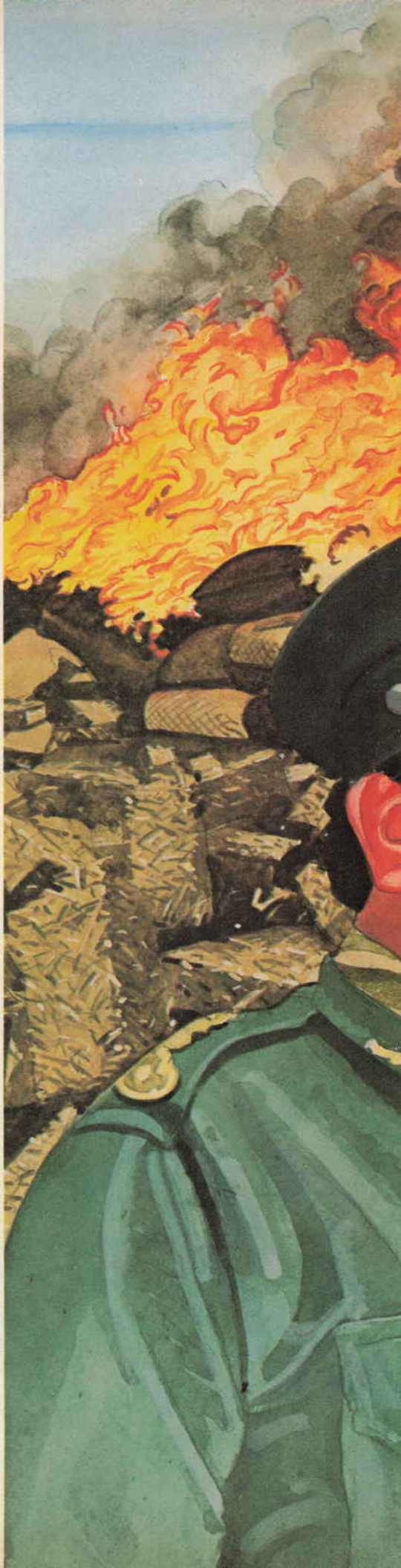
"In Sinaloa," a popular saying goes, "if a man doesn't have a *pistola*, it's because he has two." But *pistolas* are the least of what these *broncos* have, according to Mexican and American officials. They believe that *mafiosi* in the States are buying guns from the crime lords in Hong Kong—who obtained them from gangster sources in Vietnam after the American pull-out—and funneling the weapons (captured AK-47s and M-16s) down to the Mexican Sierras, where they are exchanged for dope.

And the people know how to use the weapons. Last year, 22 Mexican field agents were killed. "Those *campesinos* are afraid of us not because we're *macho* but because we're *mucho*," Alejandro pontificated. "Ochoa Meléndez, a federal agent who was the national marksmanship champion of Mexico, went up into the Sierras last year; when he came back, he swore that any 15-year-old up there could outshoot him. At 60 yards, the *campesinos* can fast-draw a Browning 9mm and clear the fruit off a cactus. They *feel* the gun, do you understand? They don't aim it. The next time Ochoa Meléndez went up there—well, he never came back."

As you fly low over the Sierra Madre, you can see the bright olive-green opium plantations, bejeweled with lavender-and-scarlet foliage, meandering along the river beds, hidden under trees in a shadowed area of a valley, under a protecting mountain ledge, in folds and pockets and crevices, or even trellised on sheer cliff faces. They are tended by men whose ages range from 15 to 40, who spend most of the week away from their families in the solitude of the mountains, guarding their plots against marauding cows with a newly developed taste for the delicate poppy. The helicopter landed next to two small plots and the passengers—the author and several *federales*—discovered there a *secador*, a device used for drying marijuana and for camping. The owner was nowhere in sight.

The nearby fields were planted on government land far away from any village, as are the majority of opium plots. The Sierra soil is fertile and the mountain climate beneficent, allowing two growing seasons a year—one for marijuana, the other, on the same soil, for opium. In the summer, the peasants plant the marijuana, and in November, they harvest it; the yield is sometimes as great as ten tons per hectare. After harvesting the marijuana, the peasants plant poppies. In April and May, after the flowers have fallen off and the bulb is rich with alkaloids, women and children are sent out to collect the *goma* (gum). They make an incision in the bulb one day and then return the next morning to collect the sticky, oozing fluid.

Immediately after harvest, the crude gum is poured into a 55-gallon drum; water and slaked lime are added to separate the morphine base. The morphine is then shipped to kitchen-type laboratories in Culiacán, Los Mochis or Mocorito, where the end product is a 60 to 75 percent pure heroin called Mexican



brown—brown because it misses a stage in filtration. From the laboratories, the heroin goes to the border, where it is smuggled in by carriers to the main distribution points in Los Angeles, Tucson and Chicago, and from there into the veins of 500,000 American junkies. By this time, the mixture is only six percent pure heroin and 94 percent garbage, but this is of no concern to the peasant, who, in the more remote regions, still believes he is being paid for growing flowers.

Dope is the only cash crop that has ever been introduced into the Sierras. There are no effective government programs in the area, and the sudden infusion of capital has caused such inflation in the cost of basic foodstuffs that if a *campesino*—out of some form of idealism or honor—refused to become involved in the cultivation of illicit drugs, he would die of starvation. In order to cultivate a *legal* crop, the peasant must finance the sowing and the irrigation and arrange transport to the city himself; if he chooses to grow narcotics, a friendly representative of the families will front him the money, provide the seeds and transport the harvest. If the military discovers and destroys his plantations, none of the front money need be returned. For this reason, as far as the government is concerned, every peasant is an enemy—not from ideology, but economy.

"Everyone in this town is mixed up in the narcotics mess," a *campesino* confessed during questioning at Santiago de los Caballeros. "If they are children, even six or eight years old, they help to plant and irrigate it; if they are young people, they cultivate the marijuana and make the business; if they are old, they make it into bricks and clean the seeds before sowing. Everyone protects one another and that's how this pueblo is. That's how most of them are."

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In Washington, officials tend to look upon the armed peasants in these mountains as guerrillas; but the only way they will be guerrillas is if the continued American presence makes them so. While the U. S. characterizes the conflict as a war, in reality there is only one army: the Mexican army, whose soldiers the peasants despise. The people here call them "green sardines," "watermelons," or "orphans," the name for federal soldiers during the Mexican Revolution. The peasants are fiercely individualistic and view all governments as the same; among them, therefore, there are no leaders, no grand ideas. What began as a simple commitment to survival has evolved into the mentality of the outlaw. The peasants are not interested in spreading this mentality. "The

THE WAR OF THE FLOWERS *Last November the family warfare reached a temporary climax in a gun battle between two prominent families in the middle of Culiacán, the drug capital of Mexico.*

politics of the *campesino*," as a source in the opium trade put it, "is never to say anything to anybody." If a *campesino* talks, he will be sentenced to silence. This is known as one of the first laws of the Sierras.

The sentencing is carried out by the *pistoleros*. If a family wants to kill someone who talks, it contacts the chief of the *pistoleros*. These legendary bandits and executioners are the new "tigers of the north." Their names and exploits are repeated proudly by the people, like the tales of our wild-West heroes—*pistoleros* like El Culiche in Santiago de los Caballeros, and El Cochiloco in San Ignácio and Mazatlán, who is now perhaps the most famous bandit in all of Mexico.

El Cochiloco's real name is Manuel Salcido Uzeta and he is from San Ignácio, a small town near Mazatlán at the base of a particularly rugged part of the Sierras. "Cochi," as he is affectionately known, is 27 years old, has green eyes, a friendly disposition and an educated manner. He usually walks under a sombrero of the finest palm, dressed in the loose-pleated shirt called a *guayabera*, slacks and boots of the best leather. Rumor credits him with some 400 murders. "He is a mechanic of death," one junkie told me admiringly.

According to *Noroeste* reporter Roberto Martínez Montenegro, who has been covering the dope war in Culiacán for three years, El Cochiloco had police agents on his payroll in 1976. He knows how to cut through the red tape of government bureaucracy. Offering an $8500-per-head bounty, the police captured seven of Cochi's rivals and brought them to him at his ranch, El Guajote, for "sentencing." There Cochi tortured the upstarts, cut them into pieces while still alive, put the pieces into plastic bags and buried them. The crime was discovered by accident, and after an investigation, El Cochiloco was apprehended in Guadalajara and remanded to Culiacán for custody. In one of those legendary offers that can't be refused, Cochi offered the prison authorities a deal: Either they could make more money than they normally could expect in a lifetime or they could invest what they had in burial plots for themselves and their families. The next morning, El Cochiloco, his two guards and the assistant warden in charge of the prison were somewhere up in the Sierras.

While El Cochiloco, which means the crazy pig, may seem to play a little rough, to many of the people in the region of the Sierras, he is only dispensing justice. One of my sources, who claims to have met El Cochiloco, told me, "El Cochiloco is one of the finest people there are. This is his real face. If his people need help, he helps the people."

This source was a salesman of bullet-proof vests, a man who was himself wanted by the police for two murders committed a few months before in a gun battle in downtown Culiacán. When we met the first time, I was immediately advised, "Here nobody knows who anybody is—and we don't ask what they do. Nobody gives his true name, only nicknames and aliases."

My source calls himself "the engineer." He loves the *tambora*, works in the Sierras during harvest seasons and is full of information about the wonders of Kevlar. After I had gained his trust, he became my guide through the honeycombs along the fringes of the Mexican Mafias. When we needed to talk, I would leave a note in a bookstore. When agents of the federal police chanced upon my contact, I stopped leaving the notes. "Good thing," I was told. "We have information that it is a setup and he's trying to kill you."

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One of the little-known mechanisms in this war on drugs is a concept of Machiavellian simplicity: Cut the supply off at its source in the mountains and the pressure of making deliveries will blow the Mexican connection apart from the inside, as the local Mafia chieftains liquidate one another to make good their debts. In Culiacán, they call this staccato rhythm of liquidation "the song of the machine gun." There are many different versions of this song and all of them have been hits.

Culiacán, located just 450 miles south of the American border, is the nerve center of the heroin trade and the drug capital of the Western hemisphere. It is the home base of some 20 principal families making up the heart of the Mexican Mafia, and it is they who control the supply of marijuana and Mexican brown to the United States.

While the federal authorities realize that the Mexican Mafia is too tightly entwined for them to unravel it, it is vulnerable to the law of vengeance. *La venganza cuesta la vida* (The price of revenge is life) is what they say here. "What that means," Alejandro tried to explain one day, while doodling on a tree whose wood would be used for coffins, "is if you have to kill the father, you better kill all the sons, the father's brothers and the family in-laws, before they kill you."

In 1975, there were 1775 murders in Culiacán and its environs—many more than occurred in the highly publicized trouble spots of Beirut, Buenos Aires or Northern Ireland during that same year. Last year there were between 2.7 and 3.8 murders a day (depending on whose figures you accept), which is a murder rate double that of Detroit, Murder City U.S.A. The Mexican press has begun calling Culiacán the Mexican Chicago—an allusion to the days when gangland violence shook that city—but Culiacán has only 350,000 inhabitants and the equivalent of a St. Valentine's Day massacre every two weeks.

The *gomeros* drive about in the modern version of the Thirties Packard: a Ford Ranger pickup with smoked windows, chromium side strips and no license plates. The Ford Ranger is preferred two-to-one over its nearest competitor, the Chevy Cheyenne. A Ranger is excellent for hauling produce from the farms and opium from the Sierras, and it still has enough room for four or five *pistoleros* with machine guns. When two *gomeros* pass each other in their Rangers, both instinctively slouch down and put a protective grip around the stock of their weapons.

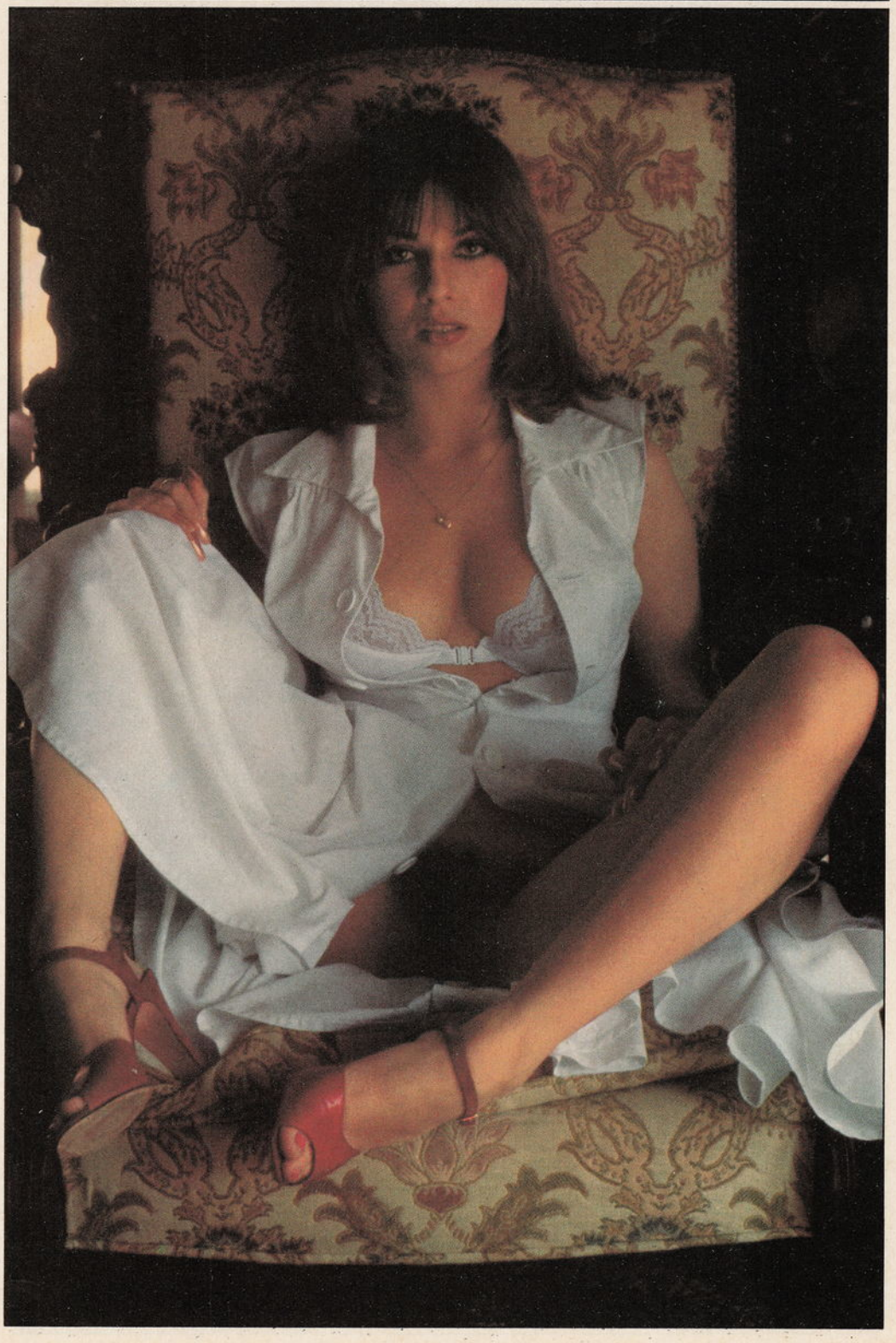
Last November the family warfare reached a temporary climax in a pitched gun battle between two prominent families in the middle of Culiacán. As a young member of the LaFarga family was fixing a flat tire on his pickup, a young member of the Quintero family drove by and shot him. The Quintero then drove to El Salado, a small town on the Mazatlán Highway, to drink a beer and celebrate the diminution of the enemy. But before he was properly drunk, two pickups with 20 *pistoleros* belonging to the LaFarga clan came to join the celebration, and the young Quintero turned out to be the life of the party.

There are two major funeral parlors in Culiacán: San Martín, which was filled with LaFargas, and La Mexicana, around the corner, which was occupied by Quinteros. As is the custom, each family had planned a funeral procession from their separate parlors to a nearby chapel, there to mourn their dead. Luckily for the LaFargas, a family member confused the directions and went straight to the family chapel; there she noticed that the mourners all carried submachine guns and bore the other family name Quintero.

At four P.M., the two funeral processions started out in silence and tears. As they reached the Centro de Salud, simultaneously approaching from different directions, a *(Continued on page 108)*

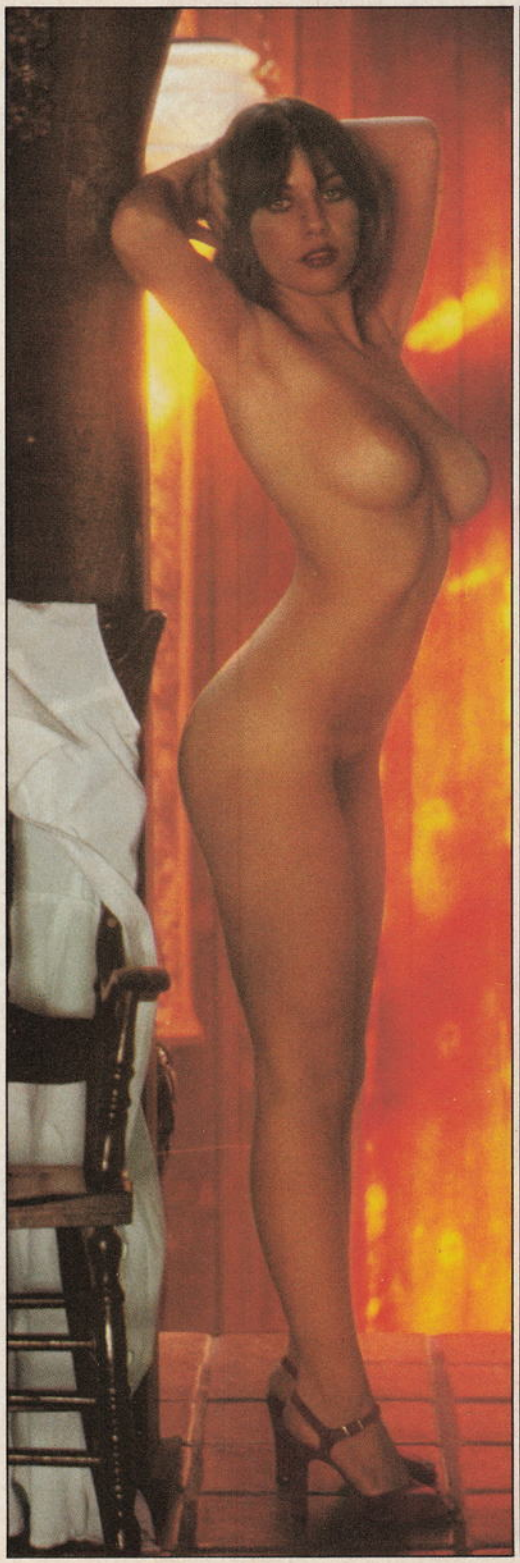
GEORGIA

SHE KNOWS WHEN TO HOLD BACK



She is a paradox in a country of paradoxes. Which is to say, she is English. She can trace her lineage back to Stonehenge—and a certain Spanish galleon that crashed on the rocks. At 21, Georgia is a student of inorganic chemistry with a penchant for the Sex Pistols. She knows all about fission, fusion and fashion. She can speak quite persuasively on why enormous peasant dresses won't sell (they hide too many of a girl's binding atoms). One of her professors gave her a Mark Rothko painting with red exploding in all directions. She knows it cost an arm and a leg. She also knows she can't stand it. She made no apologies. The painting now hangs in her bathroom to cover a crack. She doesn't have to add

up. When you think you have her number, she erases the equation. When others fight shy, Georgia charges to the heart of the matter in blazing, brazen glory. She looks for a man to scale the cliffs of Dover, kiss her hereditary tears away during a thunderstorm, try *ligotage*. But the cliff climbers and the tear kissers belong to hostile tribes; don't even ask about the *ligotage* tryers. Georgia has learned to compromise. But she always looks her compromise straight in the eye and refuses to call it by any other name. Georgia remembers a student of 16 and the priest he became a few years later. She remembers the dryness in her throat when they met again and the panic when it was



too late to back out. In her dreams, she knows warm hands, shining hair, erotic auras. If she wakes to a man, they make something resembling love. But when she finally possesses the right man, they will not merely trade bodies, they will trade all. Going out of business; everything must go. The business Georgia will be going out of is the business of compromise. She will speak the unspoken, tell how she stole her best friend's sapphire ring just to feel wicked; how she caressed the metal till it chilled her to the core and she cried out and flung it into the Thames. This confession will be a token of her faith. Georgia will initiate no new secrets, although certain older ones—her strange moments of *déjà vu*, her impulses with black wings—will remain in her custody. Too much knowledge is a dangerous thing, and Georgia knows that the way of sin is to reveal all.

Photography by Jeff Dunas

THE WAR OF THE FLOWERS *The destruction of the fields in the mountains will cause a sudden impoverishment among the peasantry, which could lead to a Vietnam-type guerrilla war.*

(Continued from page 100) full-scale gun battle erupted, leaving many dead and wounded. Afterward, the remaining processioners re-formed and continued on their ways. When the LaFargas arrived at the chapel, having been alerted beforehand by the woman, they approached with machine guns blasting. After the LaFargas had cleared out the Quinteros, they held a mass and proceeded to the graveyard. Here the battle flared anew and again there were casualties. For 45 minutes, the LaFargas and Quinteros fired on each other from behind tombstones, and then, just as with a sudden clearing of a stormy sky, both families collected their dead and wounded and went home.

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Whether the Mexican and American governments are winning the dope war is a question that won't be answered until we have a better assessment of what "winning" means. It is now two years after the battle of Santiago de los Caballeros. When I asked attorney Aguilar, who had cooperated with our investigative efforts (as had the whole Mexican government), to take me up to that mountain pueblo, he shook his head and said, "I would need two helicopters and 200 men to take you in there."

A woman who originally comes from Santiago de los Caballeros, and whom I met working in a Culiacán hotel, explained, "It is bad in the Sierras. In these little ranch towns, the mountain people can plant only the marijuana and the poppies. When they look up from their dreams among the precious little flowers and see the military, they see the government and the government stands for jail. The government has given them *nada*. Why shouldn't they go for broke?"

The new López Portillo administration, which has been cooperating fully with the U. S. antidrug effort in Mexico, seems committed to a continuation, if not an intensification, of this policy by its appointment of General José Hernández Toledo to head the army's Operation Condor offensive. The general, a swarthy man with a trim gray mustache and a figure like Sancho Panza, has a reputation as the most *cabrón* general in Mexico, though not necessarily for his skill on the battlefield. He is known privately as "the butcher of Tlateloco" for his part in planning the massacre of demonstrating students in the Plaza of the Three Cultures in Mexico City in 1968, just before the Olympic games.

As we accompanied the general in a big Bell Huey helicopter out to an army base in Badiraguato, at the foot of the Sierras just below Santiago de los Caballeros, the general talked about eradicating the plantations in a given area. "We have destroyed nearly 4000 plantations on foot and the Procuraduría nearly 5000," the general shouted over the droning blades. "Operation Condor utilizes 2500 men. In this zone of Badiraguato, we have 1300 troops in 90 platoons averaging ten square kilometers per day. In the last 118 days, we have deloused 20,000 square kilometers."

As we started to come in over the roofs of the thatched houses, one could see an airstrip just outside of town, and on it three haystack-sized mounds of what might have been compost, had they not been surrounded by soldiers of the Mexican army. On closer inspection, one saw that the musty hillocks had been assembled of kilo bricks comprising 80 tons of pot and enough poppy seeds to flavor all the bagels in New York City.

Later, as the government dignitaries and press assembled near the hillocks, the curious townspeople gathered behind them to watch the year's work go up in smoke. The people were not depressed, however; they were completely entranced by the spectacle. Then, amid the whirring of movie cameras, General Cervantes, commander of the Military Zone IX, General Hernández, Carlos Aguilar and Sub Procurador Samuel Alba, who collectively represent the Mexican high command of this opium war, ceremoniously put the torch to their bounty. Almost immediately, large columns of black smoke funneled into the sky as the gigantic, psychoactive loaves burned down into a thick, boiling lake of THC, reminding one of the "smoking mirror" of the Aztecs, or a monumental sacrifice to raise the spirits of the sun.

But it also represented the ultimate failure of a military adventure that is all carrot and no stick; the counting of confiscated kilos is, in the long run, as vacuous as body counts in other wars. For example, there is still no industry in Badiraguato: The building of a road to Chihuahua has given employment to a few people and a new marble factory has provided jobs for a few more, but the destruction of the plantations has caused large migrations to the city, where there is no work. The government program of introducing rural industries has been a total failure, according to the people who live there. Land distribution to the peasantry has been worse. Yet in the past two years, more than 30,000 peasants have lost their land because they were caught growing narcotics.

In the zone of Badiraguato, more than 5000 plantations were destroyed this year; in all of the Golden Triangle, 9053 hectares of opium poppies and marijuana were eradicated. The total extent of the destruction is estimated at seven tons of heroin, which will represent about 60 to 85 percent of the harvest. What the United States hopes to achieve by this program is hard to say.

If "winning" is measured by temporarily removing large quantities of heroin from the American market, then the U. S. adventure in Mexico has been devilishly effective. Last year, of the seven tons of heroin that entered the United States from Mexico, U. S. Customs officials confiscated only seven kilos at the border. But now, after Operation Condor, according to DEA sources, the price of heroin has tripled. This will cause a corresponding rise in crime in American cities and a tripling of profits for its Mafia dealers.

The destruction of the fields in the mountains will cause a sudden impoverishment among the peasantry, which could lead to greater politicalization and the possibility of a Vietnam-type guerrilla war in the not-too-distant future. However, the destruction of the plantations will not permanently cripple the supply; already the families are contracting peasants to introduce this treasure of the Sierra Madre into the endless, forbidden canyons of Chihuahua, which the government's light planes and helicopters cannot enter because of dangerous wind conditions.

As I left Culiacán earlier this year, the feeling was that Operation Condor had "heated up the plaza" for the *narcotraficantes* and that things were considerably quieter than before. While the papers published endless statistics on arrests, confiscations and destruction of crops, the murder rate had dropped to a mere one a day—and not a helicopter had been shot down, not an agent killed. My sources informed me that the important dealers had decided that this was just the time to take a long-needed vacation and had left town.

The one thing everybody seemed agreed upon was that the violence had subsided *too* suddenly. Then, just as I began writing this report, a plane was shot down over the mountains of Chihuahua, killing two federal agents; now, as I finish it, four more federal agents have been killed, including the military advisor to Operation Condor. The machine gun may never stop singing in Culiacán—at least as long as we mistake the source as being the slopes of the Sierras rather than the mind of the junkie. ▣

WHO

Eva Sereny/

Marthe Keller and Al Pacino: hot twosome

In the movie *Bobby Deerfield*, Al Pacino plays his first romantic leading role. Was that the reason he became romantically involved with his costar, Swiss actress Marthe Keller? Maybe. Neither is willing to talk much about their offscreen relationship, although they have been living together for a year. In the film, Pacino is a Grand Prix race driver who meets Keller at a spa in Switzerland, where she has gone—she thinks—to die. "I loved doing this movie," Keller says. "The story is simple but the feelings are both powerful and crazy. We play two different people who are both obsessed by death. It's a beautiful film." Keller was last seen as Dustin Hoffman's girlfriend in *Marathon Man* and as a Palestinian terrorist in *Black Sunday*. During the same year, she also made four European movies in four languages. What's been your toughest acting problem? "Nude scenes," she answers. "I hate them; they're awful. I've done only one, but I was drunk three days before and three days after. It's worse than doing Shakespeare."

Janis Savitt loves diamonds

Twenty-three-year-old Janis Savitt is living proof that diamonds truly are a girl's best friend. Thanks to her genius at jewelry design, she has won the prestigious International De Beer's Diamond Award two years running and

Kathie McGinty

the National Diamond Award for the past five years. She now heads her own jewelry company. Besides her award-winning necklaces, earrings and, yes, diamond ankle bracelets, Savitt, with help from her sister Michelle, has also designed a variety of plush doodads for the likes of Diana Ross, Ann-Margret, Roberta Flack, the Rolling Stones and The Who. "People have asked me to make chains for some very strange parts of the body," says Savitt, "but I don't think I'm ready for that." The most outrageous item she has thought of is a diamond-studded garter belt.

Michael Hunold

Staking out the Adler Brothers

When playing croquet, is it fair to drive a stake through your opponent's chest? "No," says Jim Charlton, co-author of the recent *Croquet*, "but nearly everything else is." Demonstrating are Roger and Andrew Adler, publishers of Charlton's definitive work. "Croquet is a very sneaky game," says Roger. "It's like playing chess on grass."

Dr. Newbold: marijuana will give you a pot

It won't come as a surprise to most pot smokers to learn that marijuana can make you fat. What Dr. H. L. Newbold reveals in *Dr. Newbold's Revolutionary New Discoveries About Weight Loss* is *why* pot—not to mention cats, dogs, house dust and pesticides—can make you fat. It's because you're allergic to it, he says, citing studies that link allergens to appetite. His advice boils down to this: Give away your pets, give up dope, eat mostly protein, take a lot of vitamins and, most importantly, "Don't eat anything you really like."

Hazel Smith: country gossip

Besides writing country music hits like *(One More Year of) Daddy's Little Girl*, Hazel Smith also writes a gossip column for *Country Music* magazine. "I guess you could say I'm the Rona Barrett of the hillbilly set," she says. Smith has now turned her talents to writing a book. What's it about? "My youth," she replies, adding, "I'll probably be crucified back home in North Carolina. I didn't change the names to protect the innocent, darlin'—I changed the names to protect the guilty."

Leonard Kamsler

Van McCoy writes the songs and Ringo sings them to Mae West

After Mae West saw *The Hustle* performed on last year's Rock Awards telecast, she was so impressed she asked songwriter Van McCoy (left) to come up and see her sometime. McCoy did just that, and when he left he'd become musical director of West's long-awaited feature film *Sextette*. "Mae is delightful to work with," says McCoy. "She's very smart and very sexy. It's hard to believe she's 80-whatever." In the movie, West plays the five-times-divorced Marlo Manners, who is about to take on her sixth husband. Her ex-husbands, among them Ringo Starr (right), converge on the scene and scare the poor guy off. West is then consoled by Alice Cooper.

Life is just a bowl of Cheri

Cheri Caffaro, who plays the sexy, smart and lethal sleuth Ginger in such soft-core epics as *Ginger*, *The Abductors* and *Girls Are for Loving*, is about to spread her wings, er, legs, er, talents. She has just contracted to write, direct and star in a movie about a girl magazine publisher tentatively titled *Pussywhipped*. "We may," she concedes, "have to change that title." Cheri is, of course, no stranger to whips. In her latest film, *Too Hot to Handle*, she plays a nice girl from a good background who just happens to be a hired assassin. "But," she says, "I kill off only dope pushers, white slavers and the like, not your average good person."

Darleen Rubin

Tracy Burroughs: and the beat goes on and on and on

Tracy Burroughs, who once held a *Guinness Book of World Records* title for marathon drumming, recently promoted his percussion prowess by drumming 19 hours a day for 21 days straight in a New York rock club. "Instead of working with a band and hoping that they make it," says Burroughs, "I'm doing it my own way." He swears that he didn't take speed to stay awake: "If I had, I'd be half dead by now." How about other drugs? "Well, maybe I got high once a week." He ate liver tablets, wheat germ and yoghurt, and he picked up a groupie: "A drunk girl kept falling over my drums." In his next bid for stardom, Burroughs will challenge Buddy Rich to a drum duel.

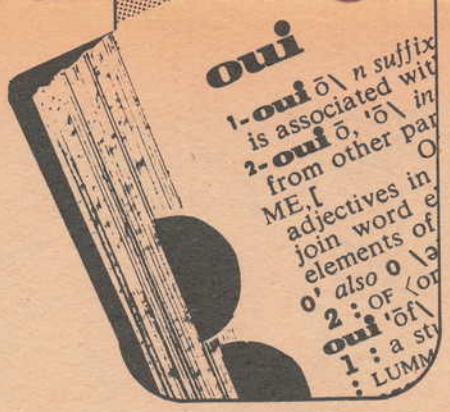
Trent Arterberry: sounds of silence

Forty minutes of pantomime is not your usual rock-'n'-roll act, but then Trent Arterberry is not your usual mime: Imagine Marcel Marceau rolling a joint or balling a bass fiddle. Arterberry does both and more while warming up audiences for The Kinks, Billy Preston and the Pousette-Dart Band, among others. How does he explain his appeal to rock fans? Says he: "I use silence against sound to my advantage."

Len Barlow

Deytime story

So what's Susan Dey been up to since she stopped lip-synching with David Cassidy on *The Partridge Family*? She's grown up, that's what, and now she's doing something else with her lips—this time with *Carrie* co-star William Katt—in the R-rated movie *First Love*. Dey describes the filming as "a sensual experience. We spent weeks in bed."



SHORT TAKES

THE MEANING OF OUI

A very positive and upbeat fifth-anniversary visit with our own private moniker

Oui comes from the Old French *oïl*, which came from the Latin *hoc ille* (this very thing); Latin had no word meaning yes, and people said "This very thing" (or *ita*), "It is even so," or sometimes just *hoc* (this is it). Latin was not particularly odd in this regard. Hebrew also lacks such a word, and Israelis say *keyn* (in that manner); the Chinese use *hao* (good).

On the other hand, every language on earth has a word meaning no. This is not surprising, because people all over the world need something to say when somebody comes roaring through the window with a long knife and a fixed grin. It is also seemly, because it is an intrinsic part of being human that there are some things that one cannot be brought to do. There are depredations to which even the most slatternly streetwalker in Hong Kong must say *pu*; the most uxorious Pomo Indian must someday say *hin'in* to his termagant wife. On Sinai, God graved onto the tablets *lo*: "No, thou shalt not." *Non*, *nyet*, *nein*, a thousand times. By God, a man's got to draw the line somewhere.

Oïl was the common form for yes in the north of France, but in the south, the word is *oc*, from the Latin *hoc*; in due time, the two dialects came to be distinguished as the *langue d'oïl* and the *langue d'oc*. In the 11th Century, great rival cultures arose in these regions. The poets of the *langue d'oc* were the troubadours, and they made the *langue d'oc* a model for the new literatures of France, Spain and Italy; Dante almost wrote the *Divina Commedia* in that language, and it was also the favorite mode of expression of Alfonso the Chaste (1152–1196), whose work is perhaps less well-known today than it should be. The troubadours sang generally of the love of a young man for a highborn lady; he would swoon about for some ten or 11 verses before dying of grief. In the north, the poets preferred to write romances, which started the same way, except that the young man would usually get around to butchering a regiment of rival swains *and* the girl's father before finally claiming her. The south never really had much of a chance, and by the 14th Century, everybody who mattered was saying *oïl*.

The Scottish philosopher Thomas Carlyle (to change the subject) talks about the "Everlasting Yea" and the "Everlasting No," interposing the "Center of Indifference." He knew what he wanted, but, in fact, it's all slush; we need a dozen yeses. There is yup, terse and final, and ending with the mouth set closed and unyielding. There are at least three yeahs: One with falling pitch and drawn out, like a wolf whistle; another, short and with rising pitch, meaning "I'm with you: Go on"; still another is the dawn of recognition. And there are paraphrases: OK, you bet, I'll say, right on, I should hope to kiss a pig. Small wonder, then, that *oui* and yes do not translate each other precisely. For one thing, the French use *oui* the way we use uh-huh: a grunt of acknowledgment, drawing in their breath sharply as they say it. This can be disconcerting to the nonspeaker of French, because the abrupt inhalation is reserved in English for times when one experiences a stabbing pain, or suddenly recalls something he was supposed to do. Another difference: *Oui* can be only the answer to a positive question, such as "Do you desire again to see the Louvre?" When the question is negative—for example, "Surely you do not desire again to see the Louvre?"—the correct affirmative response is *si*. A Frenchwoman may sigh "*Oui, oui!*" in the throes. But she might also say "*Si, si!*" which should be translated as "No, go on. I like that. Why did you stop?" And French, like German and Chinese and English, has other forms to render yes: *bien sûr, d'accord, tu peux gager làdessus* (good sure, of agreement and you can wager thereupon).

Advice to tourists: When in Paris, gesture; it happens that the nod and shake mean the same in French as in English. But, for God's sake, don't push it, because there are languages—such as Bulgarian—in which a nod means no and a side-to-side shake of the head means yes. This was embarrassing to Russian soldiers who found themselves in Bulgaria in 1878, because Russian uses the affirmative nod. Even when the soldiers tried to adapt to the Bulgarian system, the Bulgars were never sure which system they were using. The results might have been disastrous—it must be remembered that the Russians were not in the habit of bothering to ask first. In other parts of the world, such as Iran and Polynesia, no involves a furrowing of the eyebrows, and in Arabia it is a backward nod of the head, together with a click of the tongue. The French *moue* shows disapproval, like a pout, but among the Cuna Indians of Panama, a similar gesture means "Over there, lunkhead." You can't be too careful.

I asked around my Monday lunch group for the most famous literary use of yes or *oui*, but no one came up with anything too surprising. The results: Four respondents cited Molly Bloom's soliloquy and one cited *Yes, We Have No Bananas*. All seemed to be of the opinion that yes has had a desultory life in English letters and has been moribund in French. Yet, this seems too quick a judgment; we have, after all, "Yes sir, yes sir, three bags full" and Elizabeth Barrett Browning's haunting

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RENEE RICHARDS *You have to understand that there were long periods of time when I was determined that I would repress my compulsions for the rest of my life.*

(Continued from page 72) some tranquilizers and tried to make it difficult for me to lead my life as a woman. He tried to get me to concentrate on other things. I finally decided that I couldn't go on that way and I began seeking the ultimate surgery.

OUI: With all this on your mind, whatever possessed you to get married?

RICHARDS: You have to understand that there were long periods of time when I was determined that I would repress my compulsions for the rest of my life. Meanwhile, Dick fell in love with a very beautiful, lovely and charming young woman. It was a true feeling and a warm and wonderful relationship. When he got married, his conscious conviction was that there would never be a reassignment.

OUI: How did you feel about becoming a father?

RICHARDS: That's an area that I don't want to talk about. And I won't. Absolutely not. Let's change the subject entirely.

OUI: When you realized you had to have the surgery, how did you go about it?

RICHARDS: It was a quest I don't wish on anybody. If it was difficult for me, a physician, with the access to medical information that I have, you can imagine what it would be like for somebody else. I began by seeking the surgery at the Gender Identity Clinic at Johns Hopkins. Unfortunately the doctors there had declared a moratorium on surgery so as to re-evaluate the cases they had already treated. They were also reluctant to operate on me because I was a well-known physician. Then I went to Casablanca, but I didn't like the way they put you to sleep; I didn't like the mechanics of the whole medical setup there. I was finally helped by Dr. Harry Benjamin and by Dr. Robert Laidlaw; Dr. Laidlaw is the chief psychiatrist at Roosevelt Hospital in New York. He knew that I was looking for a surgeon who wouldn't subject me to more red tape. I was ready to go to Stanford, California, for my surgery when Laidlaw phoned me and said, "Renee"—he was already calling me Renee by that time—"if you could have the same criteria met by a surgeon here in New York, would you want it done here?" I said sure. So he said, "There's a doctor in Queens who fits the bill—a Dr. Grenada—and if you make an appointment to see him, I think you'll agree with us." I saw him, and ten minutes later I knew that everything was OK. I had the operation four days later.

OUI: This was, no doubt, after much preparation?

RICHARDS: I'd been taking female hormones on and off for 12 years. I had undergone a period of about three years of intense facial electrolysis. I was certainly primed and ready for the surgery when I got it.

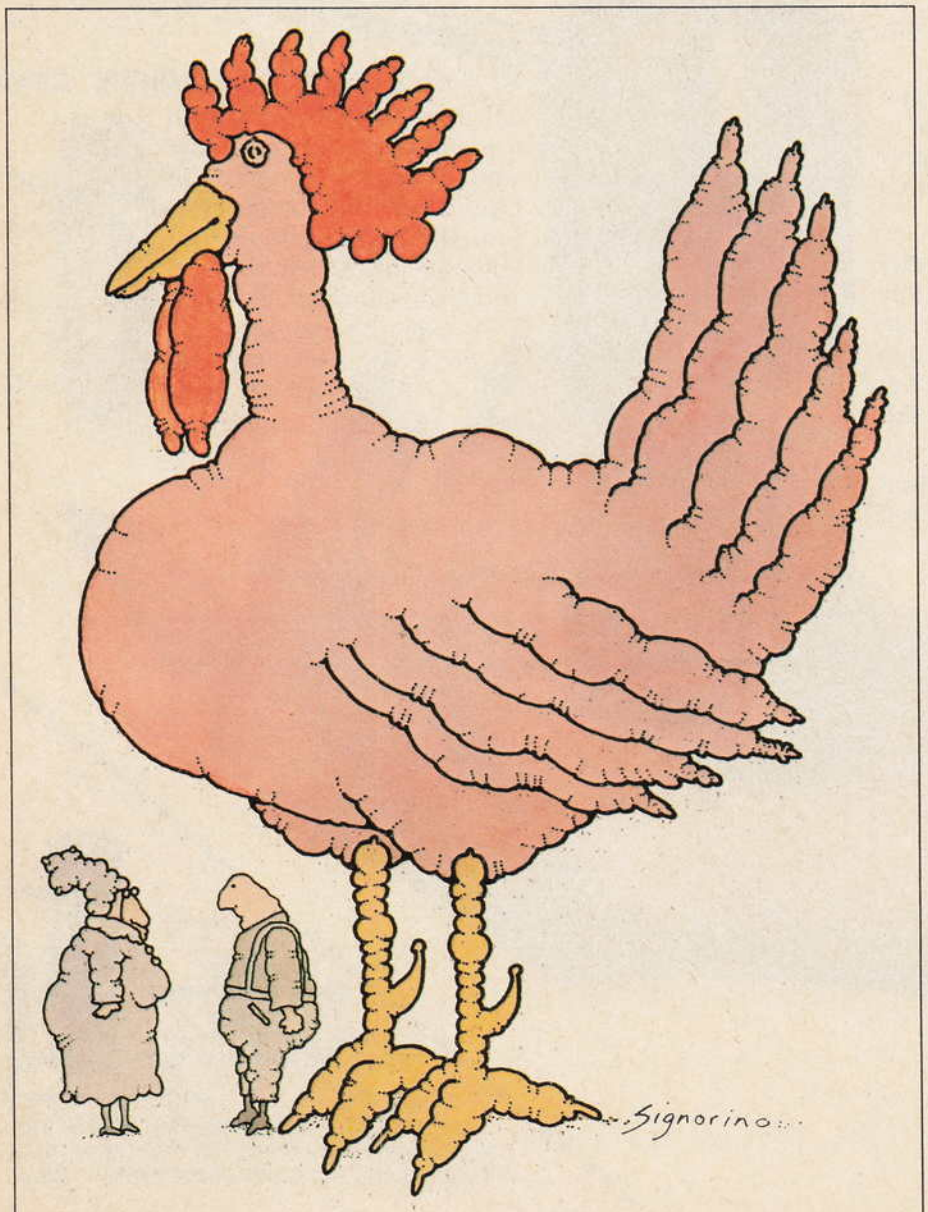
OUI: What exactly is involved in sex-change surgery?

RICHARDS: The testicles are removed. The scrotal skin is used to help fashion the labia of the vagina. The penis is removed. The skin of the penis is invaginated and forms the lining of the vagina. The urethra is opened into the new vaginal cavity and a mold is placed in this space where the vagina is going to be. Around this mold is laid the skin of the penis, which has been inverted. The sensitive nerve endings are left intact so that there can be erogenous stimulation.

OUI: How long does it take?

RICHARDS: From one to four hours, depending on whether additional skin has to be used to form the lining of the vagina. By the time a patient is ready for surgery, the penis is often very small and atrophied as a result of years of estrogen therapy, and this was my case. Also, being tall, it was important that I have a vagina of a size and length commensurate with my body. A skin graft was necessary, and that took about four hours.

OUI: How did you feel when you awoke from surgery?



"I'm answering your ad, 'Wanted: man with big cock.'"

RICHARDS: I was in intense pain. That's all I can remember. I was in more pain than I had any conception of in advance. And I was shaking like a leaf from some kind of postanesthetic chill. But the day I walked out of the hospital, two and a half years ago, was a satisfying moment for me. It was a feeling of satisfaction, of relief, of having reconciled an intolerable conflict, of having harmonized my existence.

OUI: What effect did the sex change have on your medical practice?

RICHARDS: Well, this has to be answered on several levels: There had already been a first stage, when I was taking endocrines and looked like a rather weird man. Then there was a second stage, after I had had the surgery but had not moved away from New York; my body was that of a woman, but I was still practicing as a man. There was a stage when I moved to California and practiced as a woman and nobody knew I had been a man. Then there was the final stage, when everybody found out who I was because of a tennis tournament in La Jolla.

OUI: What were people's reactions along the way?

RICHARDS: During the first stage, when I was a weird-looking, rather hairless-faced, long-haired, ethereal guy, people knew that something was going on. A story at the tennis club was that I had cancer and was taking female hormones because of it. I said nothing to refute that, because it was a good cover-up. It was more difficult when I was Renee masquerading as Dick. My practice still flourished; my patients still came to me. We had a rapport, and I had a reputation that was not to be undone by my personal situation. But I felt some rumblings from the academic world, the political world and the hospital administration.

OUI: Did this change in California?

RICHARDS: Yes. It was a great relief, because I could be myself in California. There I was just a new woman ophthalmologist—although it was a bit frustrating to state an opinion and not have it be taken as gospel, as it had been in New York.

OUI: What was your parents' reaction to your operation?

RICHARDS: My mother died before I got to that point, although it would have happened had she been alive. But my dad is an unusual guy—outwardly a big, gruff, *macho* bear of a man, but inwardly a sensitive, introspective and compassionate human being. He might scream at me all day long, but God help anybody else who criticizes me in front of him. I'm his kid, and whatever I do is OK. As long as what I do doesn't hurt other people, he'll stand by my side.

OUI: Have you kept the same friends you had before the operation?

RICHARDS: I have not lost a single male friend. They have been uniformly supportive and compassionate—they are just as much at home with Renee as they were with Dick.

OUI: Is the same true of your former female friends?

RICHARDS: I've lost all contact with the girls that Dick had been involved with at an early stage; but the girls that Dick was involved with toward the end of his life knew that something was going on and have remained good friends.

OUI: You are now probably as much of an expert on transsexualism as anyone. Have you figured out what caused this condition?

RICHARDS: It's a syndrome with multiple causes—organic, physical and environmental. As far as the physical ones are concerned, there may be a hereditary predisposition; there may be a genetic imbalance. Transsexuals often have an extra X chromosome. They may have been subjected to a heavier than usual dose of estrogens at the critical stage of male-organ development. Then there is the whole gamut of environmental conditioning. Almost without exception, transsexuals come from families in which the mother is dominant and overwhelming. The child identifies with the mother and fails to separate from that identification and take up the normal one with the father. All we know for sure, though, is that no single factor appears to be the cause of transsexualism.

OUI: Why is it that many doctors still have trouble accepting you as a woman?

RICHARDS: The doctors accept me; it's the tennis establishment that has a problem. Pediatricians and other doctors have ten criteria that they use to determine sex. There are the anatomic differences, such as having a vagina or testicles, and there are the differences in hormones and chromosomes; the criteria also include evaluations of the psychological and social sex of the individual. Now, if all ten of a person's characteristics are male, he's labeled male. But if that person has five or six of one and four or five of the other, it gets to be a difficult choice. The issue arose in my case in regard to my eligibility as a woman athlete, because the only test out of the ten criteria that was used at Forest Hills was the chromosome test—the Bar body test—which is only a partial testing of chromosomes, a gross screening.

OUI: How does the test work?

RICHARDS: All it does is determine somebody's percentage of Bar bodies, or

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THE LIFE AFTER DEATH OF WILHELM REICH

Reich conducted cloudbusting experiments as Hurricane Edna moved in on Boston.

(Continued from page 60) an eight-tube cloudbuster to divert Hurricane Doria from the New Jersey Coast in September 1967. Trevor Constable, a mystical Southern California experimenter, claims to have averted a hurricane headed north toward Los Angeles. Both men give detailed, hour-by-hour accounts of their work, complete with weather maps and data, in the *Journal*.

"Ordinarily," Blasband said, "one should not tamper with hurricanes." But this was an emergency: Doria was heading right for Asbury Park. And there was good Reichian precedent. Reich himself conducted cloudbusting experiments as Hurricane Edna moved in on Boston during the fall of 1954.

In 1974, a year before I heard the Bay Area rumors about renegade cloudbusting, Blasband warned *Journal* readers that "an increasing number of unqualified, irresponsible people are experimenting with the cloudbuster." He predicted that their "lack of experience and orgonotic contact will . . . accelerate desert tendencies."

To the embarrassment of the *Journal*, one of the renegades turned out to be a contributor. The editors were obliged to expel him from their pages after he submitted manuscripts suggesting that he was controlled by universal forces, gloating over floods he claimed to have caused in Texas, and threatening to blow Los Angeles off the map with cloudbuster winds unless the *Journal* paid a ransom.

Blasband, the *Journal*'s orgone-engineering authority, believes that current droughts are only one symptom of vast changes for the worse in the earth's atmospheric orgone—changes caused less by illicit cloudbusting than by pollution on a vast scale. He cites further evidence of the evil effects of oranur: statistical increases in violent crime near nuclear reactors, increases in cancer deaths world-wide and recent abnormal weather fluctuations. Blasband reported a heavy case of oranur pollution over the entire eastern United States in the spring of 1975 after the largest underground nuclear test in years was detonated in Nevada.

Oranur is said to poison healthy orgone systems—both atmospheric and human alike. An initial stage of overexcitation leads to stagnation, dehydration and what Reich called "blackening." Oranur strips healthy orgone systems of energy, water and oxygen.

In the human body, healthy tissue weakens and becomes vulnerable to infection. Symptoms of oranur poisoning include headache, nausea, swollen limbs, a metallic taste on the tongue, irritability and sluggishness.

And speaking of irritability: Gary, the orgone-pyramid guy and the cloudbuster renegades barely hint at the heritage of discord that still infects official Reichianism. A major outbreak came in August 1974 at Esalen's San Francisco symposium, "Wilhelm Reich: Body Politics and Body Therapy." Panelists including Reich's daughter Eva—who currently practices orgone therapy in Maine—were harassed and insulted, first by a man who called himself a Marxist-Leninist faggot, then by a woman who seized the microphone to relate an interminable dirty joke and finally by feminists outraged at Reich's promotion of the vaginal orgasm. "I felt the crawling sensation of fear . . . for the potential breakdown . . . into violence," reported psychiatric social worker Louis Hochberg.

Later, most of the panelists—indeed, the entire project—were denounced for deviationism by the *Journal*, and this began yet another transcontinental Reichian battle. The first of the battles started in the Thirties, when Reich came to the conclusion that Mildred E. Brady, editorial director of the then-radical Consumers Union, was linked to Moscow and had been assigned to discredit him.

Brady answered with a 1947 article in *Harper's* titled "The New Cult of Sex and Anarchy." The tone was scornful, but the piece was among the first media glimpses of the early Bay Area beat movement. Brady sketched the local postwar bohemia of Henry Miller, Kenneth Rexroth, Anaïs Nin, never-say-die Wobblies, "astrologers, faith healers, sexologists and spiritualists" and "groups who combine vegetarianism, ballet dancing, cooperative handicrafts, anarchism and sexual mysticism." It sounds like a party I was at last month, but Brady blamed it all on orgone. "The ultimate authority is no longer Freud or Jung," she reported. "It is Wilhelm Reich, whose *The Function of the Orgasm* is probably the most widely read and frequently quoted contemporary writing in the cult." Others who were on the scene then dispute that claim. Reichians object to her exaggerations and especially to her tone. But Brady was essentially accurate in linking Reich with the American avant-garde.

Back East, Greenwich Village writers like Mailer (who is said to maintain a working orgone accumulator even now), Ginsberg, Kerouac and Burroughs got on to him early. Burroughs sketched Reich briefly in *Nova Express*, and in

MEDITATION/PRAYER *From the very outset, from the first hourlong sitting, I sensed that something unusual was happening to me.*

(Continued from page 82) as 80 other meditators were gathered. Most important of all, I had an instructor.

At first, the only thing my instructor in the Tibetan form of meditation showed me was how to be aware of my exhaling, to "follow my breath" out into the world, identifying as far as possible with breathing out and letting go, not thinking at all about breathing in. Surprisingly I found that within a few days I had mastered the basics. Thoughts of all kinds did occur, of course, but the meditator, as in Zen, made no effort to sort, censor or exclude. One merely returned again and again to the departing breath as a kind of home plate, or ground zero. Squatting on a cushion, hands resting lightly on one's knees, eyes slightly lidded and not focused on anything in particular, the meditator gradually discovers a perspective on the endless rush of mental processes. It felt a bit like standing on a bridge and watching the leaves and twigs float by on the stream passing underneath. Sometimes the mind did follow one of these bits of flotsam, frequently even becoming absorbed or agitated by it. But when the meditator notices that this has happened, he or she simply returns to the departing breath. The stream rolls on and the flotsam slowly drifts around the bend as more appears upstream.

Before I arrived at Naropa, I decided I would enroll in some formal courses in Buddhism, since my previous exposure to Buddhist thought had been minimal. The catalog was crammed with intriguing seminars on the Bardo Thodol, Vajrayana literature and Theravadan theory and practice. However, since as a concept-oriented person I would be inclined to burrow in a library and read all the texts and monographs I could find on the subject, I decided—as a corrective—that this time I would approach things differently. I would go the *visual* route. So, in addition to the daily meditation with the instructor's guidance, I signed up for two courses in the history and significance of Buddhist art, one offered by Trungpa himself.

As the days and weeks went by, I found that, although I was fascinated by the art history of Buddhism, it remained somewhat exotic and merely "interesting" for me. The meditation, however, was something else. From the very outset, from the first hourlong sitting, I sensed that something unusual was happening to me. My level of internal chatter went down. I did not invest situations with so many false hopes and fantasies. I walked away from the sitting feeling unruffled and clearheaded. I could teach with more precision and listen to people more attentively. Soon the hour or two of sitting was not a chore but something I looked forward to. I began to sense in myself something many East Turners had told me about in words I had not comprehended. Even the excited testimonies of the Divine Light people and the practitioners of transcendental meditation now seemed more credible.

Ironically the more I meditated, following my Buddhist instructor's advice, the more my assigned role as resident Christian theologian at Naropa seemed eminently sensible and right. I even noticed certain Buddhistic elements in Jesus that I had never seen so clearly before, especially his refusal to be what people expected him to be, his unwillingness to be drawn into abstract discussions and his constant insistence that if people would only look closely at what was going on in their midst they would see that the Kingdom of God was already coming to them. Paradoxically my plunge into Buddhism at Naropa made me feel more "Christian" than I had felt before I arrived there.

I found Chögyam Trungpa, Rinpoche, the founder of Naropa, a likable and approachable figure, not at all the costumed sadhu so many East Turners yearn for. He dresses in conventional Western style, with jacket and tie, forgoing all the flimflam of gurudom. Though many of his students want to press him into the holy-man role, Trungpa constantly warns them against it. In his public lectures, he pokes fun at those who are seduced by brocades and incense and exotic music. "My lineage is really quite dull," he insists. His book *Cutting Through Spiritual Materialism* sounds the same cautionary note again and again. He once warned an audience of eager listeners that they should not look to him or Tibet or Buddhism for answers, that all would become clear if they could once really see the mountains outside Boulder.

Dull lineage or not, Chögyam Trungpa, in his public lectures given every Tuesday and Thursday evening, provided the big occasions of the week for everyone at Naropa. Scheduled for eight o'clock, the lectures rarely began before 9:30, sometimes not until ten or 10:30. Although people complained at first, they quickly learned to accept and even appreciate the teacher's tardiness. Part of the ease of adjustment was due to the physical setting. The lectures were held in the rented gymnasium of a local parochial school. The gym floor had been covered with a huge segmented

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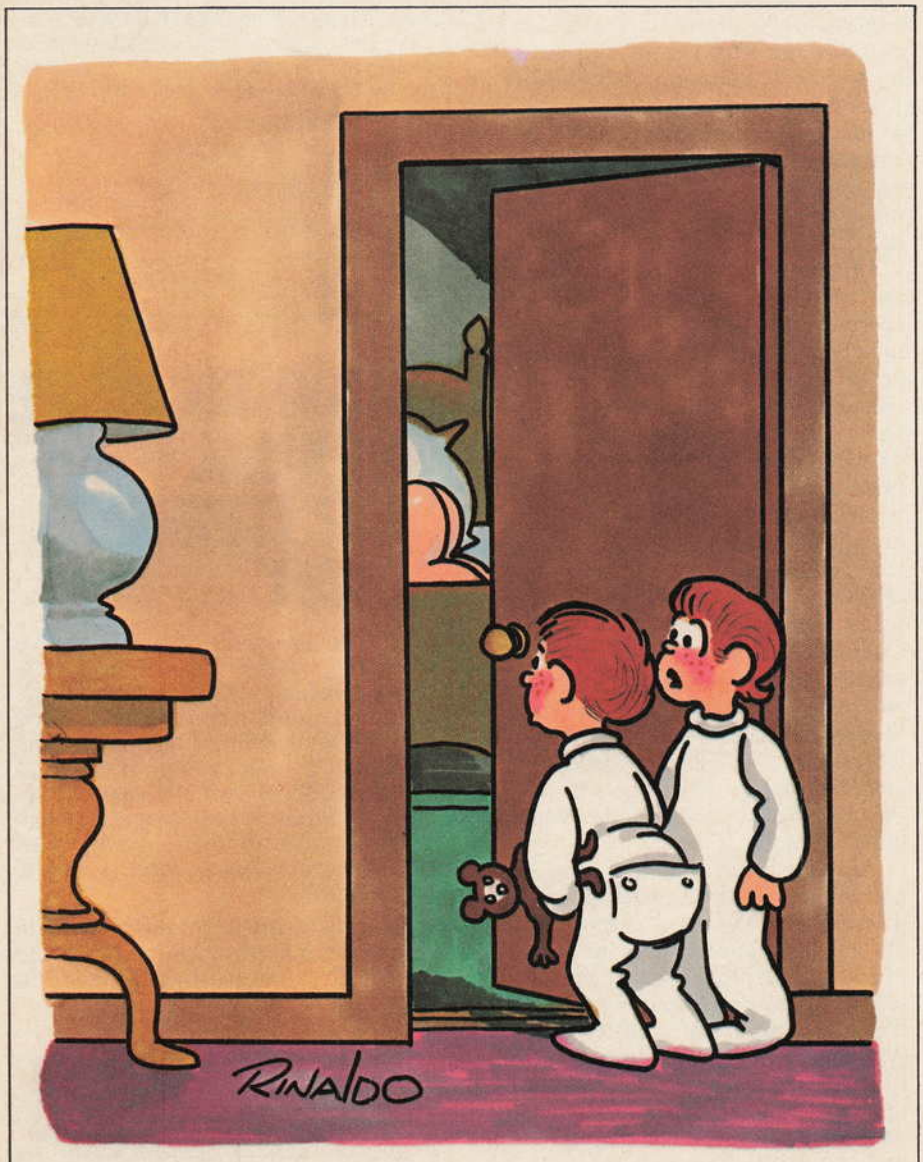
MEDITATION/PRAYER *The atmosphere resembled a friendly beach scene. People lounged on blankets and cushions, read, chatted in small groups, snoozed and circulated to check on friends.*

rug. There were no chairs; the audience had to lie or sit on the floor. Consequently the atmosphere between eight and ten resembled a friendly beach scene. People lounged on blankets and cushions, read, chatted in small groups, snoozed and circulated to check on friends and to gossip. No one ever seemed bored. It occurred to me that in arriving two hours late, Trungpa, who constantly criticizes the frantic pace and needless hurry of American life, had cleverly created a small oasis in time. It was a social hour without agenda, an open clearing for quiet conversation and relaxed camaraderie.

The lectures were puzzling to me, at least at first. A small, unimpressive, brown-skinned man with a slight limp, Trungpa talks in a flat, husky voice and is often repetitious. He sits as he speaks, sips sake from a glass, indulges in long pauses and appears to use no notes at all. At first, I simply could not understand why 800 people would wait two hours to listen to his often-tedious utterances. But as I returned each time and let his remarks connect with the realization that was slowly dawning on me while sitting, I began to appreciate what was going on: He was using the lecture to help us grasp what was happening to us in our meditation. The lectures were a massive, if subtle, attempt to help us deal with the self-confrontation that sitting inevitably produces.

Trungpa is a different kind of teacher. Some teachers write so well, one doesn't need to know them personally. Their printed words speak for themselves. Others teach by communicating some elusive aspect of their own person: Eye contact and body movement say all. Their words mean nothing on a printed page and little, even, on a tape. Still others communicate only if both teacher and student share in some common enterprise. This is the way masters work with apprentices in many of the arts and crafts. Trungpa's teaching falls in the third category. His books, though interesting, are hardly commanding. When he lectures to ordinary audiences, he may or may not impress his hearers, depending largely on the circumstances. But in a master-and-apprentice setting, where nearly everyone is working at the development of a personally adequate spiritual discipline, and where everyone knows that Trungpa, whatever his weakness, is an acknowledged master of just such a discipline, intense and genuine learning occurs. I know, because I learned.



"And she yells at me if I suck my thumb."

I learned so quickly at Naropa that I came to question the virtual disappearance of the master-and-apprentice axis in American higher education. Even in religious studies, we generally think of fields and areas of competence. We blithely accept the divorce between a student's mastery of the subject matter and his or her personal growth and maturation. We sometimes even purposely arrange curricula to minimize the chances of a student's working too closely with any one teacher, and we tend to discourage anyone's having "disciples." While this educational strategy may facilitate the student's achieving a certain abstract competence, it perpetuates a chasm between knowing and doing, between information and growth. This hiatus is not only debilitating to the student, it actually falsifies what most religious traditions teach: that mere data-gathering undermines the life of faith. What happened to me at Naropa occurred not because I had learned something about Buddhism but because Trungpa and his students had taught me how to meditate.

For me, meditation is not a mystical experience. It is almost the opposite. It forces me to pare back daydreams, cut through rosy expectations and look carefully, often even painfully, at what is actually there in front of me and inside me. There are hundreds of ways to meditate and endless theories about what it does or doesn't do and why. Researchers have measured the pulse, skin temperature, brain waves and breathing rate of

various people doing different kinds of meditation. They know the effects are not just mental. Many doctors, including my Harvard colleague Dr. Herbert Bensen, a cardiologist, believe, with excellent evidence, that meditation can help patients with chronic heart problems.

My own experience, mainly gained from the type of meditation I learned from Trungpa and his students, is that, far from luring me away from active participation in the world (as some critics claim it does), it enabled me to think and act more decisively, to see things and people in sharper focus and to suffer fewer regrets and recriminations. I came away from Naropa convinced that a sitting-type meditation is perfectly compatible with Christian life. Eventually it might even provide us with a modern equivalent of something we have lost from our heritage: the ideal of a Sabbath or a stated time to cease, to do nothing, to allow what is to be.

Despite the fact that Naropa produced a role change in my study of the Turn East, it did not in any way lessen my doubts and suspicions about the neo-Oriental wave. It confirmed all my worst fears about how even the most valuable teaching, including the art of meditation, can be misused, often unconsciously. New adepts strode about the streets of Boulder wearing imported "meditation pants" and ostentatiously lugging their sitting cushions under their arms. Peddlers hawked vaguely Tibetan-looking bracelets and ornaments. The question of how long one had been sitting—and even how long one could sit at a stretch—sometimes occasioned a sort of spiritual one-upmanship, reminding me of the way young civil-rights workers used to compare the length of their jail terms in the Sixties. Worst of all, I found people leaping into the labyrinth of Buddhist concepts and ill-digested Sanskrit or Tibetan terms in what often sounded like an unintended caricature of serious discipleship. Phrases like "bad karma" and "more evolved person" swirled like incense smoke screens over meals and conversations. I am sure it all made the Buddha chuckle.

My principal reservation about the Buddhist teaching I heard at Naropa, as opposed to the sitting practice itself, is that, despite its explicit emphasis on not trying too hard, it seems to lay out a very long path. One hears a lot about "cessation," but there hovers in the background the specter of a stupendous mountain the seeker must eventually climb in order to become enlightened. The "path" has many stages, and to an outsider it appears cluttered with snares and laden with possibilities for backsliding and frustration. More advanced students hinted seductively about what lay ahead for beginners, especially in the sexual imagery of Tantra. Others talked evasively about the "hundred thousand prostrations" one must do at a certain stage, and of the complex forms of visual meditation and internal chanting and the rest. Novices listened, wide-eyed, while veteran meditators smiled at their enthusiasm and looked at each other knowingly.

When I noticed all this, I shuddered. It called to mind the story of the pious young Martin Luther crawling up the stairs of St. Peter's on his knees, or the practice of adding up Hail Marys and Our Fathers, which eventually enraged so many Catholics. I detected in this excessive elaboration that Buddhism, like every other spiritual tradition, has an uncanny capacity to complicate the simple, to escalate an elemental insight into a colossal caricature of itself.

But the sitting meditation remains the core. No teaching should be discarded because of the excesses of its students or the pretentiousness of its interpreters. Learning to meditate does not entail ingesting the entire corpus of Buddhist ideology, doctrine and world view—or any of it. In fact, I believe there is no reason why it cannot become an integral part of Christian discipleship. I returned from Naropa convinced that it would be a part of mine.

On the night before I left Boulder, several students and faculty colleagues gave me a farewell party. During the festivities, someone pressed into my hand a small book describing the life of the original Naropa, the 11th Century sage after whom the institute had been named. On the plane the next day, I pulled it out of my pocket and thumbed through the story. Naropa, it seems, was a famous Indian teacher who, by the time he had reached middle age, was the acknowledged authority on the Buddhist scriptures. In all the world, he had no equal in his scholarly acumen, and students came from far and wide to sit at his feet. One day, however, there appeared at his hut a blemished and crotchety old hag who began to berate and insult him. As he tried to study, she continually taunted him and asked him about the meaning of passages in the sacred texts. Whenever he answered, she merely cackled. Sometimes she would sneak up and poke him with a stick. Finally, in a fury, Naropa shouted at her to go away and reminded her that in the entire world there was no one more versed than he in explaining the sense of the texts. The hag laughed uproariously. "Yes, you know the sense," she croaked, "you know the sense. But do you know the *meaning*?" She disappeared. And Naropa left his desk, went to the forest and apprenticed himself to a teacher. Having spent his life mastering the texts, he now wanted to learn what they meant for Naropa. ▣

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DANIEL KEITH LUDWIG *What sweetened the Avco pot for Ludwig was the fact that it was moving away from manufacture of consumer goods in favor of securing war-production contracts.*

(Continued from page 52) gallons of salt water per day onto the land from Scammon Lagoon and its tidal river; then nature—the cheapest labor of all—went to work, the sun and the wind evaporating the water and leaving behind mounds of salt for export: 500,000 tons in 1957 and more than 2,000,000 tons ten years later.

Ludwig also invested heavily in California real estate during the huge migrations of the Fifties and helped build the savings-and-loan associations in Southern California, which thrived off interest on loans to the many new homeowners. Some of the loan recipients were residents of Westlake Village, a one-billion-dollar "model community" north of Los Angeles, which Ludwig co-owned with the Prudential Insurance Co. Ludwig's banking activities eventually brought him control of the Colonial Savings and Loan Association of San Francisco and the Colonial Savings and Loan Association of the South—two banks that by 1970 totaled over $200,000,000 in assets and held more than four billion dollars in deposits.

Such capital resources made Ludwig attractive to less-legitimate circles involved in real-estate speculation—such as organized crime. In the Bahamas, Ludwig had profitable dealings with Wallace Groves, a Wall Street speculator whose quiet partner in real estate was Canadian Lou Chesler, identified by law-enforcement officials as a front man for Florida mobster Meyer Lansky and a business associate of "Trigger" Mike Coppola. In 1955, Groves, who had been jailed in the U. S. for fraud, bought up half of Grand Bahama Island for $378,000 and established a private company named the Grand Bahama Port Authority; Groves awarded the contract to dredge the island's harbor and create a duty-free port (now Freeport) to none other than D. K. Ludwig.

Ludwig was himself soon directly caught up in the Bahamas real-estate turmoil. He built a $20,000,000 Bahama shipyard to handle the largest supertankers, only to discover upon completion that the harbor's coral bottom was not strong enough to stand the full weight of a dry-docked tanker. But Ludwig's presence and the legend of his name had contributed to a speculative frenzy in Grand Bahama real estate, and he was able to sell off the shipyard for more than his original investment.

These profits only whetted Ludwig's appetite for more of the Bahamas. First he purchased the famous Xanadu Princess Hotel for $30,000,000 and then ordered an additional $9,500,000 refurbishing job on it (he later sold it to his friend Howard Hughes). Next, with tourism to the islands expanding yearly, Ludwig built a $10,000,000, 500-room luxury hotel, the King's Inn, complete with 18-hole golf course and an international shopping center; Ludwig's partner in this venture was reported to be a known associate of gangsters Lou Chesler and Meyer Lansky.

Another mutual friend of Chesler and Ludwig's is Richard Nixon. While Chesler contributed to Nixon campaigns, Nixon's New York law firm, Nixon, Mudge, Guthrie & Alexander, counseled Ludwig's National Bulk Carriers. On a more personal side, Nixon was a house guest of Ludwig's before he became President, and he received campaign donations from the tycoon.

This and other important business contacts in California and New York eased Ludwig's efforts to branch into other investment areas. He invested in oil wells and iron mines in Canada; he used his American-Hawaiian Steamship Company to buy up real estate in Hawaii and Manhattan; he joined with the Fisher Brothers in New York to build two skyscraper office buildings: the Burlington House and the sleek, black-walled Burroughs Building. And, for a while in the Sixties, Ludwig began for the first time to join other financiers on the boards of some of the largest and fastest-growing American corporations.

The first was Avco Corporation, a New York–based manufacturing firm dominated by the Lehman and Morgan bank interests. Heretofore Ludwig had steered clear of establishment financiers and public corporations, but what sweetened the Avco pot was the fact that it was moving away from manufacture of consumer goods in favor of securing war-production contracts from the Government. In April 1960, the company reported, "Major facilities were devoted to research and development for the Government in the fields of space flight, missiles, electronics, and aircraft engines and structures." In 1961, D. K. Ludwig proudly took his place at the table of Avco's board of directors.

Five years later, as President Johnson escalated the U. S. involvement in the Vietnam War, Avco's share of war contracts jumped by over 100 percent. Avco reaped more than $500,000,000 in war contracts in 1966 and another $446,000,000 the following year for producing everything from rockets to "improved antipersonnel kill mechanisms." But Ludwig not only profited from the war; he, like some others who were associated with Avco, could be viewed as a possible war criminal.

On July 15, 1966, the Defense Department's Technical Abstract Bulletin reported that the Air Force Armament Lab had awarded Avco Corporation contract number AF-08(635)-4679 for "an investigation and evaluation of concepts for the determination and disposition of submarginal biological weapons containing either antipersonnel or anti-crop agents." In other words, germ warfare.

Again, on September 1, 1966, and April 1, 1967, the bulletin reported that Avco had gotten another contract from the Air Force Armament Lab, numbered AF-08(635)-4824, for "Binary Biological Systems—Safe Handling Concept." It has since been determined that the United States employed biological weaponry in Vietnam, and in so doing was technically violating international law; under the same provisions of international law, the United States, at the Nuremberg war trials, prosecuted directors of German corporations that engaged in research and development of biological weaponry used by the Nazis in World War Two. Ludwig, however, remains a free and honored citizen.

Ludwig left the Avco board in 1967 for a reason consistent with his history: greed. Hungry for capital, the Avco board had voted to recommend merging with the Paul Revere Corporation, a Connecticut financial holding company. Not wanting to see the market value of his Avco stocks watered down by their merger with Paul Revere common shares, Ludwig resigned from the board and sold his Avco holdings for a handsome profit.

Ludwig's next board-room venture was Union Oil Company of California, where he invested some $80,000,000 to purchase 15 percent of the company's stock and become its largest single stockholder. That was a formidable position when other Union directors proposed a merger with the Midwest-based Pure Oil Company in 1965. Ludwig opposed the merger because, as with Avco, he did not want the value of his holding diluted, and the other directors were forced to buy back all of Ludwig's shares at a price of about $146,000,000, or $66,000,000 more than his original investment.

Ludwig left Union Oil in February 1965. A month earlier, he had realized a long-standing ambition of cutting into the U. S. intercoastal-trade market by buying into the operation of Malcolm McLean, owner of a fleet of 14 intercoastal ships and the Sea Land Service. In January 1965, McLean Industries

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M.P., Essex

Despite all recent attempts at downplaying its significance, penis size can have great relevance to the individual. Concern is not restricted to those with below average dimensions. The source of anxiety may be physical, psychological, pathological or any combination of the three.

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Case No.	Age	LENGTH Starting	LENGTH Ending	LENGTH Change of	GIRTH Starting	GIRTH Ending	GIRTH Change of
1	19	5.5	6.5	1.0	5.6	6.6	1.0
2	36	6.5	7.4	.9	5.8	6.6	.8
3	60	5.9	6.9	1.0	5.9	6.9	1.0
11	44	6.1	7.2	1.1	5.0	5.9	.8
13	31	6.4	7.4	1.0	5.2	6.1	.9
15	64	Dropped out of trial					
17	20	6.0	7.2	1.2	5.0	6.0	1.0
27	24	5.9	7.1	1.2	5.2	6:1	.9
Total	298	42.3	49.7	7.4	37.7	44.2	6.5
Mean	37.25	6.0	7.1	1.1	5.4	6.3	.9

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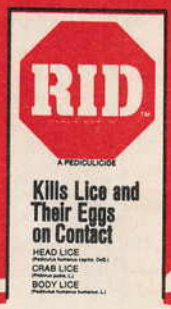

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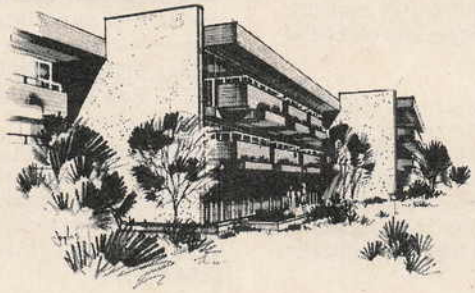

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DANIEL KEITH LUDWIG *Vietnam made him a billionaire.*

joyfully announced plans to increase its fleet to 29 ships. "The capital has come partly from Mr. Ludwig," McLean explained, meaning that Ludwig's American-Hawaiian Steamship Company had bought 1,000,000 shares of McLean Industries. Ludwig had paid $8.50 for each share; by April, the price for McLean stock had rocketed to $26.50 a share.

Ludwig, a member of the Defense Department's Military Petroleum Advisory Board, helped McLean steer its ships into the smooth, lucrative waters of war, as well. In June 1966, according to *Moody's Transportation Manual* (1967), McLean "was awarded a substantial Government contract for the movement of containerized military cargo between Oakland, California, and Naha, Okinawa. Minimum revenues over the two-year life of the initial contract are expected to be $13,500,000 per year." By 1968, McLean was reaping almost $60,000,000 in war contracts. In addition, the company was able to obtain a half-dozen U. S. Government-owned vessels for conversion into container ships—and to legally award its conversion contracts to Ludwig's Kure shipyard in Japan.

Ludwig stayed with McLean until 1969, when he opposed its merger into R. J. Reynolds Industries. As with Avco and Union Oil, both the issue and the result were the same: McLean needed more capital, and to get it, Ludwig had to be bought out—at his price.

By this time, the Vietnam War had made Ludwig a billionaire, doubling his net worth since 1965. He owned a world-wide empire that would have made Caesar weep with envy; and nowhere was Ludwig's might more manifest than in one of the most remote spots on earth: the Amazon basin.

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One of D. K. Ludwig's most important attributes, a banker once said, is his ability to see a potential for profit before almost anyone else. In the early Sixties, Ludwig saw such a potential in wood. At the then-current rate of exploitation, he reasoned, the world would soon face a shortage of wood pulp, and he decided to cash in on the coming crisis.

It was Brazilian industrialist Augusto Azevedo Antunes who first advised his friend Ludwig to consider exploiting the Amazon's vast tracts of timberland. Antunes and Ludwig had been engaged in joint Brazilian mining ventures for almost a decade but, while Ludwig had found these ventures quite profitable, he also found Brazil's new reform-minded

administration, led by President João Goulart, quite detestable.

Goulart had embarked on land-reform programs that threatened foreign corporations in the country—including Ludwig and other powerful American businessmen. Through the U. S. State Department, these corporate interests pressed the Brazilian government to sign an agreement guaranteeing U. S. investments. Goulart resisted.

Goulart's comeuppance was a *coup d'état* carried out on April 1, 1964, by sections of the Brazilian military that had long been financed by the U. S. The next morning, with Goulart deposed, General Humberto Castello Branco, the *coup*'s leader, was breakfasting with General Vernon Walters, the military attaché at the U. S. Embassy and later Assistant Director of the CIA.

One of the new Brazilian dictatorship's biggest backers was Ludwig's friend Antunes. It was not surprising, then, that following the *coup*, the new Minister of Planning, Roberto De Oliveira Campos, showed up in New York for a secret meeting with Ludwig, or that at the meeting Campos encouraged Ludwig to pioneer in the development of the Amazon jungle. "Ludwig is accustomed to investing in lunatic adventures," Campos once commented, "and just as accustomed to having them pay off." According to an associate of Antunes', Ludwig was impressed with Campos' picture of "Ludwig the pioneer," and he was equally moved by Campos' pledge that the military dictatorship would forcibly protect his investment and let him do whatever he wanted.

What Ludwig wanted, it turned out, was a jungle kingdom comparable to the combined size of Connecticut and Rhode Island—a whopping 3,500,000 acres of land. He got it.

Ludwig chose the land carefully, allegedly aided by geological-survey maps of the Amazon's mineral resources that had been prepared by the U. S. Air Force in July 1964, right after the *coup*. In 1967, Ludwig met with a group of wealthy Brazilian landowners, and for $3,000,000 bought 4560 square miles of land. The plot was located along the Jari River between the state of Pará and the territory of Amapá, 250 miles west of Belém and the mouth of the Amazon.

Three years later, in 1970, the Brazilian dictatorship contracted with two U. S. corporations for another survey, this code-named Project RADAM (for Radar Amazon). The results of this aerial survey reportedly enabled Ludwig to purchase a parcel of land along the Trombetas River in the state of Pará. The Trombetas land turned out to contain Brazil's richest deposits of bauxite, the ore used for making aluminum. Ludwig has since opened a mine on the property.

Apparently Ludwig received additional assistance in his land selection from other, more bizarre, covert intelligence operations. On September 13, 1974, Lima's *La Crónica* reported that a North American geologist had worked in the Trombetas bauxite area, posing as a missionary and pilot; the geologist has since "abandoned his disguise and now affirms with pride that the National Bulk Carriers, for which he works, has holdings in the Amazon area equal in size to Uruguay."

Of all Ludwig's operations in Brazil—and they total over $600,000,000 in investments—none can match, for sheer size, his original holding, now called Jarí Florestal e Agropecuária. On this vast jungle kingdom, Ludwig has already invested over $150,000,000 to launch the most ambitious timber operation in the Amazon.

The Jari operation began with a giant tree-cutting campaign. The dense Amazon rain forest contains far too many different species of trees—over 300 in any single acre—to make lumbering commercially feasible; Ludwig solved this problem by denuding and replanting 250,000 acres of forest—an area ten times the size of Manhattan. He did this by hiring huge work gangs and cutting the jungle down *by hand*, using machetes and chain saws.

This proved relatively inexpensive, because Ludwig contracted with the foremen of the gangs and not the workers themselves. In this manner, Ludwig technically avoids legal responsibility for the wages paid to half of his employees, wages which are usually as low as $1.20 a day. Even this pittance is not seen by the workers, as their pay is automatically banked for them by mandate of the military dictatorship, which says it wants to save the workers from the wasteful evils of greedy prostitutes.

Meanwhile no one is protecting the workers from D. K. Ludwig. Reports have emerged of Jarí's workers suffering from horrible working conditions that cause 50 deaths each year; it is further said that accidents, fever, snake bites and malnutrition are common occupational hazards. In some cases, Ludwig has been charged with using slave labor.

Probably the most publicized incident occurred during a visit to Jari by Emílio Garrastazú Médici early in 1973. Médici was then president of Brazil and thinking about another term of office, so what could be better than a visit with reporters to one of his model projects for the new Brazil? General Médici was royally greeted by Ludwig himself, but as they toured the estate, the pair's confident smiles suddenly faded. There, right in front of astonished members of the press, was a group of emaciated workers desperately waving a crude banner that said: WE WANT OUR FREEDOM. Médici was visibly irritated, but the press was present and he felt compelled to order an immediate investigation. The results of the inquiry have never been revealed.

None of the Jari drama has yet climaxed in any real profits for Ludwig. That will have to wait for the incredible finale that reads like a scene from ancient Egypt: A gigantic $272,000,000 woodpulp mill, now being built in Japan, will be floated on two giant rafts across the seas, down the Amazon and up the Jari River to be laid at Ludwig's feet on 3900 wooden piles. By then, this modern pharaoh should have a fully planted forest of 250,000 acres and sections of it should be ready for the mill—which will, of course, be one of the world's largest plywood factories.

Ludwig's plans for Brazil continue to expand along with his jungle empire. He intends to plant another 250,000 acres and float in a second mill from Japan. He has proposed a 200,000-ton smelter to turn his bauxite deposits into aluminum. He is negotiating with the Brazilian regime to build a 1,700,000-kilowatt hydroelectric dam on the Jari River. On the banks of the Amazon, he has already planted and reaped the first 5000 acres of what will soon be the world's largest rice paddy.

•

What does Brazil get out of all this? Very little. Ludwig pays his taxes like any resident, but he has been given special exemptions from taxes and duties on imports needed for the Jari operation. Meanwhile the riches of Brazil are taken abroad and sold by Ludwig. Those who suffer, of course, are the whole Brazilian people. *The Wall Street Journal*'s chief Latin American correspondent has assessed the real impact of the "economic boom" from foreign investments such as Ludwig's by reporting that: "While Brazil's real economic growth has averaged 9.8 percent in the last four years, the boom has had practically no impact at all on well over half the country's 95,000,000 citizens. In fact, millions are actually poorer now than they were five years ago." That statement, made in 1973, is even more true now that the Brazilian economy has gone into a recession.

But perhaps those who suffer most are the forest Indians of Brazil. In 1964, they numbered 200,000; today, the highest estimate is only 100,000 persons, living in tribes that have been devastated by contacts with a Brazilian "development" that has brought epidemics, malnutrition, poverty and death. "Some of the blame

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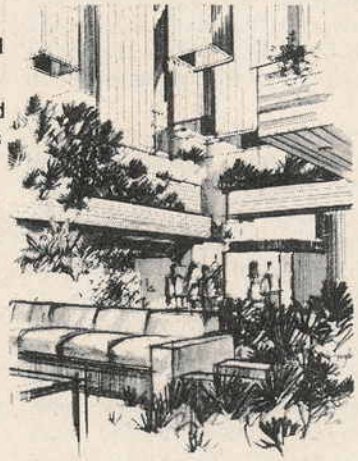

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DANIEL KEITH LUDWIG *The tycoon insists on secrecy.*

for the genocide must be placed upon foreign landowners," commented Tunis' *Jeune Afrique*. "Fully one fifth of Brazil, sometimes broken into enormous estates, is owned by individuals and corporations. The largest single owner is the (National) Bulk Carriers Corporation, an American company."

There can be no denying that Ludwig has brought his share of devastation to Brazil's Indians. His operation along the Jari and Paru Rivers in the Territory of Amapá has invaded nine villages of the Apalai Indians. Ludwig's bauxite concession along the Trombetas River involved invasion of the Tumucumaque Indian reservation and lands of three other tribes. Finally, Ludwig's timber-cutting operations have paved the way for an invasion of the Amazon by other companies, including Georgia-Pacific's 186,000-hectare operation at Portel, Pará. It is an invasion that now threatens the survival of the people who constitute the 94 Indian nations that live in the Amazon region. D. K. Ludwig, "the pioneer of the Amazon," has, for the Indians, become the pioneer of death.

That sobering evaluation should certainly give Brazil some incentive to pull in the reins on Ludwig's operations. But it doesn't. Ludwig enjoys such complete privacy that all visits to the Jari estate, for example, must be personally approved by Ludwig.

The American tycoon's insistence on complete secrecy, however, has stirred up rumors about his Jari operation. One is that Ludwig has allowed the CIA to use a remote part of the estate to train Green Berets and the Brazilian military in jungle-counterinsurgency strategy. It is more likely, though, that these reports are confusing Jari with the 400-square-mile Jungle Warfare Training Center already established by the Berets and the Brazilian army near Manaus, many hundreds of miles down the Amazon.

But Ludwig's own penchant for military dictatorships backed by the CIA makes such rumors easy to believe. He enjoys an especially close relationship with Brazilian President Ernesto Geisel and Geisel's secretary, who is said to run the country when the president is abroad and to be a former employee of Ludwig's. Other dictatorships under which Ludwig has found haven for his money include Taiwan, under Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, South Korea, under General Park, and Indonesia, under General Suharto.

In Mexico, Ludwig built the country's largest resort hotel, the Acapulco Princess, in the shape of a giant Aztec pyramid—and hired the Mexican army to

guard the construction with machine guns and fixed bayonets. When the Princess was finally completed in November 1971 at a cost of $64,000,000, the tycoon threw a lavish party, attended by, among many others, General Anastasio Somoza; Somoza is the dictator of Nicaragua, where Ludwig has agricultural and housing projects and enjoys a close friendship with the general.

The Acapulco Princess bash was a rare opportunity for Ludwig-watchers to size up the billionaire's allies in the corporate world. Besides Hollywood celebrities and military dictators, there were *real* titans of power present to toast Ludwig's health. These included the presidents of Gulf Oil, Exxon, Standard Oil of Indiana, Citibank, Litton Industries and Bank of America. Ronald Reagan, a good friend and then-governor of California, was also on hand.

•

Ludwig has continued to score impressive gains in business since the 1971 bash. He has kept true to his golden rule—cheap labor—through the decades and has accordingly fought unionization. When unions and minorities demanded better working conditions and hiring practices at his National Bulk Carriers headquarters in New York, the tycoon answered by moving the whole operation to England within 20 days; the notorious inefficiency of Britain's telephone communications, however, forced him later to relent and return.

Today, Ludwig, like another famous resident of California, lives on his inaccessible six-acre estate above Trousdale Estates in Los Angeles, a prisoner of his own wealth. There, behind an imposing 12-foot-high iron electric gate and a sign warning THIS PROPERTY PROTECTED BY CLOSED-CIRCUIT TV AND ARMED GUARDS, D. K. Ludwig has locked the world out—and himself in. It is not a bad prison. It contains a 12,000-square-foot house, a pool and a private garden, and Ludwig occasionally signs himself out for walks to West Hollywood or rides in his old 1960 Cadillac. He spends about two months of every year on the West Coast.

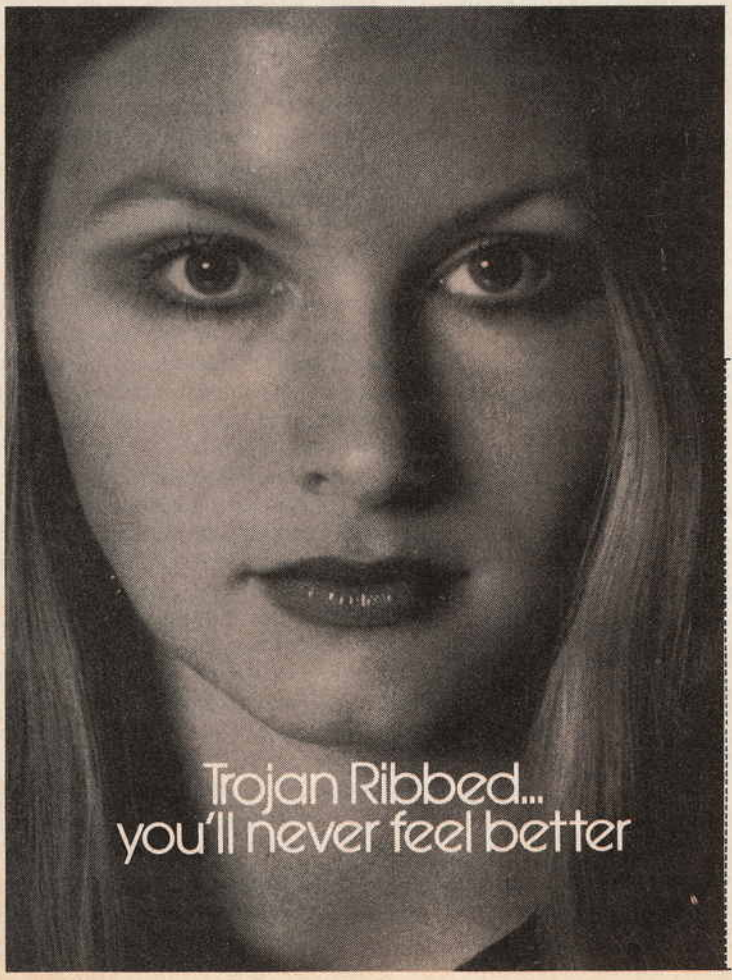
The rest of the time, when he's not globe-trotting or flying (tourist) to visit his Amazon passion, Ludwig is in New York. He has long since given up his courageous war against Connecticut crab grass and moved from his estate there to a $250,000 penthouse in the Parc V building at 60th Street in Manhattan. There, overlooking the city that is his private roost, Ludwig spends his weekends in robe and slippers, absorbing statistical reports from every corner of his global empire.

Most of the time, however, Ludwig can be found at his office on the 34th floor of the Burlington House. For a center of world-wide power, Ludwig's inner sanctum is, reportedly, not very impressive. It is furnished with a sofa, five leather chairs and a small working desk adorned by a single black telephone. Only ships' clocks and models of tankers hint at the origin of Ludwig's awesome power.

Behind the desk sits an elderly man in shirt sleeves who talks softly and with a folksy humor. Because of his daily regimen of morning swims in a pool specially constructed for him in the building's basement, because he has never smoked and because he eats little and is fond of only one alcoholic drink, martinis (which have, over the years, been increasingly replaced by buttermilk), Ludwig doesn't look to be 80 years of age.

But he is. Someday soon, Daniel Keith Ludwig will close his eyes on a world he has helped mold, a world of dictators, genocide and war profiteering; a world of political corruption, gangsterism, massive pollution of the seas and destruction of sources for more than 50 percent of the planet's oxygen; a world that has made him the richest man on the planet.

Wearing his characteristic half-smile, as if he has played a cruel joke on the world, he will probably die happy. ▣



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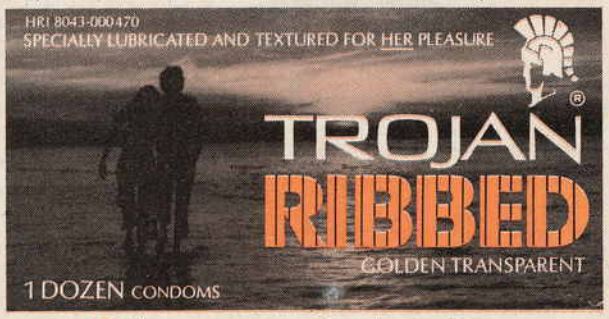

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second-X chromosomes. Murray Bar, the doctor who devised the test, has said over and over that the test gives us only *some* information about the chromosomal pattern of an individual; it doesn't really determine that individual's sex. The test came to be used because the Olympic committee was looking for a way to screen female impersonators—people who were truly male but who were told to put on a dress and compete for their country in the women's division. It did do that, but it also screened out some true women who just didn't have the proper chromosomes. The test picked out Tamara Press, the Russian shot-putter who was probably a man. But it also ruined the life of a Polish track star, a gold-medal winner. Unfortunately she didn't have two X chromosomes—only one. She was born a girl, raised as a girl, and never knew she was anything but a girl until the Olympic committee told her, "You're not a girl, because you flunked the Bar body test." The committee took away her gold medals. She now lives in relative isolation in Warsaw.

OUI: But you were not born a woman.

RICHARDS: True. But I am one now. The doctors examine Renee Richards and say, "Sure, that's a woman. She's got a vagina and, thanks to hormones, she's got breasts, she's got female-hair distribution, she's got a hormonal level of estrogen like that of any other woman and no testosterone. She functions in the world as a female. She has intercourse, she's capable of orgasm. She lives in the world, socially and psychologically, as a woman. The law has seen fit to change her passport, her name and her driver's license, to give her lower life-insurance premiums and to allow her to have alimony if she gets married and divorced. That's a woman."

OUI: Then why hasn't the International Tennis Federation let you play as a woman?

RICHARDS: The federation is not composed of doctors. What rankles me most is the way I've been singled out for harassment. The Bar body test has been available since 1967, but was never used until Renee Richards tried to play at Forest Hills in 1976. Even the doctor who administered it admitted—quietly—that it was being used only to keep Renee Richards out. The competition started before the results were even tabulated. They just didn't want me to play.

OUI: Is there pressure on you to do something for the world's transsexual population?

RICHARDS: Some, yes. When I moved to California, I wanted to live anonymously. I lost touch with all the gender-identity clinics and doctors and anybody who had anything to do with the field. Then came the publicity at La Jolla, and I became the most celebrated transsexual of the time. I started receiving letters from transsexuals calling on me to be the spokeswoman, champion and martyr for a very, very unhappy and lost group of people. I can't turn my back on them. Like it or not, I came to womanhood by this route, and I am, indeed, better equipped to help the others than most. I have the education, the experience, the celebrity status and the audience, so people will listen to what I have to say. I am a physician. My duty is to heal and to educate. The referral centers for people with this problem are so scattered and few in number that I'm thinking of doing more in that area. Maybe I will get involved in helping to organize a system of centers or a treatment-evaluation clinic. If I have any financial backing, I might get into the whole field of managing people with this type of disorder.

OUI: Have you gotten any negative reaction from the public?

RICHARDS: I know that negative articles have been written, but I never see them. The people I come in contact with seem to be on my side. They get out of their cars and come over to shake my hand. They stop me in restaurants and encourage me. They write letters of encouragement. I never get any hate letters.

OUI: It's been said that transsexualism is a passionate, ineradicable conviction, and that no true transsexual has ever been able to deny its power. Do you agree?

RICHARDS: I do. Somebody can have a very, very slight compulsion to transsexualism that he or she can probably live with and tolerate. But if he has the compulsion from early infancy, in its full-blown form, then no, he cannot live with this. It is pervasive; it is insistent; it grows; it overwhelms; it is not to be denied. God knows, I have enough self-discipline and enough strength to withstand many pressures in life. By the time I underwent surgery, there were very strong pressures on me not to do it. From a practical standpoint, the path of least resistance was to live with the problem; but I just couldn't.

OUI: Do you have any regrets about the course you finally decided to take?

RICHARDS: None whatsoever. I am truly a woman now, and I am so happy that I can be a woman in every conceivable way. My only regret is that I had to wait 40 years to begin my life. ▣

The Yage Letters he used Reichian terminology to describe people he met on a 1953 South American drug expedition.

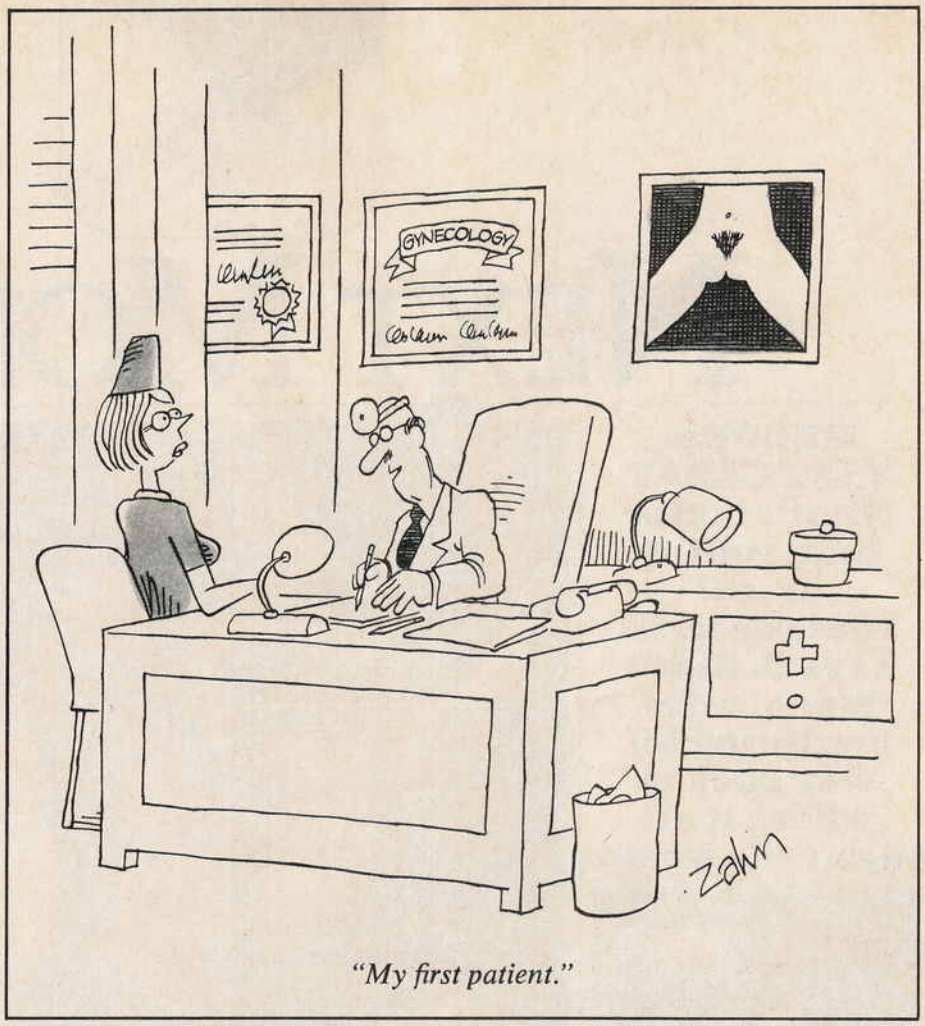
A few months after the *Harper's* article appeared, Brady traveled to New York, obtained an interview with her victim and wrote "The Strange Case of Wilhelm Reich." It was a shrilly accusatory screed commissioned by *The New Republic*, evidently in retaliation against Reich's attacks on Stalin.

Those old articles still kindle a flash of bitterness among longtime Reich partisans, because they first raised the cry of cancer quackery that led directly to orgone's downfall.

Reich for years had openly theorized that many of mankind's ills, cancer included, result from excess psychobiological tension that builds up when sexual inhibitions hinder full orgastic discharge. The body's orgone system slowly poisons itself, choking on blocked energy. Armoring and cellular disease can result. Treatment with the accumulator was intended to help boost the body's healthy orgone level, not to cure cancer. Nevertheless, there seemed to be implications for cancer therapy.

Reichians are closemouthed about the current state of orgonomic cancer research. Wyvell reports that experiments with accumulators are still under way in several Italian hospitals. At the Elsworth F. Baker Oranur Research Laboratories, established in 1975 on Richard Blasband's farm in Pennsylvania, streams of concentrated orgone are reportedly focused on tumors in mice. The cancer therapy, like much of Reichian science, is really a call for sexual revolution that will leave humanity open to healthy genital embraces and sheltered from oranur.

Reich-as-revolutionary got a workout in the Sixties. Herbert Marcuse and Paul Goodman endorsed him. Students in Paris and Berlin daubed his name in red on the barricades. Sexual freedom-fighters cited him, quoted him and pointed out that he was wiring volunteer sex partners to oscillographs decades before Masters and Johnson. (The legendary Fig. 4 in *The Function of the Orgasm* is captioned "Mucous membrane of the anus in a woman in a state of sexual excitation." The line goes off the graph.) *The New York Times Magazine* ran a long piece by psychologist David Elkind connecting Reich with the international radical left. New-left activists invaded an NYU classroom where an orgonomy seminar was in progress and attacked the professors for Reichian fuddy-duddyism. Rotten eggs trailing streamers emblazoned with the names of famous anarchists were hurled; Professor John Bell took an egg labeled TROTSKY smack in the forehead. Michael Ganz, M.D., made a citizen's arrest.



"My first patient."

One of the era's lesser political incidents ended in a trial, and a lengthy report in the *Journal*. "In these people," Bell concluded, "one recognizes the deepest enemies of Reich and orgonomy."

Other enemies were closer to home. Chester Raphael, M.D., is a Reichian therapist from New York City who was once Baker's subordinate at a New Jersey hospital and later became a pupil of Reich's. According to Wyvell, when Eva Reich turned the archives over to Mary Higgins in 1960, Raphael followed the files and helped Higgins, a former patient, edit some of Reich's out-of-print books for republication. In 1968, he circulated a letter among some of Baker's patients charging Baker with grabbing orgone leadership.

Wyvell for the defense accused Raphael of "deserting your best friend and . . . having become a negative factor, a stop sign, in orgonomic development."

One of Baker's pupils was actor Orson Bean. In his 1971 book, *Me and the Orgone*, he warmly describes the "orgonomic streaming" sensation that results from successful therapy. "The feeling you get from smoking good pot is remarkably similar to the feeling produced by the . . . streamings," he says. "I have a hunch that what pot does is to temporarily break down the armoring and allow the orgone energy to stream through the body."

Even that praise was controversial. Orgonomists of the Baker camp are strongly opposed to drug use of any sort. "To represent marijuana and LSD as providing the ultimate in sexual pleasure is irresponsible and . . . a distortion of orgonomic truth," Michael Ganz wrote in a *Journal* review of Bean's book.

Baker amplified this in a 1970 letter to *Playboy* that was never published. "Tension (armor) and pollution are certainly the two great problems facing the world," he wrote. "The former makes man's every effort end destructively, while the latter is destroying all life, both plant and animal. However, hope for the world lies not in the hippie approach to life nor in psychedelics or vibrations, as these are all unnatural attempts on the part of a dead organism to feel, and can never result in a healthy and sane world. The world will never be emotionally healthy until we learn to bring up our children naturally and without tension from the beginning. . . ."

"People may be starting to wake up," Wyvell told me. "Reich always believed it would happen someday." ■

NEXT MONTH

REBORN YESTERDAY
What's better than rolfing or est? Theta rebirth, says D. Keith Mano, after breathing his way back to where it all began, the womb.

SURVIVE!
Fashion to wear on a desert trek.

THE ART OF STRIPTEASE
Like riding a bicycle, it is not easily forgotten.

THE TOP TEN ROLLER COASTERS
One of them just might be in your town.

PAPARAZZO RON GALELLA
follows Farrah Fawcett-Majors in search of the perfect photograph.

IS THERE A NEW RACISM?
Dick Gregory, Jesse Jackson and Julian Bond propose new answers to an old problem.

INSIDE THE MORMON CHURCH
The Latter-day Saints control several large corporations and vital Government agencies. Details next issue.

BRUCE JENNER
(not to mention Harry Reasoner and Robert Evans) interviewed and photographed by Scavullo.

IVY LEAGUE PROSTITUTION RING?
Radcliffe coeds discover a time-honored profession.

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THE LOSINGEST TEAM *What a difference a win makes!*

(Continued from page 92) decent burial."

The heat was on in more ways than one. The temperature was in the hundreds and fear was everywhere; no one knew when or where the hook would come. The survival of the fittest has never been more coldly demonstrated. It became clear that, despite his public pronouncements, McKay was silently and determinedly going for an immediate winner. All that Darwinism could have no other purpose. As McKay told us four months later, "Yes, we *knew* what was going to happen, but you always hope that *you* are the *one* guy who can make it turn out differently than it is supposed to."

In their first two exhibition games, the Buccaneers went down to ignoble defeat at the hands of the Rams and the Green Bay Packers; Tampa failed to score a point in either game. McKay shrugged. "These things are to be expected," he said. Then came a blast of hope. By virtue of its Devil's Island conditioning, Tampa beat Atlanta in another exhibition game, and the troops were jubilant on the way home. The impossible dream might come true. There was talk of beating Oakland, of at least coming in second in the division, of winning more than they lost. What a difference a win makes!

Seventy-one thousand Tampa fans turned out for the first home game, and damned if the Buccaneers didn't almost win—but almost, as they say, counts only in horseshoes. Nevertheless, optimism was in the air, and the fans and the press were happy. Over at the business office, 36,000 season tickets were sold at an average of $100 each. Two booster clubs were formed. Car dealers gave some of the players new cars for the season.

Two games—and two losses—later, the excitement had all but died. It was as if a lid had been put back on a can from which it had accidentally popped. And put back on tight. Over on the practice field, McKay did all he could to pop it back off. The hook descended. The heat worsened.

In Houston, after their warm-ups for the first road game, the whole team somehow made a wrong turn in the catacombs of the Astrodome and found themselves in a blind tunnel. "Jesus Christ, what an omen!" said one Buccaneer. "I knew right then that we were doomed." He was right; Houston shut them out, 20 to 0.

Back in Tampa, the Buccaneers took on the San Diego Chargers in 90-degree temperatures. Some 40,000 fans turned out to sweat and sizzle in the huge skillet of the Tampa Stadium. They needn't have bothered; San Diego cleaned up the field with Tampa, 23 to 0. The mood in the dressing room was mixed. The defense had done well in both games, but the offense had yet to score a point. There was still hope, however. As one player put it: "We all pretty much felt that the offense was just a little behind schedule."

The number of practice sessions increased. Wit and humor were absent. A place kicker was reportedly cut for laughing on the sidelines. The same fate befell a quarterback who had allegedly laughed at his own team's inept offense. Losing and laughing don't mix.

That Sunday, O. J. Simpson and the Buffalo Bills flew down to play in the sweltering heat. Tampa held O. J. to low yardage but still lost by five points. The offense got three field goals but was still looking for its first touchdown. The heat almost won it for Tampa. "If we had had ten more minutes, we would have cleaned them out," said one unhappy player. "They were starting to go real fast there toward the end."

Coach McKay talked about injuries and inexperience. "Everything is under control," he told the Tampa Bay fans and they believed him. Oh, how they wanted to believe him. Wasn't McKay the Legend? Wasn't his son Johnny the wonder kid who won his dad's last Rose Bowl by hauling in a 38-yard catch with only two minutes left on the

THE LOSINGEST TEAM IN FOOTBALL *The N.F.L. dubbed the contest between Tampa and Seattle the Expansion Bowl, but less generous football fans called it the Toilet Bowl.*

clock? Things had to change, the fans told themselves as they tuned into coach McKay's weekly half-hour TV show.

The TV show, by the way, often opened on a curious note. The coach first appeared in an ad for California almonds. He moved the nuts around like players for a moment and then he ate them, saying, "You can see why I eat this play up." What symbolism—the hook had turned cannibal! During the rest of the program, McKay would talk calmly and convincingly about Tampa's hopes for the future. The show tied for that time slot with *The Bobby Vinton Show* and was well ahead of *Hogan's Heroes*. That was in September.

After the next two losses—with a Tampa touchdown yet to be seen—the fans began to get nasty. They booed quarterback Spurrier. They called up to complain about McKay's TV show. Several hundred season-ticket holders tried to swap their tickets for soccer equivalents. One booster club folded and the other took to meeting in a motel that showed X-rated films on the TV sets.

The mood got even darker after the team lost to Baltimore 42 to 17. At half time, McKay called his team "a bunch of chickenshits." Mutiny reared its head on the practice field. A delegation of veterans went to the coach and told him that practicing in pads in the heat had sapped the players' energy for the games. This was not college, they said, and changes would have to be made.

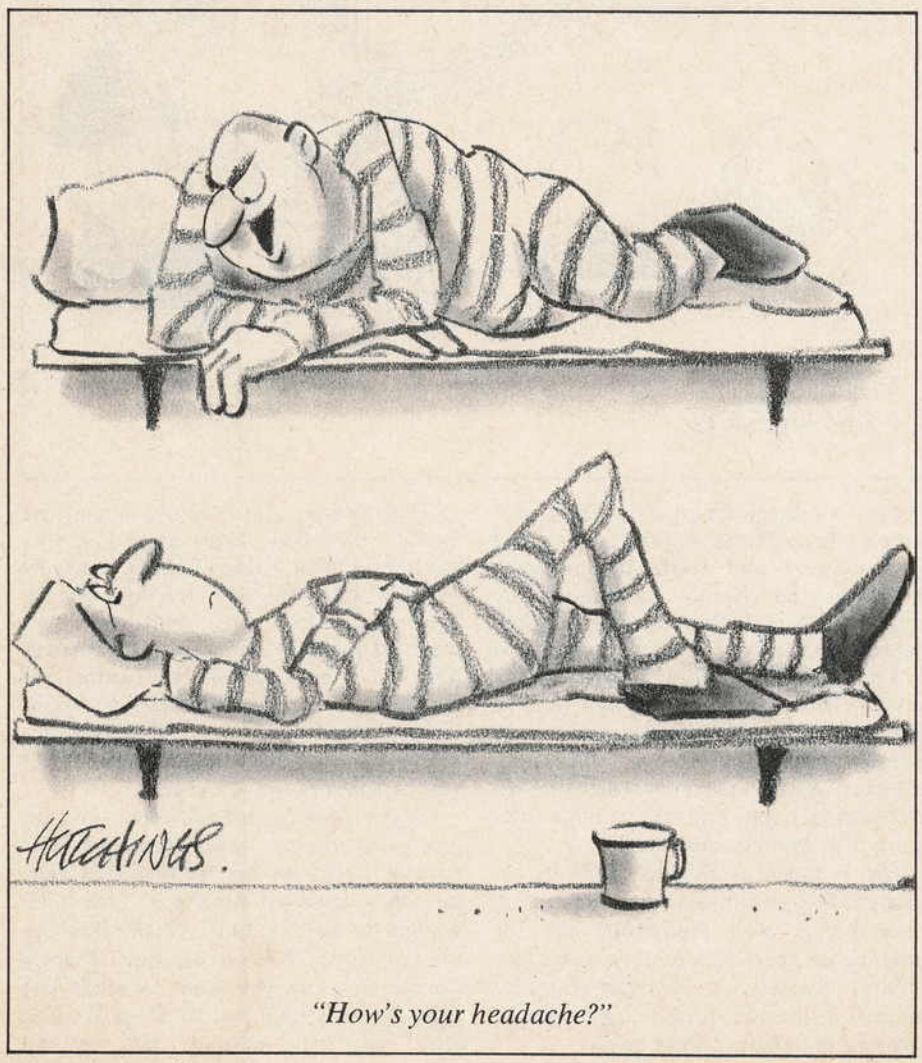
Offensive coach Rauch left suddenly for a job in Atlanta, and the next day the Legend called his men together and told them, "I've been listening to other guys with more pro experience, but I have stopped that now. We will not practice every day in pads and I apologize for that half-time stuff. Even my own son told me I was wrong." Morale—of a sort—was restored.

Peace on the team had no appreciable effect on the gridiron. A visit to Cincinnati resulted in another shutout: 21 to 0. Hopes stayed up, though, because the next weekend Tampa was scheduled to play the other expansion team, Seattle, which was also winless. The N.F.L. dubbed this contest the Expansion Bowl, but less generous football fans called it the Toilet Bowl. Tampa lost the home game by three points, and the mood in the dressing room was summed up by the player who said, "We knew for the first time that we really might be the worst team in professional football." Some people are slow learners.

Therefore it was quite a surprise when 61,000 fans showed up the next Sunday to watch Miami have at Tampa. It turned out to be one hell of a football game—Tampa lost only when a field goal was kicked on a penalty with 80 seconds left. The fans were satisfied, but the players were still bitter. It was close, but it was not a win. Bob Moore, the tight end who had played on winning teams from high school through Stanford to the Raiders, put it this way: "Losing just affects your whole week. You keep looking for something or someone to blame. When you come as close as this last one, it really sets you in a rage. They say that losing builds character, but at this level of football, the only character I can see being built is bad character."

Defensive tackle Dave Pear is another player who was used to winning before he joined the Buccaneers. He is said to have been the most visibly angry player, especially at half time, when he could be heard shouting loudly at his teammates. "When you lose," he said, "you don't even feel like going out. You know you're going to run into some yo-yo who'll ask you why you aren't doing your homework. When you win, you can do damn near everything you want." Defensive end Pat Toomay, who had written a football book called *Crunch* when he played for Dallas, took pride in the fact that the defense, at least, ranked well in the statistics. He admitted that losing was no fun, but he seemed quite calm about it. The team simply wouldn't give up hope. Even the rookies, who were most likely to feel the cold shadow of the hook over their heads, continued to hustle.

Practice was spirited in preparation for the Kansas City game to be played the next Sunday at home. Over 41,000 fans turned out, smelling a win, but the only smell they got was the stench rising from the Tampa Bay offense, which was down 20 to 0 at the end of the third period with negative yardage against the *(Continued on page 134)*



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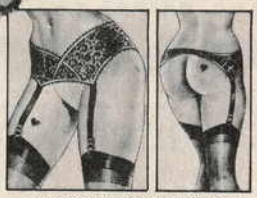

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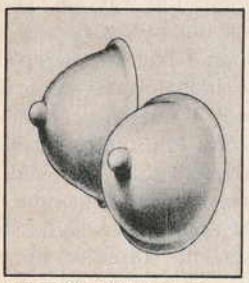

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SEX TAPE LETTERS *As we went along, we found that Bill got off on being my slave, while I enjoyed punishing him.*

(Continued from page 28) because he was rather shy. But when I got a look at his aroused manhood, I knew I'd never be satisfied with anything less. He puts John Holmes to shame. Soft, he's about eight inches; when he's hard, he measures 11 inches in length and six around. And I've found a great way to get us off.

We go to nude beaches, pick a conspicuous spot and undress very obviously. When he drops his shorts, I get a charge just watching the stares he gets from the girls in the area. We then walk up and down the beach, and as their eyes open wide, I can feel my snatch starting to twitch. By the way, since my proportions are 42-24-36, Jim also gets a charge out of watching the men react to me.

Next, we lie on the sand, and I rub suntan oil on him. As he rises to the occasion, the girls try to get better views by standing up, walking around and going into various contortions. We tease them by having Jim turn onto his stomach. After about an hour of this, we're both so horny we can hardly stand it. We leave, and I give him head as we drive for home. By the time we get there, he's ready again and I'm superhorny. We have a ritual of foreplay, using his cock as a centerpiece, and he won't fuck me until I actually start to cry and beg him. Besides being hung, he knows what to do, and I have the most fantastic orgasms.

Lately, as an alternative to the beach scene, I've gotten him to wear thin, supertight pants and no underwear. I never wear underwear. Since most people love a free show, we try to give them what they want. We'll go to a shoe store. I'll try on shoes and we'll watch the salesman's face as he notices my naked pussy. This really turns Jim on. I also sit in restaurants with my legs spread, and in a tavern I'll sit with my boobs resting politely on the bar. As the bartenders and waiters go berserk, Jim gets aroused, and his 11 inches start showing through his pants. It's then time to show him off. We go to pants stores where young girls work and ask them to help us fit him. We've had salesgirls start to shake when they notice the bulge, excuse themselves and go to the backroom. After a while we have to leave, because Jim is on the verge of splitting his pants and my love juice is running down the insides of my legs. We go home to our ritual and I get another fantastic fuck.

DEANNA L.
Los Angeles, California

It is two A. M. Saturday. We returned from a party an hour ago and, as I write this while sitting on the sofa in our den, I'm still wearing my long dress, heels and hose. Bill, my husband of five years, is kneeling ten feet in front of me on the bare floor. He is nude. His ankles are strapped together, his mouth is gagged and his forearms are taped together behind his thighs. Held by a cord that runs from his head down to his ankles, his stiff cock points straight down into the bristles of the hairbrush under him.

This is no fantasy, nor am I torturing him. He thought of the pose himself. Three years ago, being afraid of getting in a rut, we tried some new things: Bondage and discipline turned us on and led us into S/M. As we went along, we found that Bill got off on being my slave, while I enjoyed punishing him.

In a few minutes, I'll change into boots and gloves—that's all—and return with my little whip. His buttocks, high and taut, make a great target. Later, I'll release his arms and handcuff his wrists behind him; then I'll remove the gag and the ankle strap. When he's on his back, I'll remove the cord from his cock, but I'll have to be quick: All that pent-up come will shoot out immediately, and I don't want to miss a lick of it. Finally, before we go to bed, I'll make him eat me. And, in case I need anything more, I'll keep him cuffed all night.

JOAN D.
Madison, Wisconsin

I am a traveling salesman. I peddle vacuum cleaners all over the Southeast. I've had wild sexual encounters with ladies in Virginia, Florida and South Carolina. My most stimulating—and bizarre—experience came in North Carolina, however. I'd been knocking on doors, having no luck at all, when I happened to call on a deeply tanned, statuesque blonde who checked me out, licked her lips and said, "Selling something? Whatever it is, I'll buy." It seemed too good to be true, but there was nothing dreamlike about the way she knelt before me, took out my prick and started licking it. Soon I had her stripped. Her breasts were like flowers. And what a bush she had! I nearly got my whole hand inside. She told me to eat her out, and I discovered that she had more fruit inside her than a cornucopia. Peach slices, bits of apple, even half a banana were all discreetly stored in her pussy. Is that kinky?

When we headed upstairs to fuck, she introduced me to her older sister, who was equally horny, and who immediately showed me that she had no panties on. I stuck my head up under her denim dress and demonstrated a few tongue

tricks. While I ate her sister, the blonde got on me and started fucking. We all came at the same time, and although neither of them bought a vacuum cleaner, I now spend much more time in North Carolina.

PAUL B.
Dallas, Texas

Unusual erogenous zones

I was interested to read about the girl who finds a man's thigh so sexually stimulating that she gives it a clitoral massage. Personally I find a man's stomach exciting, especially if I'm sitting on it. I'm not after dominance; it's just a joy to sit astride a man's stomach and do stimulating things while feeling his heart pounding away between my thighs. Let me explain.

I have a friend—and the best lover I know—whom I don't get to see as often as either of us would like. He claims I have the sexiest legs he has ever seen, touched or kissed, and positively enjoys my sitting on top of him.

I saw him a few weeks ago at my apartment. We had just come in and were standing in the living room, kissing and caressing. His hands were tracing the contours of my buttocks when, all of a sudden, he threw himself supine on the rug and said, "Sit on me."

I was on him like a hawk—dress, high heels, garter belt and all (I don't wear panties when he's around). My bottom hit his stomach muscles with a positive smack. He drew me down to him for a long, passionate, tongue-lashing kiss. I gripped his body fiercely between my thighs; that kind of loving I like.

I placed my hands on his chest while he caressed me from instep to buttock. I moved my bottom back and forth on top of him and said, "Why don't you remove your trousers so that I can really sit on your stomach?" He disrobed entirely while I got down to my heels, hose and garter belt. He likes me that way. He lay on the rug, lean and beautiful, with his hard-on jutting. I knelt astride him and, slowly and leisurely this time, I got on board again. Oh, the sensation of his stomach under my buttocks and clitoris! He smiled and applied his finger tips to my breasts; he's a master at titillating them.

Feeling playful, I reached behind me with both hands and grabbed his rod. Then I kicked his hips with both heels and said, "Giddap!" Whereupon he did a thing that I dearly love: He lifted his knees and, using his feet, hips and shoulders, proceeded to move across the floor on his back. Still holding his penis like a sort of reverse bridle, I rode him. I am a large girl—there are some 160 pounds of me—and, during our voyage, all of it was squarely on top of him; but he managed to carry me around the room. It was a delightful situation and aroused me immensely. I leaned forward and gave him a thorough kiss, then thrust my breasts toward his face. His lips and tongue went to work on them and I climaxed just sitting there.

Then I moved down to his hips and impaled myself on his penis, rotating my buttocks as I did so. He arched his back in a sudden surge, penetrating me fully. At such times, from my vantage point, I love to watch the expressions play across his face; when he climaxed, he looked like an 18-year-old.

I sat there until he became limp inside me. I realized that I wanted more, and I moved up along his body until I was sitting on his chest. He began kissing and tonguing my thighs. I pulled his head toward me until his lips and tongue reached my clitoris and held him there while he brought me to a second climax. I wanted to return the favor, so I slid down and knelt over his groin. I love to feel him grow hard in my mouth. Softly and slowly I sucked him back to erection. Then I added a little pressure to my sucking and finally he came.

DELORES M.
Van Nuys, California

I know of no zone more erogenous or more unusual than the Combat Zone. This is not part of the human body but rather part of Boston—a downtown district where anything goes. The police leave it alone and the streetwalkers practice their trade without hindrance—unfortunately, since two of them once got about every cent I had in the world.

I was on vacation and had left my job with extra money. I was heading for Washington, D.C., and had a bus to catch, but I stopped for a drink at a sleazy bar where the music always pleased me. A couple of girls who looked too young and pretty to be hookers asked me to go out with them. "You can fuck her and French me at the same time" was the sales pitch, and it was tempting, but I was planning a private orgy a few hours later, so I begged off. Then I did a stupid thing: I bought them drinks. In a few minutes, one of them had my dick out and was stroking it—right at the bar, which was nearly deserted. I guess my ego was in my crotch that day, because when they excused themselves for a moment—together, mind you—I just kept sipping and smiling. A bit later, of course, it hit me; I didn't have to touch my pocket to know that my wallet was gone.

I had some change left and I called some friends. They put me up in their apartment until Monday morning. I leave the Combat Zone to the deadbeats, the pros and the sleaze junkies.

MURRAY J.
Boston, Massachusetts

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THE LOSINGEST TEAM IN FOOTBALL *Coach Gibron was unapproachable in the blackness of defeat. Not even a junk-yard dog would have gone near the man.*

(Continued from page 130) worst defense in the league. The fans booed loudly; it was yet another case of dashing false expectations. The locker room was reminiscent of Hitler's bunker. Captain Crunch Toomay slung his helmet into his locker and spat from battered lips: "This shit is getting *old*!" So much for calmness. Dave Pear just glowered fiercely. Bob Moore yelled at his teammates. Abe Gibron simply disappeared. Rumor had it that he'd stamped his foot on the floor and had fallen into the fissure.

The next day, Gibron was still depressed. There is probably no player more competitive than this burly defensive coach. Sitting in his car, he said, "After my mother and my father and my wife, football is the most important thing in my life. It was an honor for me to play in the N.F.L. and I wanted to be the best and I worked hard at it. When I was in Chicago, I would rather have been head coach for the Bears than the President of the United States. I think that the trouble today, not just in football but in all sports, is that the players just don't have that desire to be the best—the best guard or the best tackle or whatever. Football is a game of emotion. You have got to *want* to play. You have got to *want* to be the best. Losing is shit! Even though there isn't supposed to be any pressure to win down here right now, I'm feeling it inside. I'm having trouble sleeping. It's just in my goddamn blood, I guess."

Losing is a new and bitter pill for people who have been winners. No one plays professional football for the fun of it. It is damned hard work and the only fun is the celebration that follows a win. In teamwork, the whole is greater than any one of its parts. A team victory results in an incredible explosion of emotion and team losses result in equally enormous downers. When a loss occurs every week, it can cause derangement.

The onlooker can't help but wonder whether consecutive losing will have permanent results. It is one thing to psych yourself up after a loss so that you can go out and win the next one, but it is quite another thing to realize that all the excuses are bullshit, that the team just could not possibly win. Will marriages break up? Will off-season jobs become a shambles? Will the players be able to recover, even in the off-season, or will they start punching people in restaurants for imagined slights? You have to wonder whether these players will ever shake off the feeling of total worthlessness, this mustard-gas attack to the psyche that comes from losing week after week.

And what about the city of Tampa? Will that name enter the lexicon as a swear word, as in "Go Tampa yourself!" or as a synonym for disaster, as in "That was a real Tampa!"? When traveling, will the citizens of Tampa say that they are from somewhere else, like Miami? Only time will tell.

After the Kansas City game, coach McKay had no witty remarks for the press. "We just played lousy," he said angrily. "There will be changes. I don't care if I have to play with just thirty-two men on the roster. These players are not underpaid, you know. My God, there was just no excuse for some of the things that went on out there." A journalist asked, "Coach, you are now zero and eight and you have said here that this game was a turning point for the worse. Where do you go from here?"

The Legend puffed thoughtfully on his cigar and then said very distinctly: "From *here* we go to Denver."

At that time, Denver had the top defense in the N.F.L. and it would be playing at home in a stadium packed with rabid fans. It didn't help any that Denver was being coached by ex-Stanford coach John Ralston, whose Indians McKay's USC Trojans had been in the habit of trampling. So, when there was a minute to go in the third quarter and Tampa was leading by three points, it looked as if a miracle was about to happen. The Buccaneers on the bench punched one another happily and urged on their teammates on the field; victory just might be within reach—only 16 minutes away. This was it; this was what they'd been waiting for. Suddenly this reporter felt the hair stand up on his neck and found himself on his feet, cheering with all his might for what had all of a sudden become *his* team; he realized in a flash that he had become a fan, howling for victory with the rest of his boys. The hell with the story, let's go out there and *do* it! *Go get 'em, boys! Hold them, get them! Go, go, go!*

Standing in this possessed state, he was almost blown away by the explosion on the field when Denver put 14 points on the board in 59 seconds and the roof fell in on the Buccaneers. Lee Roy Selmon limped off the field, finished for the season. At the end, Denver ran out the clock on the Tampa six-yard line, content with a 48 to 13 lead. What an incredible wipeout! Talk about *coitus interruptus*—this was *coitus destructus*!

McKay was no longer the kindly Legend. He refused to shake hands with the Denver coaches and came down through the goal posts shouting "Cocksuckers! Cocksuckers!" His white hair glistening, he swept into the dressing room like a malevolent wind and told the press: "I knew him [the offensive-unit coach] before, when I coached for Southern Cal. He finally gets to win a ballgame and he has to pour it on. I hope the fuck gets fired. Aside from that, I like him." Coach Gibron was unapproachable in the blackness of defeat. Not even a junk-yard dog would have gone near the man. The Buccaneers' owner missed the team bus to the airport and had to hustle a ride to catch the plane. At the airport, he grabbed the general manager and shouted, "I paid $16,000,000 for this team and I can't even get a ride to the airport!"

After this loss, further contact with the Tampa Bay Buccaneers was deemed harmful to this reporter's health. Through no fault of his, Tampa did go on to make history by losing all of its remaining games. In the course of completing its perfectly blemished season and setting a pro-football record, the team ran up a string of savage losses: Jets 34–0; Cleveland 24–7; Raiders 49–16; Steelers 42–0 and a final close-ending loss to New England. The Most Valuable Player chosen by the Tampa press was none other than our own favorite: Dave Pear. Congratulations, Dave. They can never take away from you the fact that once you were the best of the worst.

The mood did not improve in Tampa after this writer left. Following the Steeler debacle, coach McKay created a surge of bitter feeling among the players when he calmly said during his TV talk show that no one who played in that game could have made the Steelers' 43-man roster. A Tampa player responded by saying that McKay would have had a no-win record with *any* N.F.L. team. Such are the things one says when passions run high, and nowhere do passions run higher than in the world of professional football. Surely both McKay and the player were wrong. Losing breeds error and error breeds losing. That's all there is to it. Good luck to the 1977 troops. *All the way with Tampa Bay!* ▣

WE

Happy anniversary to the girls of OUI

OUI is five this month. Let us now salute the plucky and gallant gals who work at OUI and who must field everything from egomaniacs (writers to you, bub) to obscene phone calls. A bouquet of roses and a big smooch to (back row, left to right) patulous Patei, chromatic Chris, indignant Ingrid, mellifluous Mary Lou, shocking Sharon; (middle row) cartilaginous Carolyn, jaunty Jo, glib Glo, marvelous Mary Lou, empyreal Em; (front row) Manx-ish Mary, dialectical Diann, jocund Joan. You're the best, girls.

Man with a microphone

Fred Robbins (right) is the host of the nationally syndicated radio show *Assignment Hollywood*; he also interviewed Renee Richards in this issue and taped Faye Dunaway for us last May. Robbins often interviews celebrities long before they become celebrated. He spotted Dunaway, for instance, when she was still playing supporting roles. In an age of hatchet jobs and of antagonistic interviewers, Robbins uses the opposite tack and befriends the famous. Before he taped Richards, he went several tennis rounds with the pro. "I establish rapport by doing my homework and asking informed questions," says Fred.

When we began our search for the real Leon Redbone (see *Openers*, page 19), all we knew was that he first performed in Toronto. Our search involved six weeks of cloak-and-dagger legwork, 22 calls to England, two to Israel and one to Cyprus. But at least now no one will accuse Redbone of being Eddie Haskel.

Clancy comes to the party

Our fifth-anniversary celebration welcomes John Clancy, who wrote this month's *The Losingest Team in Football*. A tough-talking lawyer and ex-jock, Clancy handles litigation for several pro-football players and writers, including Hunter Thompson. Clancy fell into sportswriting by being on hand when Francis Ford Coppola's *City Magazine* was legally contracted. He wrote under a pen name—Diogenes—because, as both the attorney for and chief critic of some of the gridiron boys, "it became confusing as to whose interest I was representing when I showed up in the locker room stoned." He is now finishing his first novel, *Laughing Quarterback*. "There's no doubt it'll be big. Hell, I know more about football—the drugs, the madness, the women, the money—than any coach in the country."

Author, author

We also boast an article by William Burroughs, who recalls his bittersweet affair with a sex toy in "My Life in Orgone Boxes," and an article by Harvey Cox, *Does Meditation Know Something that Prayer Doesn't Know?*, which is excerpted from his new book, *Turning East* (Simon and Schuster). Cox is a radical theologian who gained a great deal of notoriety at the time of the God-is-dead movement of the Sixties. At that time he also wrote *The Secular City*, which urged ministers to take militant stands on social issues, and thus set the era's religious posture.

You probably think the life of a OUI photographer is fun. Observe the couple above. She is Phyllis Macready, photo stylist; he is Jeff Dunas, photographer (who shot this issue's *Georgia* and figures in our *History of OUI*). Did you ever see two more hate-crazed people? Day in and day out, Jeff has to exhort models with commands such as "Good, baby, show me more of that." What a grind. Actually Phyllis and Jeff enjoy their work at OUI so much that they even speak French in their spare moments.

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